CHRISTIAN WORK

ON THE

BATTLE-FIELD.

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THE BATTLE-FIELD;

BEING

INCIDENTS OF THE LABOURS OF THE UNITED STATES' "CHRISTIAN COMMISSION,"

WITH AN

Historical Essay

ON THE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY IN ALLEVIATING THE HORRORS OF WAR.

Compiled by D. L.

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SONGS FOR THE SIGHING. *Frontispiece.*

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CHRIST'S LAST WORK

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

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Historical Essay

ON THE INFLUENCE [illegible] IN
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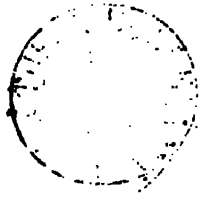

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TO THE READER.

THE following pages are selections from two large octavo volumes, entitled *Annals of the United States' Christian Commission*, by the Rev. Lemuel Moss; and *Incidents of the United States' Christian Commission*, by the Rev. Edward P. Smith, and issued by the Committee of the United States' Christian Commission. The object, more especially of the latter book, is thus explained in the Preface of the *Incidents:*

"The officers of the Commission felt that the five thousand Delegates, a majority of them ministers of the Gospel, who had gone to the field laden with good cheer and tokens of love for the soldiers, and had thus been enabled to come into the closest sympathy with them, and to bring back to the fireside fresh, truthful pictures of camp-life, must have witnessed scenes of faith and heroism, of conversion to the new life and dedication to Christ, and in chapel-tents and fever-wards and on bloody fields have heard manly testimony for truth, and taken messages from the lips of death, such as would make a record that ought not to be lost to the Republic or

to the Christian Church, nor left in unwritten fragments to degenerate into army traditions. They, accordingly, not only provided for the permanent record of the Christian Commission, in its organisation and work, by the Home Secretary, the Rev. Lemuel Moss, but also instructed the Field Secretary 'to prepare a volume of such Incidents as may be regarded by him as fully authentic, and the most valuable of those which have occurred during the work of the Commission.'"

There was much in those volumes, which, although full of interest to Americans, had little peculiar interest for us in England. All, however, that has been deemed interesting to us has been included by the Compiler, and sufficient to give a good idea of the work done by the Delegates of the Christian Commission. The Incidents have been so arranged as to unfold the object which the Christian Commission had in view, the great work they were the instruments in accomplishing, and the religious character and condition of the American soldiers.

The volume was ready for the press before the present unhappy war between France and Prussia had commenced, the contents of it having been deemed of permanent interest. The state of Europe at the present day renders its issue now peculiarly seasonable.

D. L.

BROMLEY,
August, 1870.

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CHAPTER I.

The Influence of Christianity upon War.

THE recent conflict for the preservation of the American Union has familiarised the minds of the people with the scenes and operations of war. The history of past wars is now irradiated with the light of actual experience, and they have thereby become invested with a new interest. The motives, the precursors, the attendant circumstances, the results for human welfare and advancement, in the previous contests of the race, have become questions of new significance, for which also we now have the key to a better understanding.

The influence of Christianity upon war has been signalised during our civil strife as never before, and by the light of the present illustration we can more clearly trace the past movements and progress of this influence upon the passions of men. History furnishes many more contrasts than parallels to our war, because in the vast majority of instances, both ancient and modern, wars have been undertaken by monarchical or despotic powers, from motives of personal aggrandisement, envy, and revenge, or for the

political glory of the ruling classes. Never before were the people of a nation so immediately concerned in the declaration, support, and direction of a great war, for the maintenance of national unity and the promotion of human brotherhood. The agency of Christianity in preparing the circumstances and conditions of such a war,—in starting and shaping the questions which rendered it possible and inevitable, —in training the nation to an appreciation of its duty, and in supplying the power to perform it,—suggests a theme of surpassing interest. Its just treatment would require a survey of the entire field of modern history, for the seeds of our present discussions and attainments, in civil and religious freedom, were deposited in human society by the teachings of Christ, and during the missionary labours of the Apostles.

But if the agency of Christianity is signally manifest in preparing the nation for the war, and the war for the nation, the power and beneficence of its ministry were displayed amid the very scenes of the war, in a manner and to an extent wholly unparalleled in history. "Christianity has been for centuries winning triumphs. It has civilised and instructed the masses, founded schools and seminaries, diffused the knowledge of human rights, sanctified the press, and influenced the governments of earth. It has entered the domestic circle, and elevated woman; it has purified and ennobled the relationships of life;

and the highest and purest of spirits have given it their homage. But never before had it stepped forth in all its glorious radiance upon the field of battle."*

As introductory to an account of this ministry of Christianity upon the field of battle, in the operations of the United States' Christian Commission, it may be well to glance at the position of the soldier in the past history of war, as seen in the care bestowed upon his physical and moral wants. Ours was emphatically the soldiers' own war. They fought for themselves and their families. They fought also for the government which they had established, and which they were determined to maintain and control, as the instrument of their own prosperity. Hence the whole nation was, in one sense, in the army,—a part going as delegates for all into the field, while the others remained at home to succour and sustain them. This truth, the constant remembrance of which is essential to an understanding of the war, in the unity, universality, and fervour of the national purpose, and essential also to a comprehension of the work of the Commission, in its method and extent, can be best appreciated from the brief historical survey proposed. The survey must be brief, and in many respects very inadequate, for it is an inquiry which no one has prosecuted as a special study, and the scanty materials are widely scattered

* Bishop Simpson's *Address* at the closing anniversary of the Christian Commission.

throughout ancient and modern literature. Yet something can be said which will aid in justly estimating the subject directly before us.

The first distinct mention of war is in the Bible (Gen. xiv.), at a date more than a thousand years earlier than the birth of Homer, or the fabled founding of Rome. Abraham, "the father of the faithful" and the "friend of God," is brought before us as a victorious warrior. Standing as Abraham does at the beginning of political and ecclesiastical history, it is of interest to observe that the drama of civilisation and religious progress opens with war and with triumph for the right. There had been fightings before, for the wickedness and violence of man had been great, but the records are fragmentary, and the allusions obscure. The wandering tribes and families were segregating and crystallising into nations and governments. The race as a race had now reached its lowest point of impiety and barbarism. From henceforth, beginning with one man, there is to be a separate and divinely-instructed people, whose fortunes, under the various aspects of the Patriarchate, Judaism, and Christianity, are to constitute the main story of human progress, and in their relations to whom the histories of other peoples become significant and valuable. Chedorlaomer, an Elamite chief, with several confederates, made a sudden foray upon the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah and the neighbouring communities, killing, capturing, and dis-

persing them. "And they took all the goods of Sodom and Gomorrah, and all their victuals, and went their way. And they took Lot, Abram's brother's son, who dwelt in Sodom, and his goods, and departed." Immediately on learning of the disaster, Abraham "armed his trained servants, born in his own house, three hundred and eighteen"—the first company of godly soldiers on record,—put himself at their head, and pursued after the offenders. With great courage, and no little strategy, he attacked the freebooters, and completely despoiled them. "He brought back all the goods, and also brought again his brother Lot and his goods, and the women also, and the people." No wonder that Abraham received the congratulations and thanks of those whom he had so greatly befriended, and who could appreciate the chivalrous generosity of this servant of God.

After the Jews became a nation, and entered on the possession of Canaan, they were, like all the nations of antiquity, continually involved in war. "War," says Goldwin Smith, "was the universal state of nations in early times; and the strong though coarse foundations of human character were laid in the qualities of the warrior. The Jews were always surrounded, and always threatened by war. Therefore to fight valiantly for his country and his temple was part, not only of the civil duty, but of the moral training of a Jew, and to be with the people in the hour of battle, and exhort them to behave bravely,

was part of the office of the priest, and consistent with the character of his calling."*—(See Deut. xx.)

From the laws of war, and the position of the priest in the army, it is evident that the Jewish soldier was not wholly neglected, either as to bodily care or religious culture. But the notices in the Bible on these points are so few and meagre, that we cannot gain much particular knowledge. It is a singular fact, that while much curious information on the warlike customs of other ancient nations has been obtained from the remains of sculptures,

* *Does the Bible sanction American Slavery?* By Goldwin Smith, LL.D., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, England. Cambridge: Sever and Francis. 1864. See p. 17. This admirable pamphlet has a permanent value, aside from the particular theme discussed, in its statement and illustration of the principles of historical criticism. As pertinent to the present subject, a few additional sentences may be given. Commenting upon Deut. xx., as showing the superior moral advancement of the Jews, Professor Smith says, "The Mosaic laws of war for the present day would be very inhuman; for that day, and compared with the practices blazoned on the triumphal monuments of Assyrian and Egyptian warriors, they were humane. That which is of Moses and of God in this passage is the command to proclaim peace to a city, and give its garrison the option of saving their lives by becoming tributaries, before proceeding to the usual extremities of Oriental war. The duty of giving quarter to the garrison of a city taken by storm, was not known to the group of primitive nations of which the Jews were one; it was not known to the polished Athenian who massacred the inhabitants of Melos without mercy; it was not known to the combatants in the Thirty Years' War; it was hardly known to Cromwell; but it is known now."—Page 15. The Kings of Israel had the reputation among surrounding nations of being "merciful kings."—(1 Kings xx. 31.)

vases, bronzes, mosaics, and paintings, which have survived to our times, we have no such source of information respecting the Jews. "In remarkable contrast to Greece, Rome, Egypt, and we may now add Assyria, Palestine has not yet yielded one vestige of the implements or utensils of life or warfare of its ancient inhabitants; nor has a single sculpture, piece of pottery, coin, or jewel, been discovered of that people with whose life, as depicted in their literature, we are more familiar than with that of our own ancestors."* The general treatment of the early Jewish army is thus summed up by the authority just quoted: "The maintenance and equipment of the soldiers at the public expense dates from the establishment of a standing army," in the reign of David. Before that time "each soldier armed himself, and obtained his food either by voluntary offerings (2 Sam. xvii. 28, 29), by forced exactions (1 Sam. xxv. 13), or by the natural resources of the country (1 Sam. xiv. 27). On one occasion only do we hear of any systematic arrangement for provisioning the host (Judg. xx. 10). It is doubtful whether the soldier ever received pay, even under the kings. The only instance of pay being mentioned applies to mercenaries (2 Chron. xxv. 6). But that he was maintained while on active service, and provided with arms, appears from 1 Kings iv. 27; x. 16, 17; 2 Chron. xxvi. 14, 15."†

* Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, word *Armour*.
† *Dictionary of the Bible*, word *Army*.

A writer in several numbers of the *Army and Navy Journal* for 1864, treats of the medical arrangements in the armies of the ancients. He shows by circumstantial reasoning and historical facts that much more attention was paid to the wants of their soldiers than is commonly supposed. We know that the Egyptians, as well as the Greeks and Romans, made attainments in medicine, which would be deemed respectable even at the present time, and that at least in the earlier periods of history their soldiers were regarded with special honour. Anecdotes might be gathered from their literature, and some formal statements and legal prescriptions, which confirm the favourable presumption thus raised, that their soldiers were well cared for. In Egypt, physicians were supported from the public treasury, and were required to treat soldiers without charge.* The Babylonians and Chaldeans had no physicians. "In cases of sickness the patient was carried out and exposed on the highway, that any persons passing by, who had been affected in a similar manner, might give some information respecting the means that had afforded them relief." No one was allowed to pass the sick without seeking to ascertain their diseases.†

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* Rawlinson's *Herodotus*, vol. ii. p. 117, note.

† *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 263. Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*, word *Medicina.*

Cyrus, King of Persia, according to Xenophon, spared no pains to procure for his soldiers all that oculd contribute to their welfare. Even if the work of Xenophon is a romance, it at least shows what he regarded as the duty of a good commander. The writer in the *Army and Navy Journal* above referred to, says that "the first mention of medicine in war in authentic history (as opposed to poetry and mythological chronology based on obscure facts), is at the siege of Crissa, or rather of Cyrrha, near Delphi, on a bay of the Gulf of Corinth, by the Amphictyons, about B.C. 600. A pestilential malady prevailing in the camp of the besiegers, they sent for Nebrus, the great great grandfather of Hippocrates the Great, to visit their camp. The physician proceeded thither, and seems to have brought health in his train, since by his policy and attention the pestilence was overcome, and the sanitary condition of the troops was entirely restored." It appears, indeed, that on this occasion Nebrus, the most famous physician of his time, took with him his son Chrysus, scarcely less celebrated as a physician, and took also a large war vessel, fitted up at his own expense, with both medical and military apparatus. Their heroism and skill were of great service to the besiegers.* It is probable that the greatest physicians in Grecian history were at times employed in the army, at least for the

* Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography*, articles *Nebrus* and *Chrysus.*

care of the leaders. Many anecdotes are told of the attention of Alexander the Great to his soldiers—sharing their privations, visiting the sick and wounded, and giving commands for the relief of their wants.* It is thought that the ancient Romans, especially in their later history, had an organised medical department in their armies. The probabilities are, however, that from all the appliances and advantages noticed, the common soldier profited very little.

But not to dwell on these details, which are obscure at best, and can hardly be of general interest, we are permitted to give the testimony of those whose knowledge of the entire subject will be readily admitted, and who have kindly answered our inquiries.

Henry Coppée, LL.D., the President of Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Penna, thus writes:—"The hospital arrangements of the Greeks and Romans were extremely meagre. The Grecian soldier was to a great extent his own surgeon, and many of them had some skill in the rude surgery of the time. The physicians of Alexander the Great were for his own behoof and that of his friends, and did not take care of his troops.

"The *Medicus Vulnerarius* (physician for wounds) of the Romans, was attached to the legion, and was

* See Philip Smith's *History of the World*, pp. 49, 77, &c.

highly esteemed.* But with the subversion of Rome, the military system became quite chaotic, and the troops depended for the care of their health on quackish camp followers, not much above the Indian 'medicine-men.' I think you may safely start with the assertion that hospitals, army asylums, &c., have had their origin in modern times."

Professor Tayler Lewis, LL.D., of Union College, writing more at length, says:—"There is nothing in all antiquity that can be compared with the labours of the Christian Commission in our country. I refer not now to that part of the work which may be called Christian in the more special sense, and which was altogether unknown to the ancient States. There was but little done for the bodily sustenance or the outward help of the poor, whether they became destitute from ordinary causes, or the casualties of war and the public service.† Still we must

* "The Romans, it is conceded by the *Conversations-Lexicon*, had division surgeons *(Medici Vulnerarii)*, one to each legion. This statement does not go far enough. There were surgeons, not only to legions, but also to cohorts *(modern battalions)*. Besides these, there were classes of officers especially charged with collecting and taking care of the wounded, &c."—*Army and Navy Journal*, August 27th, 1864.

† Dr. Arnold, writing of the Roman Empire as it was at the beginning of the Christian era, says:—"Charity and general philanthropy were so little regarded as duties, that it requires a very extensive acquaintance with the literature of the time to find any allusion to them. There were no public hospitals, no institutions for the relief of the infirm and poor; no societies for the removal of abuses or the improvement of the condition

not judge them by modern ideas. The state of society was so different,—almost all manual labour being performed by slaves,—that our political economy, as well as our notions of charity, become inapplicable to their circumstances. Not to enter upon this, however, which would lead me away from the main questions you propose, I would simply give you the little information that is to be obtained in respect to their treatment of disabled soldiers. This is scanty enough. There are no treatises upon the subject, nor any extended references to it in the historians or the orators. An allusion here and there by Aristotle or Plutarch, or some of their most discursive writers, is all that can be found. The Greek States, and especially Athens, *did* make such provision, though certainly not on any very large scale. One reason that may be given is, that the objects requiring such bounty were far less numerous than those that are made by our modern wars. The Greeks had no standing armies, nor even any that can well be compared to our volunteers,—entering upon a field service for two or three years. They were quick levies of citizen soldiers or sailors, sent out on defensive or offensive excursions, and soon returning to

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of mankind, from motives of charity. Nothing was done to promote the instruction of the lower classes, nothing to mitigate the miseries of domestic slavery, and far less to stop altogether the perpetual atrocities of the kidnapper and the slave-market." —*Encyc. Metropol.*, as quoted in Kitto's *Biblical Cyclopedia*, third English edition, vol. iii. p. 694.

give place to others. This continued until the long Peloponnesian war (B.C. 430) began to make a change in the military service. Their campaigns were short, sharp, and decisive. Hence the casualties of war, aside from those directly killed and wounded, were much less than in our own times. Hence, too, there is so little to be found respecting any hospital or commissary service in the Greek wars. Again, from the very nature of their fighting,* the number of the wounded bore a much less proportion to the killed than it now does. Battles were fierce and short, soon decided by the rout (τροπή) of one side or the other, and then it was escape or slaughter.† Few prisoners were taken. We see this from the great noise the Athenian orators and demagogues made about the few hundred prisoners they once happened to take from the Spartans at Pylos. The

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* "The combat assumed the form of a number of hand-to-hand contests, depending on the qualities of the individual soldier rather than on the disposition of masses. Hence the value attached to fleetness of foot and strength of arm (2 Sam. i. 23; ii. 18; 1 Chron. xii. 8). Another mode of settling the dispute was by the selection of champions (1 Sam. xvii; 2 Sam. ii. 14-17), who were spurred on to exertion by the offer of high reward (1 Sam. xvii. 25; 2 Sam. xviii. 11; 1 Chron. xi. 6)."—Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, word *War*. The same remarks apply to the other nations of antiquity, not less than to the Jews. —See Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*, word *Exercitus*.

† In the ancient phalanx a *reverse* was *never provided for*. —See *New American Cyclopedia*, vol. ii. p. 129.

Bible historians, too, show this. We read of the great numbers of the slain (so great sometimes that we are almost driven to the supposition of numerical mistakes in the text),* but we seldom, if ever, read of the *wounded* or the *sick in camp*. Indeed, this last item, which is so important in our modern statistics, hardly appears at all in the ancient military narratives.

* To take an example: In 2 Chron. xiii. is an account of Abijah's victory over Jeroboam. It is said that Abijah had "an army of valiant men of war,—even four hundred thousand chosen men;" and that Jeroboam had "eight hundred thousand chosen men, being mighty men of valour." They fought with the animosity of parties to a civil war, and with the desperation and stubbornness characteristic of their nation. The result was, that of Jeroboam's men five hundred thousand were slain in the hand-to-hand contest and subsequent rout. If now, through the mode of ancient notation, these numbers are here overstated, the error equally affects each enumeration, so that the proportions remain the same. That is to say, one army was twice the size of the other, and five-eighths of the larger army were destroyed. With this compare the statement that in Cæsar's great victory over the Nervii, out of an army of sixty thousand warriors the conqueror slew all except five hundred. (See Smith's *History of the World*, vol. iii. p. 216.) It may not be amiss to add the following note from the *Annotated Paragraph Bible* (London Religious Tract Society's octavo edition), p. 516:—"With reference to the numbers of armies mentioned in the (Biblical) history, which appear sometimes exceedingly large, it is to be remembered that in eastern nations every person capable of bearing arms was compelled to join the host when the monarch pleased; that oriental sovereigns seemed to have prided themselves on the numbers rather than the discipline of their troops; and that the enumeration probably often includes the followers of the camp, who in the East are sometimes far more numerous than those armed for battle."—(See Kitto's *Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature*, word *War*.

"The Greeks attached great importance to the recovery of the bodies of the dead. Hence we find in the account of almost every battle particular mention of negotiations between the opposing commanders on that subject. The sending of a herald for the recovery of the dead was an acknowledgment of defeat, but the general who should have suffered them to remain with the enemy, would have received more censure at home for so doing than for his failure in obtaining the victory. On one memorable occasion, even when a naval victory was obtained, the triumphant commanders were voted to be put to death, for their neglect in not recovering the dead bodies from some of the sinking ships. The minuteness with which their writers dwell on this matter shows that they would have been equally explicit on other things, had there been the same grounds of reason and fact. Their bodies were carried home (if it could be done), and solemn funeral orations were delivered on the occasions. These are strongly called to mind by the proceedings at Gettysburg, where we seemed to come nearer to the old Greek modes of thinking than at any other point of our military history. Mr. Everett's oration there, and Mr. Lincoln's short but most pathetic address, were equal to anything ever delivered on such occasions by Pericles or Isocrates.*

* In illustration of Prof. Lewis's statements it may be proper to refer more fully to the Athenian custom of giving public funerals

an oration of Æschines that there was a regular examination of candidates for this bounty, and that it was conducted in public by the council of Five Hundred (or the Athenian Senate),—most probably by a committee appointed by that body. This is enough to show that it was a standing provision, guarded by careful and judicious regulation.

"Aristotle* describes Hippodamus, an ancient philanthropist, and one who, if what he says of him be true, would be thought an excellent philanthropist now. He proposed a great many public improvements,—among other things, the offering of rewards to inventors of anything useful to the State or to society. This man introduced a *pension law*, making provision for the children of those who had been wounded or slain in battle. The philosopher speaks of it as something which had not before been done; though he adds (immediately afterwards) that 'such is the law now,—*not only in Athens, but in other Grecian States.*' From what Aristotle says of him, this man Hippodamus, had he lived in the days of St. Peter, might have been a Cornelius; or had he heard St. Paul, might have believed, like Dionysius the Areopagite. At least, so I love to think, and to indulge the idea that in those days of war and corruption and selfishness there may have been other men like him, whom the day of judgment will bring to light,—

* In his *Politica*, book ii., c. v.

men doing good and serving God according to the measure of their knowledge. They would have belonged to the old Christian Commissions, had there been any such. His great worth has been obscured in the political clamour and political corruption which surrounded him, just as the Christian Commission at the present day is ignored by the rabble of hungry politicians; but there is a record kept of such men elsewhere, and I rejoice to think that perhaps there were more of them in ancient times than we may imagine. He seems to have been appreciated by the great philosopher, who has left this casual mention of him, and thereby rescued him from unmerited oblivion."

The statements and illustrations of Professor Lewis are applicable, with little modification, to the entire period of ancient history. The Romans had more organisation in military affairs than the Greeks, but it is by no means certain that better care was taken of the men. That depended upon the personal character of the emperor or commander. It was a law of war that the victor was absolute master of the vanquished. This gave desperation to the contest, and subjected those who were overcome to indiscriminate and universal slaughter, unless the conqueror was pleased to substitute slavery for death.* "The treatment of the conquered was

* If we consider the maxims of war which prevailed in the

extremely severe in ancient times. The leaders of the host were put to death (Josh. x. 26; Judg. vii. 25), with the occasional indignity of decapitation after death (1 Sam. xvii. 51). The bodies of the soldiers killed in action were plundered (1 Sam. xxxi. 8); the survivors were either killed in some savage manner (Judg. ix. 45; 2 Sam. xii. 31; 2 Chron. xxv. 12), mutilated (Judg. i. 6; 1 Sam. xi. 2), or carried into captivity (Num. xxxi. 26; Deut. xx. 13, 14). Women and children were occasionally put to death with the greatest barbarity (2 Kings viii. 12; Isa. xiii. 16; Hos. x. 14; Nah. iii. 10); but it was more usual to retain the maidens as concubines or servants (Judg. v. 30; 2 Kings v. 2)."* "In the case of war carried on for conquest or revenge there were but two modes of dealing with the captives, viz., putting

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ancient world, and which still prevail in many barbarous nations, we perceive that those who survived the fury of the battle and the insolence of victory, were only reserved for more durable calamities; swept into hopeless captivity, exposed in markets, or plunged in mines, with the melancholy distinction bestowed on princes and warriors,—after appearing in the triumphal procession of the conqueror,—of being conducted to death. The contemplation of such scenes as these forces on us this awful reflection, that neither the fury of wild beasts, the concussions of the earth, nor the violence of tempests, are to be compared to the ravages of arms; and that nature in her utmost extent, or, more properly, divine justice in its utmost severity, has supplied no enemy to man so terrible as man."—Robert Hall's Sermon, *Reflections on War.*

* Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, word *War.*

them to death or reducing them to slavery."* The Jewish laws and usages of war, as to the slaughter and enslavement of captives and prisoners, were less severe than those of contemporary nations, or of the Greeks and Romans. "That the vanquished in war become the *property* of the victor," says Aristotle, "is acknowledged to be law."†

A recent writer says, that in the Roman armies the soldiers were accustomed to assist each other in their sicknesses and wounds; and that the Emperor Aurelian (A.D. 270), according to Flavius Vopiscus, commanded this practice by a special proclamation, and continually urged its observance upon his subordinate officers.‡

The following clear summary may be presented at this point:—"Military surgery was formerly but little understood, and those who were wounded on the field were left to the care of those around them, without any selection of fit or unfit persons for the duties of surgery. The wounded soldier had to implore the aid of friends or strangers, as the case might be, or go unheeded because no one could attend to him. Still, it often happened that from habit and necessity

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* Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, word *Slave*.

† See Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*, word *Servus*; also *Writings* of Professor B. B. Edwards, vol. ii., *Essays on Ancient Slavery*.

‡ *La Charité Internationale sur les Champs de Bataille*. Paris, 1865. See page 93.

some persons became more or less skilful in dressing wounds on the field; and as in former times, before the invention of gunpowder, the common run of wounds was made by swords, daggers, and sharp instruments, or by dull weapons causing contusions, no great skill was necessary to dress such wounds, and hence little attention was paid to the medical or surgical requirements of the army."*

During the Middle Ages, while the Roman Empire was being broken up, and the modern nations of Europe were being constructed from the ruins, society was in a chaotic state. Wars, petty or large, were universally and continually prevalent. Irruptions of barbarians, contests of rival and envious kings or feudal chiefs, the attempted and often successful subjugation of hated "heretics" by so-called "holy alliances," the crusades,—all these filled the earth with turmoil and desolation. Christianity had little direct influence in the management of political affairs, and though its name was often invoked, its power was seldom manifest in the struggles for empire and dominion. War was the pastime of the noble and the trade of the peasant, until the armies of Europe became bands of mercenaries led by adventurers, often fighting against their native country.†

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* *New American Cyclopedia*, word *Ambulance*.

† "The command of money was the command of armed

In the rampant disorder, rivalry, and greed, "discipline as a science had almost disappeared. It is not remarkable that with all other organisations the medical department should have fallen into decay. The fate of the sick and wounded was hardly better than that of prisoners; those who could not crawl from the field were generally put to the sword by the victorious army, whose own wounded did not experience a much better fate." . . . . "The Abbé Suger, State Minister and historian of Louis the Fat, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, says that 'as many as possible of the wounded were carried off *in litters;* those who could not be removed were left as a prey to the wolves!'"*

There were occasional and slight gleams through

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hirelings, more sure and steady in battle, as we must confess with shame, than the patriot citizen." "The use of mercenary troops prevailed much in Germany during the thirteenth century. In Italy it was also very common; though its general adoption is to be referred to the commencement of the succeeding age."—Hallam's *Middle Ages*, c. ii. part ii.

"The long duration of the Italian wars that commenced with the invasion of Naples, brought a species of troops into the field that must have been formidable enough to the countries in which they fought, whatever they may have been to the enemies against whom they contended. These were the so-called *aventuriers*,—volunteers,—adventurers, in fact, who took the field in bands, under leaders of their own election, and served without pay, satisfied with the booty they could collect."—*Biographies of Eminent Soldiers*, by Major-General John Mitchell. Edited by Leonhard Schmitz. London, 1865. See page 331.

* *Army and Navy Journal*, August 6th, 1864.

the general darkness of the scene,—incidental and temporary alleviations of the prevalent rapacity, cruelty, and neglect. The indirect influence of Christianity, however corrupt and weakened, was considerable, and it was often successful in securing consideration for the common people, and in mitigating the horrors of war. Chivalry did something in the same direction, and there are noble instances on record of individual efforts for the help of the helpless, including the victims of war.

Leo VI., Emperor of the East, toward the end of the ninth century, gave instructions to his generals to provide assistants for the removal and care of the wounded after an engagement. A reward was given to them for each warrior they saved. These assistants were soldiers selected from the several cohorts, were not armed, in the movements of the army they occupied convenient places for their work, and were furnished with simple means for the immediate relief of those who became disabled.

The famous Sultan Saladin (A.D. 1190), whose magnanimity and valour are alike extolled, is said by the historians of the crusades to have shown a generosity toward the wounded of his enemies, worthy of a Christian prince in modern times.

The charitable orders of the Roman Catholic Church, ready to minister to suffering anywhere, were frequently employed in the care of soldiers. Women, sometimes of noble birth, gave themselves

to lives of benevolence and activity among the needy and afflicted. Several of the Sisterhoods still in existence had their origin thus, as, for example, those which began with some of the followers of Vincent de Paul.* The "convents were expected to take charge of the sick and wounded who could reach their gates. At one time every convent in the kingdom (of France) was bound, indeed, to maintain an invalid soldier." †

The military orders or knights gave themselves, more or less, to the same service,—at least among their own members. The Knights Templars and the Knights Hospitallers (or Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, afterwards of Rhodes and of Malta) were, according to Milman, "aristocratic brotherhoods, which hardly deigned to receive, at least in their high places, any but those of gentle birth."‡ But their chivalry manifested itself in the care of the sick and the wounded, during the pilgrimages and in the contests with the infidels.§ It is, moreover, a

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* See Mrs. Jameson's *Sisters of Charity;* J. M. Ludlow's *Woman's Work in the Church;* Chastel's *Charity of the Primitive Churches.*

† General Mitchell's *Eminent Soldiers*, p. 336.

‡ Milman's *Latin Christianity*, Riverside ed., vol. vi. p. 535.

§ A private letter from Mr. J. M. Ludlow contains the suggestion, that "among the original duties of the Hospitallers of St. John was that of succouring the sick and wounded on the pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and afterwards in the wars against the heathen." Also that the Sisters of Charity "were sent to

singular historical fact, that the kingdom of Prussia had its origin in a voluntary association of patriotic citizens for the relief of suffering soldiers. During the crusade against Saladin, in which Frederick Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany, was drowned, and his death followed by great disaster, the army was wasting away with disease and famine before Acre, in Syria (A.D. 1190). Certain of the first citizens of Lubeck and Bremen, merchant traders, saw the distresses of their countrymen. They at once formed themselves into a relief corps. The sails of their ships were taken off, and made into tents and pavilions, under the shelter of which they received and cared for the sick. They were joined and assisted by the brethren of a German hospital, which had been before founded in Jerusalem. From this beginning arose the German or Teutonic Order of Knights,—known as the Teutonic Order of St. Mary. Their first house was at Acre. They soon became as aristocratic and exclusive as the other military orders,—save that, in remembrance of their origin, the citizens of Lubeck and Bremen were eligible to membership. No other plebeians were admitted. In process of time, through the favour of popes and princes, and by their own

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the French armies at a comparatively early period of their existence, and (with probably an interval during the First Revolution) have continued to be employed in them ever since." On the first point see *Charité Internationale*, p. 116; Marmont's *Spirit of Military Institutions*, Coppée's ed., p. 132.

good swords, the Teutonic Knights became sovereigns of Prussia.*

The introduction of gunpowder, in the thirteenth century, wrought a great revolution in everything pertaining to warfare, and inaugurated vast changes in the political and social world.† The necessity of discipline and military tactics very soon became apparent. Skill and intelligence took the place of brute force among the requisites of a good soldier. War became a profession, in a higher sense of the term. The modern ideas of national unity and international interests began to work, however dimly and feebly. The common soldier began to be recognised as a

* President Anderson, of the University of Rochester, called attention to this historical curiosity, and transmitted an interesting note from Roux de Rouchelle's work on the Hanseatic League, which has been, in substance, incorporated into the text. See also the account in Milman's *Latin Christianity*, vol. vi. p. 535.

† These changes were slow at first. It was two hundred years from the time that gunpowder was known in Europe before firearms were employed in battle with any effect. Even then we read of muskets that it required a quarter of an hour to charge and fire, and that had to be supported upon rests. See Hallam's *Middle Ages*, c. iii. There was a strong professional prejudice amongst military leaders against the new agent of destruction. It was of decidedly democratic tendencies, and threatened to destroy all distinctions of rank; making it quite possible that the feudal lord, or even the emperor, might fall by the bullet of the peasant. Sometimes, as in wars between Europeans and Turks, the old and new modes of warfare came into competition, and not always to the success of the new.—See Mitchell's *Biographies*, pp. 208, 240, &c.

man, entitled to consideration and care, and self-interest combined with humanity to compel such recognition. It was truer economy to care for the trained soldier than to allow him to perish from neglect.* All those influences which wrought the destruction of feudalism, abolished slavery, liberated the serfs, created a middle class in society, diffused intelligence, and purified religion, operated also to elevate the position of the soldier, and this elevation was manifest in the attention to his welfare when sick or wounded. The progress was slow, and there were many eddies and ebbs in the current, but on the whole the advance has been constant.

The wounds produced by firearms were more serious and complicated than by the old style of missiles, requiring more surgical skill to manage them, and more prompt attention to prevent them from endangering the life of the soldier. But we find no trace of a regularly organised system of military hospitals until the time of Henry IV., of France, in

* To quote a modern instance :—When the British troops were suffering in the Crimea, the correspondent of the *Times* wrote from Balaklava, "What has been the cost to th country of the men of the Brigade of Guards who died in their tents, or in hospital of exhaustion, overwork, and deficient or improper nutriment? It would have been *cheap* to have fed these men who are gone on turtle and venison, if it could have kept them alive, and not only those, but the poor fellows whom the battle spared, but whom disease has taken from us out of every regiment in the expedition."—*The War*, by W. H. Russell, p. 346.

the latter part of the sixteenth century. The system then introduced was very imperfect, and received little or no improvement before the end of the eighteenth century. The first flying ambulance (or flying hospital) was established by Larrey, in the army of Custine, in 1792.*

A pleasant incident is told of the Catholic Queen Isabella of Spain, that during the siege of Granada (A.D. 1492), she caused six large tents to be fitted up with beds, and called for surgeons and physicians to assist the wounded and sick. The soldiers of Aragon and Castile gave to this establishment, the first of its kind, the name of the "Queen's Hospital."†

Towards the middle and during the latter part of the eighteenth century, the care of the sick and wounded was sometimes made the subject of specific stipulations between the commanders of opposing armies. Several instances of this kind are on record,—as in 1743 between the parties to the war of the Austrian succession; in 1759 between England and France, in Flanders; in the same year, between Louis XV. of France and Frederick the Great of Prussia; in 1800 between the French and Austrians. These instances are more fully related in *La Charité Internationale*. As illustrating them all, the agree-

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* *New American Cyclopedia*, word *Ambulance; La Charité Internationale*, p. 95; Mitchell's *Biographies*, p. 336.

† *La Charité*, p. 94.

ment last referred to may be given. During the war which raged for a long time in the valley of the Danube, it was agreed between the French General Moreau, and the Austrian General Kray, that the wounded should be cared for by both sides, and that after their recovery they should be returned freely to their respective corps. The following articles, suggested to Moreau by his surgeon-in-chief, the illustrious Percy, were adopted as a basis of mutual action:—

"Wishing to diminish as much as possible the misfortunes of war, and to ameliorate the condition of soldiers wounded in battle, the two Generals have agreed upon these points:

"1st. The hospitals shall be considered as sacred asylums.

"2nd. The location of the hospitals shall be plainly indicated, so that the soldiers may readily recognise them.

"3rd. Each army is charged with the care of these hospitals, even after having lost the country in which they are situated.

"4th. The armies will favour and protect, mutually, the service of the hospitals in the countries which they shall occupy.

"5th. The soldiers, when recovered, shall be sent back to their respective armies, with escort and safeguard."

The following interesting account of Percy's endea-

vour to establish a permanent relief corps in the French army, cited from *La Charité*, will show the spirit of the noble man and devoted surgeon. "Worn out," he says, "with the disorders springing up continually from the disgusting assemblage of famished and vagabond nurses; disheartened by the neglect of my requests; sorely grieved at seeing so great a number of soldiers die upon the fields of battle, whose lives might have been saved and whose limbs might have been preserved by the aid of some convenient and well-organised method of transportation, and seeing also that it was necessary to have, as near as possible to the lines of battle, men expressly designated for the relief of the wounded, rather than leave this care to the soldiers (who too often seized such an opportunity to desert the ranks), I took it upon me to organise a regular corps of soldier-nurses, to whom I gave the name of the 'Corps of Stretcher-Bearers' (*Compagnie de Brancardiers*). I chose one hundred soldiers from among the most courageous, strongest, and most skilful. I had them uniformed, and as soon as they were completely equipped I put them to work. Very soon the condition of the wounded and sick, before so neglected and abandoned, was entirely changed.

"Every one applauded my institution," adds Percy. "I made a report to the authorities of the success obtained and of services rendered. From Madrid, where I then was, I sent to Paris, as a specimen and

proof of the work, a detachment of this new kind of troop,—which I had clothed and equipped without a penny's expense to the government. But instead of thanking me, they blamed me. My squad was ordered to return forthwith to Madrid, and the company was disbanded. Fortunately it had existed long enough to open the eyes of the chief men of the State, and my project, postponed from political considerations, was definitely adopted by a decree of 1813."

As further indicating the growing spirit of humanity and discipline, it is stated that in May, 1809, when the French army, by the retreat from Oporto, was forced to leave its wounded, Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, commander-in-chief of the English and Portuguese forces, asked the French to send surgeons to take care of their abandoned sick. He granted safe conducts for the coming and returning of the physicians who were chosen for this purpose.

During the war of the American Revolution it does not appear that in its arrangements for the care and comfort of the soldiers our army was at all in advance of the armies of Europe at the same period. It is perhaps impossible to convey a just impression of all the facts respecting that wonderful contest. The physical dimensions of the war, excepting its duration, were so small when compared with its

political importance, or with our recent armies; the patriotic wisdom and devotion of Washington and his worthy coadjutors were so constant and admirable; there were so much military genius and genuine soldiership displayed in maintaining the conflict so long and so successfully against a foe thoroughly trained, equipped, and fed; there was so much of the loftiest heroism in the army, and among all classes of the people; and especially the results were so fruitful in national prosperity; that our traditions have instinctively rejected all that it is ungrateful or humiliating to remember, and we are unwilling or unable to recall the apathy, shortsightedness, dissensions, delays, jealousies, and cruel neglect, that were abundantly exhibited alike in Congress, the army, and the country. Only the goodness of God, and the blindness of our enemies, saved us from destruction, and that not once nor twice. The entire population of the country (3,929,827 in 1790) was at that time scarcely more than the population of the State of New York at present (3,831,777 in 1865). The whole number of Continental soldiers employed during the war was 231,791. The enlistments were mainly for short periods, and the war was half over before anything worthy the name of discipline had been established among the troops. This is not the place to detail the causes which led to the privations and sufferings of the army of the Revolution.

"It is difficult to speak of their sufferings and

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"It is difficult to speak of their sufferings and

privations without at least an appearance of exaggeration; and yet the testimony is so uniform, the details are so minute and so authentic, that the strongest colouring would fall short of the dark reality. These sufferings began with the beginning of the war, and continued to the end of it. During the first winter, soldiers thought it hard that they often had nothing to cook their food with; but they found before its close that it was harder still to have nothing to cook. Few Americans had ever known what it was to suffer for want of clothing; but thousands, as the war went on, saw their garments falling by piecemeal from around them, till scarce a shred remained to cover their nakedness. They made long marches without shoes, staining the frozen ground with the blood from their feet. They fought battles with guns that were hardly safe to bear a half-charge of powder. They fought, or marched, or worked on intrenchments all day, and laid them down at night with but one blanket to three men. And thus in rags, without shoes, often without bread, they fought battles and won campaigns . . . The condition of the officers was scarcely better than that of the men. They, too, had suffered cold and hunger; they, too, had been compelled to do duty without sufficient clothing; to march and watch and fight without sufficient food. We are told of a dinner at which no officer was admitted who had a whole pair of pantaloons; and of all the

invited there was not one who did not fully establish his claims to admission."*

We are familiar, or may easily be, with the want and sufferings of the Continental soldiers at Cambridge, West Point, Morristown, Valley Forge, and elsewhere, during successive winters of great severity. Let us recall, as an example, the condition of the army at Valley Forge in the winter of 1777–8. The whole number of troops when the encampment commenced, in December, was 11,098; of these 2,898 were unfit for duty. "Hunger and nakedness assailed that dreary winter camp with all their progeny of disease and woe. Thither the soldiers came with naked and bleeding feet, and there they sat down where destitution held court, and ruled with an icy sceptre. The prevalence of Toryism in the vicinity, the avaricious peculations of some unprincipled commissioners, the tardy movements of Congress in supplying provisions, and the close proximity of a powerful enemy, combined to make the procurement of provisions absolutely impracticable without a resort to force. But few horses were in camp, and such was the deficiency, in this respect, for the ordinary as well as the extraordinary occasions of the army, that the men in many instances cheerfully yoked themselves to vehicles of their own construc-

* *Historical View of the American Revolution*, by George Washington Greene, pp. 235–237.

tion, for carrying wood and provisions when procured; while others performed the duty of pack-horses, and carried heavy burdens of fuel upon their backs. As the winter advanced, their sufferings increased. On the 16th of February, Washington wrote to Governor Clinton, 'For some days past there has been little less than a famine in the camp. A part of the army has been a week without any kind of flesh, and the rest three or four days.' 'It was with great difficulty,' says Dr. Thacher, 'that men enough could be found in a condition fit to discharge the military camp duties from day to day; and for this purpose those who were naked borrowed from those who had clothes.'"*

While the soldiers at Valley Forge were suffering thus intensely, General Putnam gives this picture, in a few words, of what those at West Point were enduring. It is in a letter to Washington, written in January, 1778. He says, "Dubois' regiment is unfit to be ordered on duty, there not being one blanket in the regiment. Very few have either a shoe or a shirt, and most of them have neither stockings, breeches, or overalls. Several companies of enlisted artificers are in the same situation, and unable to work in the field."†

Even in the earlier enthusiasm of 1775, when the little army lay at Cambridge, and the English were

* Lossing's *Field Book of the Revolution*, vol. ii. pp. 129, 130.
† *Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 705, note.

in Boston, the condition of the troops was hardly more comfortable. Mr. Greene, in his *Historical View*, p. 224, says:—"As winter advanced, their sufferings increased. They suffered from want of clothing, and still more from want of wood. Trees were cut down, fences pulled up, everything that could be made to burn was converted into fuel; and still, hundreds were compelled to eat their food raw. And, to complete the picture, I must reluctantly add that those who had wood, or clothing, or provisions to sell, asked the highest prices, and demanded the promptest payment."

There was no adequate provision by government for the care of the soldiers in active service, as is obvious from the foregoing statements. It must have been worse with the sick and disabled. There was no organisation of voluntary relief and assistance commensurate with the necessities of the case. There was much noble patriotism, hearty sympathy and readiness to share every comfort with those who were perilling everything and enduring everything for the country. Temporary relief in clothing and food was frequently provided, especially through the labours of patriotic ladies, and the clergy were constant in their co-operation at home, and in their ministrations among the troops. Mr. Lossing, in a private letter, says,—"In the Old War for Independence, the women in many communities had gatherings, often at the house of a pastor, to work for the needy

soldiers. In Philadelphia and in Baltimore were many noble examples of the kind, in the later years of the war."

A few illustrations may be given of the spontaneous and generous assistance to which Mr. Lossing refers. "In the summer of 1780 the distress of the American army was very great, on account of the scarcity of clothing, and the inadequate means possessed by the Commissary Department to afford a supply. The generous sympathies of the ladies of Philadelphia were aroused, and they formed an association for the purpose of affording relief to the poor soldiers. Never was the energy of genuine sympathy more nobly exercised than by the patriotic women who joined hands in this holy endeavour. Mrs. Esther Reed, the wife of General Joseph Reed, though feeble in health and surrounded by family cares, entered with hearty zeal into the service, and was, by the united voice of her associates, placed at the head of the society. Mrs. Sarah Bache, daughter of Dr. Franklin, was also a conspicuous actor in the formation of the association, and in carrying out its plans. All classes became interested, and the result was glorious. The Marquis de Chastellux, who was in Philadelphia while these efforts were in progress, was delighted with the event. In describing a visit to several of the American ladies, he says,—'We began with Mrs. Bache. She merits all the anxiety we had to see her, for she is the daughter of Mr. Franklin.

Simple in her manners, like her respectable father, she possesses his benevolence. She conducted us into a room filled with work lately finished by the ladies of Philadelphia. This work consisted neither of embroidered tambour waistcoats, nor net-work edgings, nor of gold and silver brocade. It was a quantity of shirts for the soldiers of Pennsylvania. The ladies bought the linen from their own private purses, and took pleasure in cutting them out and sewing them themselves. On each shirt was the name of the married or unmarried lady who made it, and they amounted to twenty-two hundred.' The results of this effort were great and timely. The aggregate amount of contributions in the city and county of Philadelphia was estimated at seven thousand five hundred dollars in specie value. Added to this was a princely donation from Robert Morris, of the contents of a ship fully laden with military stores and clothing, which had unexpectedly arrived. During the cold winter which followed, hundreds of poor soldiers in Washington's camp had occasion to bless the women of Philadelphia for their labour of love."*

It is related of La Fayette, that on a certain occasion, as he "passed through Baltimore on his way to the field of his conflicts at the South, he was greeted with the greatest respect by the people. A ball was given in his honour, at which the Marquis

* Lossing's *Field Book*, vol. ii. pp. 105–107.

appeared sad. 'Why so gloomy at a ball?' asked one of the gay belles. 'I cannot enjoy the gaiety of the scene,' replied La Fayette, 'while so many of the poor soldiers are without shirts and other necessaries.' 'We will supply them,' was the noble reply of the ladies; and the gaiety of the ball-room was exchanged for the sober but earnest services of the needle. They assembled the next day in great numbers to make up clothing for the soldiers, of materials furnished by fathers and husbands. One gentleman, out of his limited means, gave La Fayette five hundred dollars to aid him in clothing his soldiers. His wife, with her own hands, cut out five hundred pairs of pantaloons, and superintended the making of them."*

These instances show the spirit and readiness of the loyal women of the Revolution, whose patriotism, sacrifice, and endurance, deserve all praise.† They

* *Field Book*, vol. ii. p. 187. Mr. Lossing adds, "This gentleman's name was Poe. His widow, the lady who cut out the garments, was living when La Fayette visited Baltimore in 1824. The two patriots met, and the scene was one of peculiar interest."

† General Washington could write to the ladies of Philadelphia, after their timely benefactions to the army in 1780:—"The army ought not to regret its sacrifices or its sufferings, when they meet with so flattering a reward as in the sympathy of your sex; nor can it fear that its interests will be neglected, when espoused by advocates as powerful as they are amiable." See Frank B. Goodrich's *Tribute Book*, p. 24. The munificent contributions there recorded by Mr. Goodrich certainly indicate,

were worthy mothers of those whose tender and active sympathies did so much during the recent war for the Union. It is also seen what might have been done if there had been a strong feeling of nationality throughout the country, and some systematised way of manifesting it in the popular support of the army. But the time for these things had not yet come.

Nor was there any lack of religious feeling and activity among the defenders of American liberty. New England especially had been colonised from religious motives and for religious purposes. The pulpit was the great educator of the people, and had taught them to demand, as it had prepared them to use, civil and religious freedom. Mr. Thornton justly says, "To the pulpit, the Puritan pulpit, we owe the moral force which won our Revolution."* And so, in the scenes of actual war, none were more zealous or useful than the pastors and volunteer chaplains. They preached and prayed among the troops, they nursed the sick and wounded, they encouraged the people to efforts for the relief of the army, and served in many ways to carry the quickening influences of home into the camp. Speaking of the Massachusetts militia, Mr. Greene says, "Their drill was a social and religious exercise, followed almost always by a sermon, and sometimes by a

as he suggests, that the men were not less patriotic and liberal than the women."

* *Pulpit of the American Revolution*, p. 38.

banquet. . . . The minister descended from the pulpit to take his place at the head of his company, or even in the ranks. In the company of minute-men of Danvers, the deacon was captain and the minister lieutenant; for none in those days seemed to doubt that duty to God comprised duty to the State."*

Valuable as these memorials are, representing various parts of the country, and illuminating, however dimly, the times and circumstances in which our national life began, they do not indicate any special advance in thoughtfulness and care for those who were enduring privation and peril in the nation's defence, nor any special effort to mitigate the inevitable sufferings of war. Indeed, much of the neglect from which the army of the Revolution suffered in so many ways, must be traced to a widely prevalent jealousy of the military power,—a fear that the soldiers might become too strong for the safety and peace of the Republic.

What was true of the Revolutionary war, was true also in a general way of the war of 1812. The popular interest was much less, as was also the need of voluntary assistance. There was the same want of systematic co-operation, and the same readiness for temporary relief when any special appeal was made. In the private letter already quoted, Mr. Lossing

* *Historical View*, pp. 214 215.

says, "In the city of New York an association was formed for the purpose of knitting socks and producing other comforts, for the soldiers who were to encounter the rigours of a Canadian winter in 1813-14. Mrs. General Morgan Lewis was at the head of it."

During the war in Mexico, in 1846-7, the American Tract Society engaged somewhat in colporteur labours and the distribution of publications, in the city of New Orleans, among the soldiers on their way to and from the seat of war. "Large cases of books and tracts were also sent forward with the army into Mexico, and circulated there with cheering results."

The conclusion to which our review thus far brings us cannot be better stated than in the words of the noble English woman who is best fitted, by her ample knowledge and practical experience, to pronounce a judgment in the case. In a private letter, under date of February 23rd, 1866, Miss Florence Nightingale writes:—"Until of late years there has been no systematic attention paid to the sick and wounded, such as has been done for healthy soldiers. Any system which has been introduced at any time has been simply improvised to meet a present emergency. I am not aware of any instance in which the miseries and horrors of military hospitals during war have been alleviated, by private and extra-governmental organisation, anterior to the last war with Russia. During all former wars, so far as I have

been able to learn, there have been no attempts : organised private relief. There have doubtless bee multitudes of instances in which Christian phila thropy has led private persons to receive sick a wounded men into their houses, and to attend to the as if they were at home. Members of religio orders have at all times attended sick and wound in hospitals. These cases throw a gleam of comfo over the most harrowing details of campaigns, bu as I have said, there has been no organisati specially devoted to this purpose."*

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* In the summer of 1865, the Christian Commission sent Miss Nightingale, by the hand of the Rev. T. W. J. Wylie, D.I of Philadelphia, bound volumes of their Annual Reports, a other documents at that time published. The Commission w glad of the occasion to say, in sending the volumes, "We a prompted to this offering, not simply because of your well-kno interest in our American struggle, but because your own labou were an impulse and guide to those herein recorded. Your i fluence and our indebtedness to you in this work can never known. Only this is true that everywhere throughout our bro country, during these years of inventive and earnest benev lence, in the constant endeavours to succour and sustain our i perilled and heroic defenders, the name and work of Floren Nightingale have been an encouragement and an inspiration."

Immediately on receiving the volumes, Miss Nightingale se the subjoined note to Dr. Wylie :—

"35, South Street, Park Lane,
"London, W., *September* 6, 18

"The Rev. T. W. J. Wylie, D.D.

"My dear Sir,—I know not how to thank you for bringi or the United States' Christian Commission for sending me t

We come now to a new era in the history of benevolence,—the organisation of relief for sick and wounded soldiers. Whatever had been done hitherto in this direction was the result of temporary appeal to meet a special and pressing want. There had

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two Annual Reports, &c., which I received yesterday. I know not how to thank you all for the kind thought of me.

"All that I can say in return, is to express my admiration for the branch of the great work of alleviating human suffering which those reports disclose.

"In the history of our time nothing more remarkable has ccurred than the universal uprising, so to speak, of the Christian philanthropy of America, to lend its helping hand to the great truggle through which the country has passed. It is a new feature in the experience of humanity, and it is an inexpressible comfort to have been in any the least degree instrumental in forwarding so great a work.

"I could not help reading through the volume of Reports the first afternoon I received it, though suffering from wearing and increasing illness, from bereavement, and overwhelmed with business. It is, at such a time, the only thing I could have read, and I read it with tears in my eyes,—of sympathy, of reverence, and admiration. I must trust to *your* kindness to make my acknowledgments to the United States' Christian Commission in the first place. But I shall, of course, as soon as I am able, endeavour to write them some feeble expression of what I felt when I received their packet.

* * * * * * *

"Pray accept, my dear Sir, my weak words to mean the deep and strong feeling of respectful love with which our sister country, sister in a deeper sense than that in which all Christian countries are sisters, has inspired us in the hour of her struggle and of victory.

"And pray believe me your and her devoted servant,

"FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE."

been in no nation any recognition of the army otherwise than as a machine of the government, to be cared for by the government or not cared for at all. It had never been, in any general sense, regarded as a company of citizens,—fathers, sons, and brothers,—engaged in the peril and horror of war for the nation's honour, or for the peace and safety of the homes they represented. Hence there was felt no necessity or desire for attesting the popular sympathy and interest, by permanent and organised assistance for the army directly from the people. Indeed by those who gave to the "problem of misery" the most earnest study, and sought to apply the alleviations of Christianity to every form of suffering, the physical and moral necessities of the army were expressly excluded from the objects of popular benevolence. The prize essay of Chastel, perhaps the best treatise extant on the subject of charity, has this defect. After a careful and thorough survey of the entire history of charity, he gathers its lessons into an appeal for public and private benevolence,—personal and collective, as by particular religious societies and by many of these combined,—to meet all cases of need in individuals and families, and for disabled classes, as orphans, foundlings, blind, &c., &c. But he makes this notable exception :—"We except military hospitals, the support of which belongs to the State alone. It is but just that it should provide at its own expense for those who expose in its service their

health and their life."* But it is becoming understood that the armies and governments are alike the agencies of the people's welfare, and that it is the duty no less than the prerogative of the people to provide extra-governmental relief for those who fight their battles and suffer in their defence.

The war of the Crimea is memorable for the labours of Miss Florence Nightingale and her associates, in relief of the sufferings of the English troops. The main facts and circumstances of that war, in which England, France, and Turkey were arrayed against Russia, are too well known to require mention. In April, 1854, the English army reached the field of hostilities, and finally left Turkey July 28th, 1856. From a variety of causes, but principally from an utter want of care,—even to destitution in clothing and the absence of all proper food and nursing,—the mortality in camp and hospital soon rose to a fearful rate. There seemed to be no adequate preparation or provision for the men in any respect, and the battle-field was less destructive than hospital, transport, or encampment. It was safer to fight than to remain at rest, and Balaklava and the Alma

* *The Charity of the Primitive Churches*, by the Rev. Stephen Chastel, of Geneva, Switzerland. Translated by G. A. Matile. Philadelphia, 1859. See page 319. It is a singular fact, and not very creditable, that the American translation of this unique and admirable book fell dead from the press, only a small part of the first edition ever finding its way into the market.

were less terrible than Scutari. The account of privation, suffering, and death, as spread out in the various Reports of Commissions appointed by Parliament, in Miss Martineau's *England and Her Soldiers*, and in other documents, is one of the saddest records in the history of civilisation. "From June, 1854, to June, 1856, inclusive, there were received into the General Hospitals on the Bosphorus, 43,288 sick and wounded soldiers,—of whom 5,432 died. Out of this mighty host of sick, dying, and dead, fire and sword contributed only 4,161 admissions and 395 deaths, during the entire period."* This covers almost the entire time of the army's occupation, including the healthy as well as the unhealthy period. The average strength of the English army during the campaign was about 30,000. The whole number of troops furnished, including the original quota and reinforcements, was 94,000. In the summer and autumn of 1854 the mortality throughout the army was at the rate of more than thirty-five per centum per annum, or nearly thirty times that of Manchester, "one of the most unhealthy towns of England." The people at home were filled with consternation, and the government and the nation were startled into unwonted activity. For the saddest feature of the case was that the suffering and death were almost wholly from pre-

* *England and Her Soldiers*, p. 195.

ventible causes,—from scurvy and its kindred diseases; Miss Nightingale says, "For 'scorbutic disease' read 'bad food, &c.,' and you have the cause."* Methods of relief were at once devised. A noble fund was raised and administered through the agency of the *Times*, private contributions were hastened forward in abundance; a sanitary commission, for inspection and improvement, was sent out; above all, at the suggestion of the Hon. Sidney Herbert,† then Secretary of State for War, Miss Florence Nightingale, and under her a band of trained nurses, went to the hospitals at Scutari and in the Crimea. Forty nurses accompanied Miss Nightingale, and fifty followed afterward, led by Miss Stanley. What they did is known throughout the world. It is true that directly after their arrival (at Constantinople, November 4th, 1854, "the eve of the battle of Inkerman") the mortality was higher than before,—being in January, 1855, at the fearful rate of over one hundred and seventeen per cent. per annum (that is, had the same rate of mortality continued, the entire army would have

* *Report of Sidney Herbert's Commission*, p. 370.

† Sidney Herbert, afterward Lord Herbert of Lea, was English Secretary-at-War during the Crimean campaign. He died August 2nd, 1861. In the private letter already quoted. Miss Nightingale speaks of him as one "whose work has been the greatest in, as his death has been the most fatal loss to, the sanitary and moral progress and civilisation of our army."

died *in a little more than ten months*). But it soon began to decline, and declined rapidly. Miss Nightingale was thoroughly fitted for her work, possessed of rare executive ability, and was heartily sustained by the authorities at home, by the nation, and by her assistants. She had abundant extra-governmental resources at command. She gave herself wholly to the urgent service. "Often she stood for twenty hours in succession, giving directions, but she had always a kind word or a smile for the sick, and was soon idolised by the army." * No wonder that at the end of twenty months she returned to England impaired in health, and has ever since been a confirmed invalid.†

The result of all these remedial efforts in the English portion of the Crimean army may be given in the summary statement of Miss Nightingale, in her testimony before the Herbert Commission on the *Sanitary Condition of the Army*, &c. "We have much more information on the sanitary history of the Crimean campaign than we have on any other. It is a complete example,—history does not afford its equal,—of an army, after a great disaster arising from neglects, having been brought into the highest

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* Appleton's *New American Cyclopedia.*

† Much interesting information respecting Miss Nightingale and her labours may be found in the works above quoted; also, as more accessible, in Mrs. Jameson's *Sisters of Charity*, and McCormick's *Visit to the Camp before Sevastopol.*

state of health and efficiency. It is the whole experiment on a colossal scale. In all other examples, the last step has been wanting to complete the solution of the problem. We had in the *first seven months* of the Crimean campaign, a mortality among the troops at a rate of sixty per cent. per annum *from disease alone;*—a rate of mortality which exceeds that of the great plague in the population of London, and a higher ratio than the mortality in cholera to the attacks; that is to say, there died out of the army in the Crimea an annual rate greater than ordinarily die in time of pestilence out of sick. We had, during the *last six months* of the war, a mortality among our *sick* not much more than that among our *healthy* guards at home, and a mortality among our troops in the last five months *two-thirds* only of what it is among our troops at home."*

So great a change was wrought by the introduction of sanitary regulations in camp and hospital, by caring for the men while on transports, by furnishing proper clothing, food, recreation, &c., and by such attention in all the details of nursing, as secured at least the opportunity to recover where recovery was possible. Means were provided for reading, writing, &c.; nurses found time to read to their patients, and to write their letters where

* *Report*, &c., p. 361.

necessary. The men felt the recuperative power of sympathy, and displayed the patience, self-restraint, manliness, and courtesy which were so conspicuous among our own soldiers in similar circumstances. It will be of interest here to note the general duties of Miss Nightingale's nurses, as stated by herself in her testimony before the Cumming-Maxwell Commission on the *State of the Army Hospitals in the Crimea and Scutari* :—

"The nurses are all distributed into wards. The medical men in charge of wards apply to me when they want nurses. I refer the application to the first-class staff-surgeon of the division, and, with his permission, I send a nurse or nurses, of whom I have the selection. The general nature of their duties they learn from my orders. The patients to whom they are to attend are indicated to them by the medical officer; also the treatment of those patients. They are employed chiefly among the wounded, the operation cases, and the severe medical cases. Their duties among the surgical cases are to go round in the morning, to wash and prepare such wounds for the medical officers as those officers direct, to attend the medical officers in their dressings, and receive and bring to me those officers' directions as to the diets, drinks, and medical comforts of those cases. They generally go out in fours. A quartette had generally a corridor and two wards of surgical cases. In the

medical divisions the nurse's duty is to take such cases as the medical officer confides to her. Her business is chiefly to see that the food is properly cooked and properly administered, that the extra diet rolls made on me are attended to, and that cleanliness, as far as possible, of the wards and persons is attended to, and the bed-sores dressed." *

"At first with all confusion ; by and by
Sweet order lived again with other laws ;
A kindlier influence reigned, and everywhere
Low voices, with the ministering hand,
Hung round the sick. The maidens came. they talked,
They sung, they read, till she not fair began
To gather light, and she that was became
Her former beauty treble ; to and fro,
With books, with flowers, with angel offices,
Like creatures native unto gracious act,
And in their own clear element they moved." †

The religious wants of the English soldiers in the Crimea do not seem, at the outset, to have been better supplied than their physical necessities. Colonel Joshua Jebb, in his testimony before the Herbert Commission, said that he had "always been greatly struck with the deficiency in the amount of spiritual instruction in the army," although the great readiness of the soldiers to profit by such instruction had "always shown itself where any means had been afforded them." He regarded it as essential to the highest sanitary condition and the efficiency of the

* *Report*, p. 331. † *Tennyson's Princess*, vii.

troops. He gave statistics to show how much better provision England made for the religious and moral welfare of her criminals than of her soldiers.* Mr. McCormick assures us that in the English camp in the Crimea, "with few exceptions, the regiments were quite destitute of chaplains, and utterly deprived of all religious meetings."† But there is some alleviation to the general sadness of the picture; and, later in the campaign, with the introduction of other sources of relief and comfort, religious advantages were multiplied. Mr. McCormick speaks of the Rev. John Hayward, chaplain of the forces in Balaklava, and his assistant, Mr. Taylor, who maintained regular services on the Sabbath and on two evenings in the week. They were indefatigable and efficient, especially in their labours among the sick on the ships in the harbour. Mr. D. Matheson, a Scotch colporteur and Scripture reader, sent out by the Soldiers' Friend Society, to labour among the Highland regiments, did very good service. "Possessed of a true Scotch heart, large, and full of sympathy and benevolence, he was constantly engaged in endeavouring to comfort the sick and dying. At an early hour he would leave his quarters, and start for the camp, with his pockets and arms filled with Bibles, tracts, and other religious publications,

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* *Report*, &c., p. 175.

† *Visit to the Camp before Sevastopol*, p. 116.

together with such a variety of little 'knicknacks' for the temporal relief of the suffering members of his charge, as he could secure from the newly-arrived vessels. He visited from tent to tent, and by his sincerity and unostentatious kindness soon became a great favourite both among the officers and men."* Our own American Bible Society was represented in the "camp before Sevastopol," in the winter of 1854, by their agent, the Rev. C. N. Righter, who was courteously and cordially received by Lord Raglan, through his Adjutant-General J. B. Bucknall Estcourt. The troops had been provided with Bibles and Testaments at the time of their departure from England, but in the confusion of the battles, and the march from Alma, many copies were lost or destroyed. A fresh supply was on the way, but had not arrived, and Mr. Righter was cheered by the eager welcome that greeted him from the men among whom he distributed the Word of Life. As already intimated, under the administration of Miss Nightingale, and especially through the co-operation of the Rev. Mr. Osborne, and Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, much was done for the moral and religious welfare of the men.

The French Army in the Crimea was larger than the English, numbering in all 309,268 men. It was much better furnished with sanitary and hygienic

* *Visit*, &c., p. 119.

appliances. Their quartermaster and commissary departments were provided against emergencies, and from the first there was a supply of competent cooks, and an attendance of trained female nurses from among the religious orders of "sisters." It does not appear that any extra-governmental aid of any kind was proffered or permitted, and hence there was no room for the manifestation of popular sympathy and appreciation. The regulations would not allow the agent of the American Bible Society to visit the French troops, as he had visited the English, and there seems to have been very little of religious spirit or instruction among them. It is singular to notice that the rate of mortality among the French soldiers, taking the whole period of occupation into account, was much greater than among the English, although during the early months it was very much less. For the French the average of annual deaths was, from disease alone, over 300 per 1,000 of mean strength; for the English it was 252,—the English death-rate most wonderfully diminishing from the ratio of over 117 per cent. per annum in January, 1855, to less than 1¼ per cent. in February, 1856.* This

* To estimate the significance of these figures, as bearing upon the rate of mortality in the army, two things are requisite:—1st. To compare them with the ordinary death-rates of settled communities; 2nd. To remember that an army is composed of picked men, who, from the care taken in their selection, and from the fact that they are in the prime of life, should show a

difference is not, in all respects, satisfactorily explained. But it cannot be regarded as presumptuous to suppose that the unparalleled exhibition of popular appreciation, not less than the unwonted attention and care which accompanied it, did much toward raising the health of the English troops. The thought that they were at last remembered at home, helped to ward off disease and to quicken recovery. The tender sympathy of the Queen, so tenderly expressed,*

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much less mortality from disease than exists in ordinary communities, which include the young, the aged, and the invalid of all classes. To aid in the comparison suggested it may be remarked that from the latest and most careful statistics it appears that the annual death-rate in the United States, England, and France, is slightly in excess of $2\frac{2}{10}$ per cent.;—that is, twenty-two persons die annually in each thousand of the inhabitants.

* The following letter, so worthy of a Christian Queen, is worthy also of preservation here. It was addressed to her War Secretary, Hon. Sidney Herbert :—

"WINDSOR CASTLE, *Dec.* 6, 1854.

"Would you tell Mrs. Herbert that I begged she would let me see frequently the accounts she receives from Miss Nightingale or Mrs. Bracebridge, as I hear no details of the wounded, though I see so many officers, &c., about the battle-field; and naturally the former must interest me more than any one. Let Mrs. Herbert know also that I wish Miss Nightingale and the ladies would tell these poor, noble, wounded, and sick men, that no one takes a warmer interest, or feels more for their sufferings, or admires their courage and heroism more, than their Queen. Day and night she thinks of her beloved troops. So does the Prince. Beg Mrs. Herbert to communicate these my words to those ladies, as I know that our sympathy is much valued by those noble fellows. "VICTORIA."

the assuring smile of Miss Nightingale, and the lavish expenditure in providing Christian ministration for body and soul, saved many an heroic life, and proved the most precious sanitary agents. There does not seem to have been any such manifestation of popular feeling toward the French soldiers, and very little, if any, *unofficial* Christian care. It is not improbable that this contributed to their more rapid destruction by the terrible machinery of war.

These views, as respects the French troops, are confirmed by two articles, of great interest and value, in the *Revue Chrétienne** for September and October, 1865, by Dr. de Valcourt, on the "Sanitary Condition of the Armies engaged in the Great Contemporary Wars,"—having special reference to the Crimean war, the campaign of France and Sardinia against Austria in 1859, and the American Rebellion. The principal French authority quoted is Dr. Chenu. After detailing the great suffering of the French in the Crimea, in camp and in hospital, from freezing, fever, and scurvy, and suitably noticing the devotion of the Sisters of Charity to their sick and wounded patients,—(thirty-one of these heroic women, during the campaign, died at their posts of duty),—Dr. de Valcourt says, "At the beginning of the war, the English sick were not so well cared for as our own,

* Some unknown friend most kindly forwarded these copies of the *Revue* from Paris.

but subsequently their hospital service was greatly improved. Their ambulances* in the Crimea were admirably adapted for service. Their hospital-transports were arranged with great care for the removal of the sick. In the harbour of Balaklava, M. Baudens visited an English steam-frigate fitted up as an hospital, containing three hundred beds, where comfort was carried to such an extent that they had on board three or four cows. Wise hygienic arrangements, joined to select diet, had such success in the English hospitals that typhus fever did not spread in them after 1855. All this improvement was due to the devotedness of the physicians and the female nurses. Miss Nightingale was able greatly to extend her benevolent work,—thanks to the voluntary gifts collected in England,—so that she could supply her patients with what they needed, and could introduce into all the establishments she visited a degree of comfort that yielded fruit in the speedy improvement of the sick. Unfortunately it was not so with the voluntary offerings collected in France. Instead of being distributed by a special

* An *ambulance* in the French army, as the reader will have noticed, is what we should now call a *flying-hospital*,—a portable hospital, that is, one of which at least is attached to each division of an army in the field, moving with the troops, and provided with all the requisites for the immediate succour of the sick and wounded. As applied to a waggon or cart for carrying the disabled, the use of the term *ambulance* is quite recent.

and independent committee, they were given to the government, and thus combined and mixed up with the governmental supplies. This result was doubly unfortunate, for the sick were not only deprived of the additional relief which would have been so useful, but the donors, not knowing how their money was expended, were discouraged, and ceased to aid our valiant army.

"In the midst of these difficulties of all kinds," continues Dr. de Valcourt, "occasioned by a war so protracted, and eight hundred leagues from the mother country, the government did all that it was possible to do.* Even to furnish the necessaries for an army of 150,000 men, so far from the place of production, was a very heavy task. Our soldiers accomplished prodigies of heroism and courage. Our physicians pushed devotion and self-sacrifice so far that, refusing all repose, contagion made frightful ravage among them; those who were attached to the ambulances and hospitals lost one-fourth of their effective force. That which was wanting in our armies was a *Volunteer Corps*, capable and well instructed, who, aided by gifts from the whole people, could have been present with their

* A Paris correspondent of *The New York Tribune*, writing under the date of June 29th, 1866, says that during the last year of the Crimean war, "French hospital directors asked and largely received hospital stores from the English."

assistance and relief when the efforts of the government and of the medical corps were found insufficient; to supply, in a word, unforeseen necessities, and to give to our sick soldiers that help which the government, as such, could not accord to them."

The Russians suffered more than either English or French. The medical service was lamentably inadequate to the demand upon it. The ladies of St. Petersburg and other cities were not wanting in patriotic devotion to their countrymen in the army. They provided and forwarded such supplies as they were able. The Grand Duchess Helena Paulowna did a noble work in aid of the hospital arrangement, and also put herself at the head of a band of three hundred female nurses. But there was inefficiency and mismanagement everywhere, and there were the inevitable results of aggravated disease and mortality. It is said that the Czar, Alexander II., moved by the severe suffering of his troops, was thereby determined, "probably more than by any other consideration," promptly to conclude peace.*

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* *La Commission Sanitaire des Etats-Unis.* By Dr. T. W. Evans. Paris, 1865. See Preface, pp. iii. iv. See also *Souvenir de Solferino*, p. 155; *La Charité Internationale*, p. 7. Thanks are due to Dr. Evans for his works upon the United States Sanitary Commission, kindly forwarded through the thoughtful suggestion of Rev. Dr. Burlingham, of New York. Dr. Burlingham's attention and courtesy were similarly manifested many times while abroad.

In the Franco-Italian campaign against Austria, the battle of Solferino was fought on the 24th June, 1859, the allied French and Sardinian troops being victorious. It was one of the most terrible and bloody conflicts of the present century. More than three hundred thousand men were engaged, beginning at early dawn, for full fifteen hours, in deadly strife. Many of them were wearied out by previous marching, and there was neither time nor opportunity to take either rest or food. The heat was excessive, and the suffering of the wounded, and indeed of all, both during the battle and subsequently, it is impossible to describe. The killed and wounded in both armies were reckoned as including 3 field-marshals, 9 generals, 1,566 officers of all grades (630 Austrians and 936 of the allies), and about 40,000 soldiers or under-officers. To these must be added not less than 40,000 more, who were lost during the following two months, from diseases brought on by excessive fatigues and exposures of the battle. Thus from the casualties of that one day, the killed and disabled were more than 80,500 men, or nearly 27 per cent. of the whole force engaged.

Among the witnesses of the conflict was Mr. J. Henry Dunant, of Geneva, Switzerland. He was deeply affected by the intense sufferings of the survivors of the battle, and was convinced that much of it might have been relieved, and many of the

victims saved, by timely and organised assistance. For several days he was actively engaged in ministering to the wounded and sick, especially at the hospitals established in Castiglione, where his efforts were nobly seconded by the men and women of the place, and by tourists and others who were present. In November, 1863, Mr. Dunant published the narrative of his personal experience at Solferino. Under the title *Un Souvenir de Solferino*,* he gives a vivid picture of the battle, and of the horrors subsequent to the deadly strife. He was moved to this publication by a consideration of the painful inadequacy of all means of succour for the wounded and dying of that bloody field. He urged, as a provision against the future, the formation, in each country of Europe, of a permanent society for the relief of the wounded, acting in the interest of its own country, but in a spirit of universal humanity.

The *Souvenir de Solferino* excited great attention in Europe. Several editions were published in French and German, and it was early translated into the other European languages. The Geneva Society of Public Usefulness, encouraged by the general desire for some organised method of alleviating the miseries of war, constituted from their

* For forwarding this, with other valuable documents, as also for many other acts of kindness, thanks are due to the Rev. Theo. Monod, of Paris.

body a permanent commission of five members, : the purpose of securing a formal expression European public sentiment in the matter. T Commander-in-Chief of the Swiss Federal arn General Dufour, was made president, and Mr. Duna secretary. A conference was held in Geneva October, 1863, at which thirty-six delegates w present by invitation, some of them from corpor bodies and associations, and eighteen of them bei official representatives of fourteen governments including those of Great Britain, France, Spa Austria, Prussia, Italy, Russia, and Sweden. code of international enactments, proposed by t Geneva Committee, was discussed by the conferen and recommended to the several governments i adoption. A correspondence was at once open by the Central Geneva Committee (now renam *Comité Internationale de Sécours aux Militaires Bless* with most of the cabinets of Europe, for the purpo of ascertaining to what degree they were willing adopt the recommendations proposed. Fifteen Stat signified their willingness to accept the propositio as part of an international code. In June, 186 upon solicitation of the Committee, the Swi Federal Council issued an invitation to all civilis powers to take part in a general congress at Genev in August, to consider this special question securing, by international enactments, neutrality i time of war for hospitals, ambulances, surgeon

and all persons legitimately engaged in caring for the sick and wounded. This measure was heartily seconded by the French Government. The congress, constituted by the representatives of sixteen States, assembled at the City Hall, in Geneva, on the 8th of August, and remained in consultation until the 22nd. The propositions of the former conference were, in substance, introduced, discussed, and adopted. The assent of twelve nations was secured at the time, and a treaty covering the points in question was signed by their representatives.* Subsequently all the chief civilised powers of the world gave their accession to the treaty, except Austria, Turkey, and the United States. The government of this country was in full sympathy with the object proposed, but was prevented from acting by reason of our national troubles. An auxiliary committee has recently been formed here, under the title of *The American Association for the*

* The details of this movement are given in the valuable work entitled *La Charité Internationale sur les Champs de Bataille*, already several times quoted. It was prepared by Mr. Henry Dunant, of Geneva, author of the *Souvenir de Solferino*, Secretary of the International Convention above referred to, and Secretary of the Permanent International Association for the relief of disabled soldiers. He must be regarded as the originator and principal worker in the enterprise. Mr. Dunant has kindly forwarded a copy of the sixth edition of *La Charité Internationale*, for which he will please accept this acknowledgment.

Relief of the Misery of Battle Fields, with headquarters in New York. The Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D., is president, and Charles L. Brace is secretary.*

The following is the treaty referred to, as adopted by the International Congress at Geneva, and since signed by most of the governments of Christendom:—

TREATY

For the Amelioration of the Condition of Wounded Soldiers of Armies in the Field.

The Sovereigns of the countries following, to wit: Italy, Baden, Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Spain, Portugal, France, Prussia, Saxony, Wurtemberg, and the Federal Council of Switzerland, animated with a common desire of mitigating, as far as in their power, the evils inseparable from war, of suppressing needless severities, and of ameliorating the condition of soldiers wounded on the field of battle, have determined to conclude a treaty for this purpose; and, having named plenipotentiaries to sign such a convention, these plenipotentiaries, after the due interchange of their powers, found to

* See the circular of the United States Committee, issued from New York in 1866, containing the Constitution, Treaty, &c., of the International Society, with an historical sketch of the movement.

be in good and proper form, have agreed upon the following articles, to wit:—

Art. 1. Ambulances * and military hospitals shall be regarded as neutral, and as such protected and respected by the belligerents as long as they shall be occupied by sick or wounded. Neutrality shall cease if the ambulance or hospital shall be guarded by a military force.

Art. 2. The *personnel* of the hospitals and ambulances,—comprising the medical staff, the sanitary, administrative, and transport service, and the chaplains,—shall participate in the benefit of the neutrality as long as it shall be in operation, and as long as there shall be any wounded to relieve or assist.

Art. 3. The persons designated in the preceding article may, even after the occupation by the enemy, continue to fulfil their duties in the hospital or ambulance to which they are attached, or they may withdraw to rejoin the corps to which they belong. Under these circumstances, when these persons shall cease their duties they shall be sent back to the enemy's outposts, under care of the occupying army.

Art. 4. The *matériel* of the military hospitals remaining subject to the laws of war, the persons attached to these hospitals may carry away, upon withdrawing, only that which is their own personal

* See note at page 59.

property. In the same circumstances, on the co trary, the ambulances shall preserve their *matér* undisturbed.

Art. 5. The inhabitants of the country who sh bring aid to the wounded shall be respected, a shall remain undisturbed. The generals of t belligerent powers shall inform the inhabitants the appeal made to their humanity, and of t neutrality accorded them. Every wounded soldi cared for in any house shall be a protection to th house. The person who shall have received a of the wounded into his house shall be excused fro lodging troops, as well as from a part of the co tributions of war which shall be levied.

Art. 6. Wounded and sick soldiers shall gathered and cared for,—to whatever nation they m belong. The commanders-in-chief shall have pow to send back immediately to the enemy's outpos any of his soldiers wounded during the combat,- when circumstances permit it, and both parties gi their consent. Those soldiers shall be sent ba to their own country who, after recovery, shall considered incapable of service. The others m likewise be sent back on condition of not taking arms again during the continuance of the war. the abandonment of hospitals, the patients and tho who have charge of them shall be protected by absolute neutrality.

Art. 7. A distinctive and uniform standard (fla

shall be adopted for hospitals and ambulances. It ought in every case to be accompanied by a national standard. An arm-badge shall be worn by the neutral persons, but the delivery of it to them shall be left with the military authority. The standard and the arm-badge shall bear a red cross upon a white ground.

Art. 8. The details of the execution of the present convention shall be regulated by the commanders-in-chief of the belligerent armies, according to the instructions of their respective governments, and conformably to the general principles set forth in this convention.

Art. 9. The high contracting parties have agreed to communicate this present convention to the governments which have not been able to send ambassadors to the International Conference of Geneva, inviting them to accede to it. For this purpose the protocol is left open.

Art. 10. The present convention shall be ratified, and ratifications shall be exchanged, at Berne, within four months, or sooner if possible. As a pledge of this, the respective ambassadors have signed it, and have appended the signet of their arms.

Done at Geneva, the 24th day of August, 1864.

During the Schleswig-Holstein war, in the early part of 1864, considerable religious work was done among the soldiers. This feature of philanthropic

and Christian activity, if not wholly new in European armies, was unusually prominent. The Inner Mission, as directed by the Rev. Dr. Wichern, of Berlin, and others, had their labourers in the field.* The German Baptists of Hamburg, whose rise and growth and zealous propagation of the Gospel during the past thirty years form one of the most remarkable chapters in modern religious history, were also prompt in sending colporteurs among the soldiers. One or two brief extracts from the very interesting narratives of these last-mentioned workers will show the spirit and method of their operations. They are given in the *Missionsblatt*, a missionary paper, published monthly in Hamburg, by the Rev. Dr. J. G. Oncken, and appeared during the first half of 1864.† In an editorial article dated March, 1864, the following summary is presented: "Of our mission, ten brethren, since the first entrance of

* The Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff called attention to this fact. It is proper to remark that Dr. Schaff, by his Lectures on the *Christian Life of America during the Civil War* (Der Bürgerkrieg und das Christliche Leben in Nord-Amerika), repeatedly delivered in Germany during his visit there in 1865, and afterwards published in Berlin, performed an admirable service for his adopted country. He sketches the operations of the leading Commissions and Societies, and shows how the patriotic and Christian sentiment of the country sustained the nation and preserved the armies.

† Thanks are due to the Rev. Dr. J. G. Warren, Corresponding Secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union, for the use of these periodicals.

the troops, have been active among them, assisted by a great number of volunteers, and by the prayers of all the brethren and sisters. Our labourers were sent to various points, even outside the limits of Holstein, where troops were collected or on the march, and they laboured among more than a hundred thousand soldiers,—German, Hungarian, Italian, Polish, and Danish. The joyous result of this missionary work is the distribution of 100,000 tracts, 'Messengers of Peace,' and Gospels, and the sale * of nearly 5,000 Testaments in different languages. The brethren themselves, as well as their books, almost without exception, have found a favourable reception from officers and men. The former many times assisted the brethren in their work, ordering the under-officers to help to distribute, or to let the men form in a ring so as to make the distribution easier." Under date of February 11th, Mr. C. Peters writes from Mielburg: "In the eight weeks that the Danes lay about here it was a joyful time for us. Very many tracts were distributed among the soldiers. Brother Repsdorf, colporteur from Copenhagen, was here with Danish Bibles and Testaments. Every evening he preached in Danish. We found an eager appetite for religious books, especially for Testaments, but we could not

* The Testaments were uniformly sold,—for about a cent and a half; other books and the tracts were given away.

satisfy the hunger until our supply was renewed. From Copenhagen brother Forster sent us a large quantity of Danish tracts, and from Hamburg we received about 1,400 Testaments. So our work went on. On Sunday, January 30th, many brethren and sisters were sent off with Testaments and tracts. Each brother took with him from 50 to 70 Testaments, and after a few hours' work in the surrounding villages returned for more." Two colporteurs, Messrs. Windolf and Peterson, in a journal of the labours of several days, close their account thus:—"In these eighteen days the dear Lord has cared for us, soul and body. He has prepared the way for us, and has heard the prayers of His people on our behalf. He enabled us to distribute 9,900 Gospels, more than 10,000 tracts and 'Messengers of Peace,' and 241 Testaments. May the Lord now also hear the prayers, that many may be converted." These humble, earnest men seemed to have laboured faithfully, in the hospitals and camps, and on the battle-fields, wherever the military authorities would permit, among Austrians, Prussians, Danes, Italians, and Russians, ministering incidentally to bodily wants, but mainly to their religious needs, by books, papers, conversation, and religious services. But this must suffice.

The foregoing historical sketch, imperfect and inadequate as it manifestly is, will yet do something

toward showing more clearly the peculiar character and circumstances of our war. The war was accepted, but not begun, by the people, for the maintenance of their own national existence and authority. Forced upon them, and thus made unavoidable, they determined to secure every amelioration possible, that at least the moral life of the nation might not be lost in the struggle. The experiences and methods and mistakes of previous wars were before us on the pages of history, and there was the purpose to use them for the advantage of those of our fellow-citizens who for the time being had become soldiers. The governmental provision for the army was in advance of anything before known, not only in the adequacy of supply, but also in the facility of distribution and the adaptation to current wants. The popular extra-governmental provision, small of course, when compared with the millions expended by the government, was unparalleled for its abundance and for the energy and organisation of its administration, while its moral value to the army and the nation was beyond all reckoning. An officer of the British army, in a communication published in the *Edinburgh Medical Journal* for January, 1865, states:—"The sick and wounded soldiers of no other service have been so well cared for in regard to their creature-comforts as the Federal. What with the sanitary, Christian, and State Commissioners, acting independently of

the purveying departments, the requirements of the army hospitals have been well supplied. These Commissioners act as adjuvants to the medical department; not professing to control or interfere in any way with the arrangements thereof, but only assisting in ameliorating the distress of the sick and wounded." *

The systematic, continued, and efficient religious work among the soldiers was as novel as it was valuable. The high religious character of the army, and the diffusion of a common Christian sympathy among all classes at home as well as in the camp, which was one of the immediate results of this work, preserved alike our soldiers and our citizens from the degradation usually regarded as the inevitable consequence of civil war. It was generally felt, especially during the last two years of the war, that the Christian character of a young man was as safe in the army as in any place out of it. The testimony of Mr. William Swinton, whose opportunities of observation and qualifications for judging will not be questioned, should be cited upon this point:—— "That there was abundant badness in the army is indubitable, for where men abound, sin will abound too. But it is not too much to say that the world never saw so moral an army as the mighty host

* Quoted in *Medical News and Library*, Philadelphia, March, 1865, p. 41.

enlisted in the cause of the Union; never such an assemblage of men arrayed for war with so little of those vices that are the canker-worm of armies,—drunkenness, profanity, and uncleanness. And there were, besides, a sufficient number of men of such deep religious character that they became a sweet savour in the army, and were felt as a positive power." *

It was the character of the contest and of our armies that made the Christian sympathy of the people so natural, spontaneous, and beneficent. Such popular exhibitions of patriotic and religious feeling are inconceivable where the army is simply an instrument of oligarchic power, and war is for royal ends alone,—removed from the knowledge and interests of the people. The Hon. George Bancroft, in a private letter, remarks:—"Nothing like the self-organised commissions for the relief of our armies ever was before. The Christian Commission is the fruit of our institutions,—*could* not grow up, *would not be allowed* to grow up in any nation in Europe, unless it be in England, and could not there in the huge, free, popular way that we have witnessed here. Republicanism proves herself the friend of charity, and of religion, and may the union endure for ever. Go on, and write your noble work;—every word of it will be the eulogy of free institutions."

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* *Hours at Home* for February, 1866.

Numerous testimony could be given, if it were needed, and that from the most competent witnesses, to the fact that the work of the Christian Commission was novel and unique among all the philanthropic and religious movements of history. To the statement of Mr. Bancroft may be added that of the Rev. Dr. Henry B. Smith, of New York, one of the first living authorities in the department of ecclesiastical history. Also in a personal note to the writer, he says :—" The work of the United States Christian Commission, in my view, stands out alone in the records of civilisation and Christianity, for its wise and far-reaching benevolence. More thoroughly than any other institution it has carried the spirit and principle of Christianity to the battlefield. I hope that some person familiar with all the facts will give the world a permanent record of its method and achievements. It is a new chapter in Church history."

CHAPTER II.

The Origin of the Christian Commission.

THE relation of piety to patriotism is vital, as is abundantly illustrated in history. This fact cannot be overlooked, without leading to a serious misapprehension of the lessons of history and the changes of human society. "It is a scathing comment on the influence of scepticism upon a people, that, in general, the highest feeling of nationality is coexistent with the devoutest piety. It is the very nature of infidelity to deaden the emotions of patriotism, and that country can hardly expect to prove successful which engages in war while its citizens are imbued with religious doubt."*

The recent civil war in the United States was preceded and attended by great religious prosperity. The nation was thus providentially supplied with the moral earnestness and power needed for the terrible conflict.

The years 1857-8 witnessed a religious awakening of unparalleled extent and power throughout the

* Hurst's *History of Rationalism*, p. 222; see also pp. 82, 83.

United States. In the light of subsequent events that period becomes invested with new significance. It was the preparation of the nation and the Church for the hour of trial. The awakening had its most striking outward manifestation in the daily prayer-meetings, first established in New York City, in the autumn of 1857. It was during the terrible financial disorder which reached its crisis on the 14th of October, in an overwhelming panic that prostrated the whole monetary system of the country, virtually, in one hour. Those who were involved in it can never forget the intensity of the struggle. There was a universal agony of anxiety, as all eyes watched the financial fluctuations of the great commercial metropolis, as men might watch a rising deluge, and the catastrophe brought with the ruin an unutterable sense of relief. From the centre of the disaster there came forth a most gracious healing. Before the panic occurred, "while the conflict for life was yet intense, an humble Christian, unheard of in Wall Street, had been prompted to do something for the relief of the distressed merchants of the city. He was a down-town missionary, sustained by the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church in William Street, to explore the surrounding field, visit the sick and poor, and bring in the inhabitants and strangers to the house of God. While walking down town one day, he conceived the thought that an hour of prayer could be profitably employed by the busi-

ness men,—no one being required to remain the whole hour, but each coming in and going out at his convenience. He mentioned the idea to one or two persons; no one thought much of it; he resolved, however, to carry it out. The appointed time came; three persons met in a little room on the third floor, in the consistory building in the rear of the church, and prayer was there offered. Mr. Lanphier (the missionary) presided, and one clergyman was present. The next meeting was composed of six persons; the next of twenty. The next meeting was held in the middle room on the second floor, and now on every Wednesday noon the Business Men's Prayer-Meeting attracted increasing numbers. Its striking fitness and evident usefulness were noticed in the newspapers, secular and religious, and the suggestion was earnestly made that it should be opened every day, instead of weekly. This was promptly done, and the meeting overflowed and filled a second, and eventually a third room in the same building;—making three crowded prayer-meetings, one above another, in animated progress at one and the same hour. The seats were all filled, and the passages and entrances began to be choked with numbers, rendering it scarcely possible to pass in or out. The hundreds who daily went away, disappointed of admission, created a visible demand for more room, and the John Street Methodist Church and lecture-room were both opened for daily noon

prayer-meetings, by a committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, and were crowded at once with attendants. Meetings were multiplied in other parts of the city, and the example spread to Philadelphia, to Boston, and to other cities, until scarcely a town of importance in the United States, save a few in the South, was without the Business Men's Daily Prayer-Meeting."*

The public interest in religion was unprecedented. The entire nation seemed to be the scene of one vast revival. The secular papers were filled with reports of the meetings. The telegraph was daily used by the various assemblies to communicate intelligence and interchange salutations. Business letters were vehicles of religious news and religious exhortations. All denominations were at work, and all classes of people were interested. The legislators at the Capitol, the mechanics in their shops, the firemen in their engine houses, the waiters in the restaurants, had their daily seasons of associated prayer. One man testified that by "adding his personal observations to those of a friend, he could say, that from Omaha City, Nebraska, to Washington City, *there was a line of prayer-meetings along the whole length of the road;* so that wherever the Christian traveller stopped to spend the evening, he could find a crowded prayer-

* *Narratives of Conversions and Revival Incidents.* By William C. Conant. Published in 1858. See p. 357, &c.

meeting, across the entire breadth of our vast republic."* The number of cities and villages in which the great awakening was in simultaneous progress was not less than *two thousand, by actual count.*† The accessions to the Churches at that time it is impossible to tell, for no record was attempted. In the city of New York alone the additions were estimated at *two thousand per month,* for the first three months of 1858.‡

This wide-spread religious activity, with more or less of fluctuation in different sections of the country, continued until the outbreak of the rebellion. There were numerous revivals and many conversions in the years 1859 and 1860. Some of the daily meetings were maintained entirely through the war, and are still in operation. It is hence impossible not to recognise the immediate and immense influence of the prevalent and zealous Christian life in the nation upon the shaping of the events which preceded the war, as well as upon the character of the troops sent to the field, and the voluntary agencies organised for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the army. We should not otherwise have been ready for the conflict. It will be found also that the wonderful religious interest which pervaded the army during the whole of the war was the continuance of the previous revival, and was sustained by the elevated feeling

* *Narratives*, &c., p. 374. † *Ibid.*, p. 415. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 417.

and apt instrumentalities which that revival h produced.*

President Lincoln was inaugurated March 4th, 18 Fort Sumter was bombarded April 13th and 14 The proclamation of the President, calling forth "t militia of the several States of the Union to t aggregate number of 75,000," and convening b houses of Congress in extra session, was issu April 15th. The people were ready for the call, a immediately, around the entire circle of the lo States, the response was hearty and full. Who th saw it can ever forget the blaze of enthusiasm whi shot up over all the land, the eagerness with whi men offered themselves, and the disappointment those who could not be accepted? On the eveni of the last day named, April 15th, the Massachuse troops began to assemble in Boston, and early on t day following the four regiments called out in th State "were on Boston Common, mustered in regu order, with banners flying and bayonets gleami and each company with full ranks." †

Popular attention to the physical and religic wants of the volunteers was as prompt as was th response to the President's call. The first men reach Washington were from Pennsylvania. Th composed five companies from the interior of t

* See *Christ in the Army*, p. 17.

† Lossing's *Pictorial History of the Civil War*, vol. i. p. 40

State,—Pottsville, Reading, Lewistown, and Allentown. They had not yet been organised into a regiment, and were without arms. They arrived in Washington, by way of Harrisburg and Baltimore, on the evening of April 18th, and were quartered in the Capitol. They found an eager expectation and a most enthusiastic reception. They were visited and supplied with religious reading by Mr. William Ballantyne, bookseller, and his associates of the Washington Young Men's Christian Association.

"The women of Bridgeport, Connecticut, met together to roll bandages and prepare lint as early as the 15th of April, 1861."* On the afternoon of the same day, "Miss Almena B. Bates, of Charlestown, Massachusetts, read the President's call for men, and the idea at once occurred to her that some of the men must go from Charlestown, and that they would need aid and comfort from home." A paper was soon drawn up, after conference with others, "proposing the formation of a relief society, and setting forth its objects. This paper was signed by a large number of ladies on the 19th of April, the day of the attack upon the Massachusetts troops in Baltimore. A constitution was read and adopted, and a board of officers for the year was chosen on the 22nd."†

The "first subscription list to which the rebellion gave birth" was in New York City, April 17th, headed

* Goodrich's *Tribute Book*, p. 112. † *Ibid.*, p. 112.

by Moses H. Grinnell, consisting in all of thirty-one names, for one hundred dollars each, for the benefit of the Seventh New York Regiment.*

Before any formal propositions or organised efforts "for giving aid to the sick and wounded were publicly made, a woman, who for many years, Howard-like, had been labouring unceasingly for the poor, the unfortunate, and the afflicted, had obtained the sanction of the War Department for the organisation of military hospitals, and the furnishing of nurses for them. That woman was Miss Dorothea L. Dix, whose name was familiar to the people throughout the land. She offered her services gratuitously to the Government, and they were accepted. So early as the 23rd of April, or only eight days after the President called for troops to put down the rebellion, the Secretary of War issued a proclamation, announcing the fact of such acceptance; and on the 1st of May, the Acting Surgeon-General, R. C. Wood, 'cheerfully and thankfully recognising the ability and energy of Miss D. L. Dix in her arrangements for the comfort and welfare of the sick soldiers in the present exigency,' requested all women who offered their services as nurses to report to her."

Almost the first work done for the soldiers, alike before leaving their homes and after arriving at the seat of war, was a strictly religious work. In the

* See the list, in Goodrich's *Tribute Book*, p. 29.

first plans for associated labours in behalf of the troops, their religious necessities were distinctly recognised. This was to be expected, from the nature of the struggle, the remarkable providential preparation which the nation had received, and the character and social connections of many of those who went into the army. Christian men were the first to appreciate the crisis, and the first to offer themselves for the nation's defence. The Young Men's Christian Associations, in most of the cities and towns of the loyal States, had representatives in the earliest regiments. Those who remained, equal in patriotism and zeal to those who had enlisted, naturally thought and cared for their brethren and for all. Hence the departing regiments were provided with the Scriptures and other religious reading; meetings were established in the home camps and places of rendezvous; money, supplies, and personal services were given for the relief and comfort of the men; after every considerable battle, even from the beginning, members of the Associations were despatched to the sufferers, full-handed, to minister to their physical and spiritual needs.

The various Bible and Tract Societies of America, but more especially the Young Men's Christian Association, became now fully alive to the greatness of the opportunity, and entered with vigour upon the work. On the 14th November, 1861, the Central Committee of the Confederation of Young Men's

Christian Associations, called together at New York a Convention for the purpose of systematising and extending the Christian efforts of the various Associations throughout the land. The constitution of the Society, the sphere and nature of its work, were then resolved upon, under the superintendence of its devoted chairman, Geo. H. Stuart, Esq. We leave the incidents of the following chapters, related by the delegates themselves, to unfold the nature of the work and the great success achieved by the Christian Commission.

CHAPTER III.

Entering upon Work.

UNKNOWN as the organisation of the Christian Commission was, it met at first with but a doubtful reception. The Rev. Geo. J. Mingins, one of the first seven Delegates sent out from Philadelphia to Fortress Monroe and Yorktown, in May, 1862, gives a graphic account of their arrival at Old Point Comfort:

> I remember my introduction to the Medical Director at Fortress Monroe. We had then no printed commission. In Baltimore, we had had hard work to obtain a pass to the Fortress; and the moment we set foot on land there, we were marched, like a file of Indians, to the Provost-Marshal's office, and made to take the oath of allegiance, before they would permit us to open our mouths. I remember, after we had taken the oath, we found we could not go anywhere, but were bumping up against a sentry at almost every corner, and were asked, every hundred or thousand yards, for our passes. Well, we went back to the Provost-Marshal and told him—

"We can't go anywhere."

He replied, "I know it."

We said, "We wanted to see the Medical Director, and tried to get into the Fortress and couldn't."

"I know it."

"But, sir, can't you give us a pass by which we may obtain an interview with the Director?"

"Who are you?" he asked.

"We are Delegates of the United States Christian Commission."

He said, "What's that?"

I doubt whether you could find a squad of soldiers to-day who would need to ask that question. But at last he gave us a pass, and we went into the Fortress. We felt very strange, but finally obtained an interview with the Director. We stood in his office. In a brusque manner he looked up and said—

"Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you?"

One of us became spokesman. *I* did not; I was afraid; I had had enough "bluffing off" already; from that day to this I have had a wholesome fear of a military man, when sitting in an office, with a quill behind his ear instead of a sword in his hand. I can face him with a sword, but I can't bear him with a quill. An Episcopalian minister stepped forward, and began to tell him that we were Delegates of the Christian Commission. I do not know whether he thought that he would astonish the Director—but I can testify that he did *not* astonish him.

"What's that?" was all his answer.

We told him then what it was. He replied—

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen! What do you want down here?"

Then this gentleman gave him a pretty good idea of what we wanted. He rose, put down his pen, and said—

"So, gentlemen, you have come down here to see what you can do for the sick and wounded?"

"Precisely so," I ventured to remark.

He said, "Aye. Well, who are you, in the first place?"

We told him that we were four clergymen and three laymen. When we talked of "clergymen," I noticed a smile lurking round the corners of his mouth. But he said, "And you want to do something?"

We said, "Yes."

"Then I will give you work in ten minutes. There are three hundred sick and wounded men lying on board one of the transports at the wharf. I want three men to accompany them to New York, Philadelphia or Baltimore—I don't know where they are going; you will get your orders when you are on board. Will you go?"

Three of us at once volunteered. He said—

"Gentlemen, do you know what you are going to do? You are not going to preach, *mind*. I tell you what—I want you as nurses."

He looked into their eyes, but they never flinched.

Two of them were "clergymen." When they were gone, he gave us work also.

"But, mark me, gentlemen," he said, "I want men who will wash wounds, who will scrub floors, if necessary,—in fact, who will perform the duties of a hired nurse,—and then, after that, I have no objection at all that you put into practice any higher mission you may have."

We separated and went to our work. A few days after, the same Director sent for us; this time there was deference in his manner, a kinder tone in his voice. He sent us to the three thousand wounded and sick at Yorktown. When we met him two or three weeks afterwards again, we found that the young Christian Commission had conquered a way to his heart.

Thus the work, in spite of obstacles, was begun and prospered. The following bit of the Rev. Mr. Mingins' experience will show how it gained favour with the men in the ranks, for whom it was especially intended. The scene is at Yorktown; the subject an Irishman:*

Well, this *was* a very tough Irishman I assure you. It was at a time when a great many were sick at Yorktown,—men who had marched and dug and delved, until they were completely broken down. A

* Taken from an address at the Washington Anniversary of the Commission, February 2nd, 1864.

great many of them had no clean shirts on. I had got a large supply, and was going through the tent, giving them to the poor fellows. I came to this Irishman.

"My dear friend," said I, "how are you? You seem to be an old man."

"Shure an' I *am* an ould mon, sir."

"Well, how came you here in the army, old as you are?"

"Och, sir, I'm not only an ould mon, but an ould sojer too, I'd have ye know." He had been twenty years in the British service in the East Indies, and had fought America's foes in Mexico.

"Yes, *sir*," he continued, "I'm ould, an' I know it, but I'm not too ould to shoulther a musket, and hit a rap for the ould flag yit."

"You're a brave fellow," said I, "and I've brought these things to make you comfortable," as I held out to him a shirt and a pair of drawers. He looked at me, and said—

"*Is't thim things?*"

"Yes, I want to give them to you to wear."

"Well, I don't want thim."

"You *do* want them."

"Well, I don't;" and he looked at me and then at the goods, and said somewhat sharply, as I urged him again, "Niver moind, sir; I don't want thim; and, I tell ye, I won't have thim."

"Why?"

"Shure," said he, "d' ye take me for an objic ı charithy?"

That was a kind of poser. I looked at him.

"No, sir," said I, "I do *not* take you for an obje of charity, and I don't want you to look upon me a a dispenser of charity, for I am not."

"Well, what are ye, thin?"

"I am a Delegate of the United States Christiar Commission, bearing the thank-offerings of mother and wives and sisters to you brave defenders of the Stars and Stripes." And I thought, surely afte such a speech as that, I would get hold of the olc fellow's heart. But he looked at me and said—

"*Any how, I won't have thim.*"

I felt really hurt. I did not at all like it. I hav told you, he was an Irishman, and I happened to b a Scotchman. I was determined not to be con quered. I meant to try further, and when a Scotch man means to try a thing, he will come very nea doing it.

I didn't talk any further then, but determined t prove by my *acts* that I had come down to do thi old man good. So day after day I went about m work, nursing, giving medicines, cleaning up th tent, and doing anything and everything I could.

One day, as I went in, a soldier said—

"There's good news to-day, Chaplain."*

* The soldiers, almost uniformly, styled the Christian Co mission Delegates, "Chaplains."

"Ah, what is it?"

"Paymaster's come."

"Well, that *is* good news."

"Yes, but not to me, Chaplain."

"How is that?"

"I've not got my descriptive list, and if a fellow's not got that, the Paymaster may come and go, and he's none the better off for it."

"Well, why don't you get it?"

"I can't write, Chaplain; I've got chronic rheumatism."

"Shall I write for you?"

"If you only would, Chaplain."

I hauled out paper and pencil, asked the number of his regiment, name of his captain, company, &c., and sent a simple request that the descriptive list might be remitted to that point. When I had done this, I found a good many who wanted their lists, and I went on writing for them until I came to the cot next to the old Irishman's. It was occupied by another Irishman. I asked him if he had his descriptive list.

"No."

"Shall I write to your captain for it?"

"Av ye plaze;" and I began to write.

I noticed the old Irishman stretching over,—all attention. I spoke now and then a word meant for him, though I affected not to notice him. After I had written the request, I asked the young man if I

should read it to him aloud. "Av ye plaze, sir;" and I read him the simple note. When I had done, the old Irishman broke out with—

"Upon my sowl, sir, ye wroite the natest letther for a dishcriptive list, that I iver heerd in my loife. Shure an' a mon wud think ye'd been a sojer all yur days, ye do wroite so nate a letther."

I turned round and asked, "Have you got yours?"

"An' I haven't, sir."

"Do you want it?"

"An' to be shure I do," said he, flaring up; "an' thot's a quare quistyun to ax a man, av he wants his dishcriptive list—av he wants his pay to boy some dillicacies to sind home to the ould woman an' the chilther. I *do* want it, and av ye'll lend us the sthroke uv yur pin, Chaplain, ye'll oblige us."

I sat down and wrote the letter, and when I had done said, "Now, boys, give me your letters and I'll have them postpaid and sent for you."

When I returned, sad work awaited me. One of Massachusetts' sons lay in the tent, dying. I spoke to the dying boy of mother, of Jesus, of home, of heaven. I believe it to be a great characteristic of the American heart, that it clings to home and mother. I remember passing over a battle-field and seeing a man just dying. His mind was wandering. His spirit was no longer on that bloody field; it was at his home far away. A smile passed over his face—a smile, oh of such sweetness, as looking up he said—

"O mother! O mother! I'm *so* glad you have come."

And it seemed as if she was there by his side. By-and-bye he said again—

"Mother, it's cold, it's cold; won't you pull the blanket over me?"

I stooped down and pulled the poor fellow's ragged blanket closer to his shivering form. And he smiled again:

"That will do, mother, that will do!"

And so, turning over, he passed sweetly into rest, and was borne up to the presence of God on the wings of a pious mother's prayers.

But to come back to the case in the tent. After I had done all I could for the dying man, and had shaken his hand in farewell, I turned to leave the tent. Who should meet me at the door but the old Irishman. He looked very queerly. There was certainly something the matter with him. He was scratching his head, pulling at his beard, and otherwise acting very strangely; but I did not take much notice of him, as I had been so solemnly engaged. He came up to me, and clasping my hands, said—

"Be me sowl, sir, ye're no humbug, anyhow."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Oh," said he, "haven't I watched ye every day, as ye've been going through the tint, carin' for the byes? An' ye've been loike a mother to ivery wan uv thim. Thanks to ye, Chaplain, thanks to ye,

and may God bliss ye," he repeated, as he again wrung my hand. "And," said he, "ye do all this for nothin'. The byes 've been tillin' me about ye."

"Oh," said I, "that's a mistake."

"Well, now, how's thot? They've been tillin' me, ye wur a Prisbytharian ministher, an' thot ye came away from yere home down here, for the love ye had for the byes. But ye don't do it for nothin', eh? Who, thin, pays ye—the guvermint?"

"No. If it had to pay me, it would take a great deal more money than it can spare."

"Well, does the Commission pay ye?"

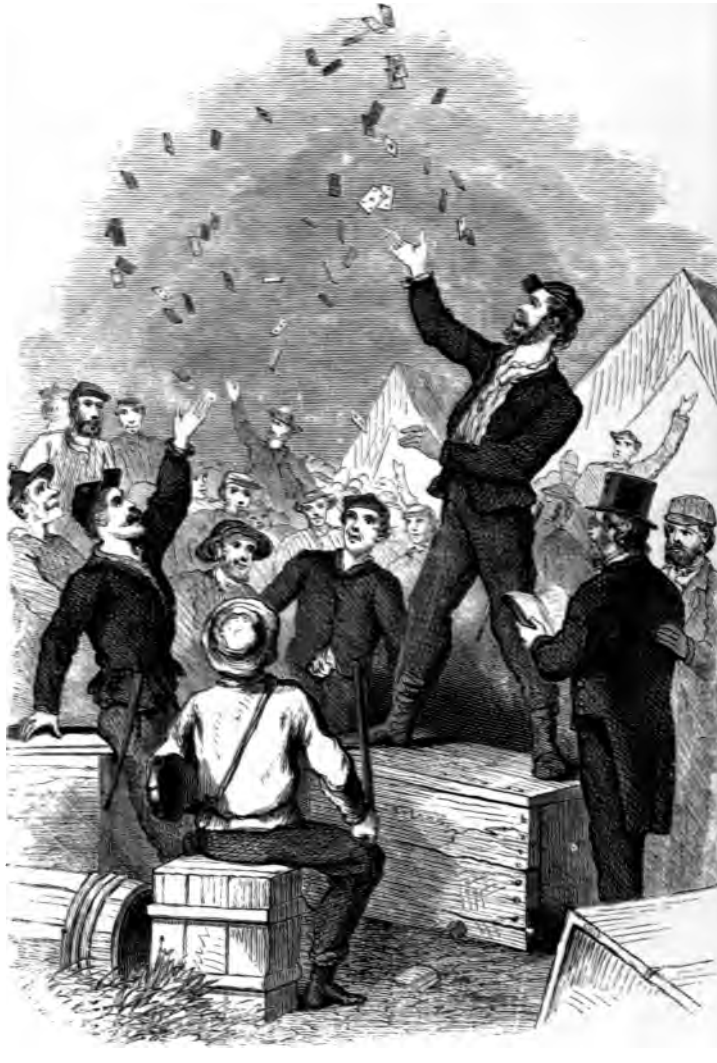
"No."

"Well, thin, av the guvermint doesn't pay ye, nor the Commission doesn't, who *does* pay ye?"

I looked the man straight in the eyes and said—

"That honest, hearty grasp of the hand, and that hearty 'God bless you,' are ample reward for all that I have done for you. Remember, my brave fellow, that you have suffered and sacrificed for me, and I couldn't do less for you now."

He was broken down. He bowed his head and wept, and then taking me by the hand again, said, "Shure an' av thot's the pay ye take, why thin, *God bliss ye! God bliss ye!* Ye'll be rich uv the coin uv me heart all yere days." And then, after a few minutes' pause, he added, "*An' now, Chaplain, av ye'll jist give us the shirt an' the dra'rs, I'll wear thim till there's not a thrid uv thim lift.*"



CARD-PLAYING GIVEN UP

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On one occasion a number of Delegates visited Camp Douglas and found a party of boys dancing round a fiddler. The visitors proposed a prayer meeting, very much to the disgust of a burly Corporal, the leader of the entertainment. However, after putting the matter to a vote of the company, in true democratic fashion, it was agreed, by a large majority, that we should have a meeting for a while. We asked the fiddler, who was accustomed to dispense the music of the place, to assist us in the line of his profession. He replied that he knew "nothing serious but 'John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave.'" But after tasking his memory somewhat, he hunted up some other tunes, and quite acceptably led the music of the meeting.

At its conclusion, the Corporal who had opposed us, mounted a box, and alluding to some remarks we we had made about card-playing, began a little speech, which concluded thus—

"Now all of you fellers what want to give up this business, jest do as I do, and shy up your cards."

He put his hand into his pocket as he spoke, pulled out a pack of cards, and "shied" them right up into the air as high as he could. Immediately from all sides a shower went up, and came down fluttering into the mud and were trampled under foot.

At one time we had in our Chicago Army Committee rooms a peach-basket full of cards which had been traded off for books.

"I am with you," said an artillery officer, "
everything to promote instruction and good mor
among the soldiers."

Intimating the hope that he was a Christian hi
self, he replied—

"No, I am a 'Tom Paine' infidel, and do
believe in the divine origin of religion, but if yc
tracts and preaching keep the men from gambli
and drinking, I will help you; and he did render ı
most efficient service.

Mr. Thomas Atkinson* tells the story of l
first experience as a Delegate in the Nashvi
hospitals:

The morning after Mr. Moody and I reached Na
ville, we stood upon the hotel steps debating whit
we should go. Thinking there was no time to
lost, we separated and went in different directio
—he going to Hospital No. 3, and I to No. 8.
was my first venture into army work. I scarc
knew what to say or do. Entering the first floor
the large ward, I stood irresolute. Surgeons a
nurses were moving hither and thither. A h
doubt came to me whether I could do this w
which the Lord had put upon me. Suddenly
noticed a man observing me attentively from a c

* Of Chicago. Member afterwards of the Wittenberg Sy
(Ohio) of the Lutheran Church.

tant cot; I turned my eyes away from his, and letting them wander about the room awhile, looked at him again. He was watching me still. Putting up a silent prayer to God, I went to him. His name was John Hays. He had a wife and five children:

"You seem to be very low, John."

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Are you a Christian?"

"No, sir, I'm not, but my wife is. And I was just asking the Lord this morning, to send me some one to tell me how I could get to be like her. When I saw you standing over there, I thought, ''Maybe the Lord has heard me. 'Maybe this is the man He has sent to help me.'"

The soldier's earnestness, my former indecision, the blessed opening evident, made me strong in faith:

"Yes, John, I am the Lord's messenger; and moreover, I have come to tell you that you are to become a child of Christ."

"Do you think so, sir? Then thank God for it!"

I told him of the only way by which he could come to the cross. He waited as if I were going to say more, but I only asked him if he would accept the offered Atonement.

"Why, sir," said he, "I didn't think that was the way. I thought I had to be sorry a long time, and —and—," here he stopped because he hardly knew what more to say.

"Listen," said I—

"'Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come, I come.'"

"And will he save me that way for just nothing at all?"

"Yes,—

"'Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, cling to Thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.'"

"I never knew it before, sir. I never knew it was so easy. Thank God! Thank God!"

There was a nurse standing near. The soldier turned to her and said—

"Nurse, when this gentleman goes away, I want you to write to my wife and tell her that I have found out how to trust Jesus. Thank God! Thank God!"

He never faltered for a moment, during the five days which intervened before his death, in his simple, childlike attachment to Christ.

At last the morning came when his cot was empty. I asked the nurse about him. Arrangements had been made by the dying man for the prompt transmission of his remains to his home. They were already upon the road. Then I discovered that the

nurse had neglected the soldier's request to send a letter. The first intimation to the wife, of her husband's decease, would be the arrival of the mournful case which contained his body. It was a sad mistake, but could not be remedied. I wrote her a letter, giving full particulars of her husband's triumphant departure. The answer was one of very precious interest:

"O sir, I didn't think there were any earthly words which could comfort me as did those in your letter. I am afraid I sinned against God yesterday, as I stood by my husband's grave. I know I had hard, rebellious thoughts. No one knew about them but myself and God. As the minister said, 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' I almost thought I could stand it no longer. It was hard to be separated from him thus, and to know so little —nothing about how he died. When I got back to the house, your letter was lying on the table. In it I learned that John had found Jesus, and I cried for joy.

"'Children,' I said, 'dry up your tears. Your father is not dead. He is alive in Heaven. Thank God!'

"At the grave, the war had seemed to me very cruel and wicked. It is all changed now. I shall meet John again; that is enough. Thank God! who saved my husband."

CHAPTER IV.

At Work.

It is evening. Thousands of soldiers, just arrived from Washington, have passed through the town to take their places at the front. The hills all around us are white with innumerable tents and thousands of waggons. A band is playing lively airs to cheer the wounded in the hospitals. I have been looking in to see the sufferers. Two or three have gone; they will need no more attention. A Surgeon is at work upon a ghastly wound, taking up the arteries. An attendant is pouring cold water upon a swollen limb. In the Episcopal church, a nurse is bolstering up a wounded officer in the area behind the altar. Men are lying in the pews, on the seats, on the floor, on boards on top of the pews. Two candles in the spacious building throw their feeble rays into the dark recesses, faintly disclosing the recumbent forms. There is heavy, stifled breathing, as of constant effort to suppress involuntary cries extorted by acutest pain. Hard it is to see them suffer, and not be able to relieve them.

Passing into the street, you see a group of women, talking about *our* wounded,—Rebel wounded, who are receiving their especial attention. The Provost Marshal's patrol is going its rounds to preserve order.

Starting down the street, you reach the rooms of the Christian Commission. Some of the men are writing, some eating their rations, some dispensing supplies. Passing through the rooms, you gain the grounds in the rear—a beautiful garden once, not unattractive now. The air is redolent with honeysuckle and locust blossoms. The pennifolia is unfolding its delicate milk-white petals; roses are opening their tinted leaves.

Fifty men are gathered round a summer-house,—warm-hearted men, who have been all day in the hospital. Their hearts have been wrung by the scenes of suffering, in the exercise of Christian charity imitating the example of the Redeemer of men. They have given bread for the body and food for the soul. They have given cups of cold water in the name of Jesus, and prayed with those departing to the silent land. The moonlight shimmers through the leaves of the locust, and the little congregation breaks into singing.

One morning, in visiting Ward No. 6, at Nashville, the following incidents occurred:

The first fifteen minutes I spent with an infidel,

very badly wounded, just in from the battle of Lookout Mountain. He was a refined and educated man, received me with entire politeness, and was glad to have a little conversation. But the moment I approached the "Great Question," he said, pleasantly—

"You understand the English language, sir?"

I nodded assent with a half premonition of what was coming: "Then I respectfully but emphatically request you not to open your lips to me about religion. I have 'paddled my own canoe,' as they say, thus far; and I don't want any help in that direction."

I was at a loss what to do; he quickly discovered my plans to come at the subject indirectly as we talked, and firmly forbade my "preaching" to him.

Within hearing was a very sick man, who had been listening eagerly; he beckoned to me, so I went over to him:

"Will you tell *me* about Jesus? That man won't hear you, but I will."

I was deeply touched with his earnest, entreating manner after my late repulse, and promised to tell him about Jesus. His name was Jesse Doherty; he had a wife and two children at home, and had been in the army three years.

"When did you hear from home, Jesse?"

"Six weeks ago, sir; it's a long time since;—won't you tell me about Jesus?"

I began answering the longing of his heart. I told

him of Christ lifted up to draw all men unto him, of how he had to look—only look—upon Him who was crucified. Jesse put his hands together and prayed that he too, like so many before him, might look and live. So, I believe, the Spirit found him, and accomplished His own precious work.

As I went away at the end of a long interview, he asked me to come often again; the infidel's face, as I passed his cot, showed no sign that he was moved by the conversation, which he must have heard.

Next Monday morning Jesse met me with a very happy smile.

"I have such good news," said he; "I'll be going home this week, sir,—on Wednesday morning. My papers are all made out—oh! how glad I am!"

Poor fellow, I knew he never would leave his cot until carried to the last resting-place:

"Jesse, you can't go home on Wednesday."

"Why not, sir?" said he, hastily.

"You are too feeble; the boys might carry you to the cars, but you could not stand the long ride."

"But what shall I do here, sir?" Look at that water,—how can I drink it?"—it was a mixture of mud and water, resembling what coffee-drinkers call "grounds"—"how can I drink it when I think of the old well at home in Pleasant Valley? Oh, how I long for a draught from that old well! And this bed's so hard, and the one at home so soft! And

there are the children, too, and wife,—and you don't know what nice things she'd cook for me! I could eat *them*, but not what I get here. If I was only home, I think I could get well."

"Well, Jesse, I'll tell you what I think about it. The first pure draught you will get will be from the 'river of water of life, clear as crystal,' above; when you have that, you will long no more for draughts from the home well. And, Jesse, the first time you will see your wife, will be at the right hand with the heavenly family of God."

"Do you think so, sir?" and his eye brightened up; "well, then, welcome be the will of God. How glad I am that Jesus is precious to me now!"

On Wednesday I saw him again:

"You were right, sir; I am much worse; I couldn't bear to be carried to the cars even."

As I entered the ward on Sunday morning, five or six soldiers surrounded his cot. His feet were gathered up, and the men were doing what little they could for him:

"It's no use, sir; you can't speak with him."

Going within the sad circle, I put my mouth to his ear:

"Jesse, do you know me?"

He could not move his head, but there was an answer, very faint, but audible,—not words, only a sound. I put my hand under the cover and pressed his; the pressure was returned:

"It's little matter whether you know me or not; but do you know the Lord Jesus, Jesse?"

Gathering up his remaining energies, the soldier tried to speak. He could not articulate, but we heard the same sound he had uttered before,—only louder and more earnestly spoken. He never moaned or spoke again.

The hospital work became quieter in character until the army moved once more. The Rev. Henry D. Lathrop,* visiting Hospital No. 4, Murfreesboro', in December, writes:

I found a poor Norwegian, weak and wasting rapidly away. I tried to talk with him; he wanted me to send a little devotional book, his constant companion, to a sister in Minnesota;—but after repeated trials I found intelligible conversation impossible. He had a Testament, given him previously by a Delegate, with Danish and English in parallel columns. I took my pencil and marked in the Danish column, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Never shall I forget the eagerness with which he seized the book, and ran his finger along the lines, as he read half audibly in his own language the gracious invitation. A smile lighted up his features, while tears were running down his cheeks. Again I

* Rector of St. John's Prot. Epis. Church, Lancaster, Ohio.

took the book and marked, "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." The same scene as before was repeated. Thus I—no, not I, but the Lord—spoke to him.

I found at last a countryman of his in another hospital, and had the two brought together. Through this man all the wishes of the first could be understood and attended to.

The story of the year in this the Cumberland Army may be closed with an incident related by the General Field Agent:

While searching, in answer to a home letter, for a grave in the Soldiers' Cemetery in Nashville, I noticed a man in citizen's dress kneeling by a grave, and evidently writing upon the painted headboard. When I came to the spot he was standing in front of the board, his arms folded, his face bathed in tears. He was an Illinois farmer, and this was the grave of an Illinois soldier.

"Is that your boy, sir?" I asked.

"No, he lived in our town, and I've come to find his grave."

"Perhaps, you represent his father, who couldn't come?"

"Yes, my neighbour was glad to have me come, but I came for myself. You see, I have seven children, all of them small, and my wife is sickly. I was

drafted. There was nobody to carry on the farm, and I couldn't hire a substitute. My thirteen dollars a month wouldn't feed the family. It seemed as though I must go and they must suffer. When we were in our greatest trouble about it, just the morning I was to report at camp, my neighbour's son came over to the house, and offered to go to the war for me. He said he had nobody depending on him and could go better than I. He went, and was wounded at Chickamauga, brought to a Nashville hospital, and this is his grave."

The stranger sobbed aloud. I read the words which he had traced with his pencil in large, awkward letters under the private's name,—"DIED FOR ME." He had come all the way from his prairie home, at a great cost to himself, to put this grateful mark upon the grave of his substitute.

The following incident shows that the Delegates did not disdain the most menial work:

After the battle of Antietam, a gentleman passing over the field of blood, saw a man washing at a brook; as he came near he recognised a Doctor of Divinity, the Pastor of one of the largest Churches in Philadelphia, and a Delegate. Said he—

"Doctor, what are you doing?"

The Doctor straightened up, and pointing with his finger, said—

"Over yonder, are six hundred wounded men;

most of them lying in the bloody shirts in which the were wounded. Our shirts are out, and we shall hav none till to-morrow morning; so I thought I woul take a few of the worst out here, and wash and dry ther in the sun. Do you think there is any harm in it?"

Replied the gentleman:

"Doctor, I know God has blessed you abundantly in your work in Philadelphia, but I do not think th Master ever looked upon any act of your life witl more pleasure than upon this."

"I believe it," said the Doctor, and turned to his washing.

The prospect of a battle often induced dee solemnity in the army. A reminiscence by th Rev. Geo. J. Mingins shows that the retrospec was sometimes very solemn also:

One day we were burying some poor fellows wh had fallen in the battle, and a soldier was helping us He told us how he had passed through the fierce conflict unharmed:

"For which," said he, "I thank God."

"Thank the rebels for being such bad marksmen," said a man near us.

The soldier, looking him in the face, replied, "I ain't no Christian, God knows; but after what we passed through, I ought to be a better man. You may think as you like; *I* think God saved me, not the rebels' bad shooting."

Labouring on the field, in connection with the Commission, was the Rev. Geo. Duffield, junr., who spent a large part of his time in looking especially after the Confederate wounded in our hands. He contributes the following:

"Oh, come, mister, and see them in the cow-stable," said a poor woman whom the neighbours called "the faithful creature;" "they are some of them worse off than these."

Sure enough, it was even so. There they were, not any worse wounded or more utterly helpless and destitute of decent clothing,—for in these respects all were upon a common level. But there was at least this difference in favour of those in the waggon-shed; theirs was comparatively *clean* dirt. In the cow-stable the filthy water of the dung-heap had dammed up and backed in upon them, saturating straw, blankets, and everything else within its reach. There was still another and more painful difference. On account of the water, most of the scanty hay had floated away, and left the poor sufferers lying upon the bare rails, sometimes without so much as the thickness of a single blanket between their emaciated bodies and the sharp, knotty wood. And these men were the *élite* of the Southern army,—lawyers, planters, men of wealth, intelligence and refinement,—some of them, as I was afterwards informed, had been Ruling Elders in the

Presbyterian Church, and members of its Ge
Assemblies.

At first the distribution of the bread was in so
silence, reminding me strangely enough of distrib
on a communion-day the emblems of Christ's
and blood, as well as of the command, "If
enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give
drink." But misery soon found a tongue.
first man who spoke to me was from Georgia
parently about twenty-five years of age, and w
language and whole bearing impressed me wit
belief that he had known what home and gen
hospitality were. In the course of a twenty y
ministry—ten of it in the city of Philadelphi
times of cholera and famine, in the most ob
alleys, in the court within the court, in the
tentiary, in the incurable wards of the Blo
Almshouse Hospital, in Bedlam—I have often lo
on sad and despairing faces; but never, in any
who yet retained reason, on such a face of h
hopelessness as this.

"O sir." said he, with an accent of agony
thrilled me through and through, "much as I t
you for this bread, which is the first mouthful of
thing I could eat since I was wounded, I w
rather do without it and starve outright, than re
any longer in my present position. Just look at
I am shot through the lungs and spine, and ca
move myself a hair's breadth, and here I am

across this rail as if on a rack,—not a handful of hay, or even the thickness of a blanket under me. I shall die if I do not gain relief—immediate relief, sir,—from this insupportable torture."

To help the wretched sufferer was no very easy matter; on one side, almost touching him, was a man who had his right leg off; on the other, one who had lost his left; and any one who, in passing through a hospital, has ever touched the blanket of such a man and heard his piteous exclamations, will be careful ever after how he does so again. Finding at length a resting-place for my feet, one on each side of him, and reaching over to the trough for support, I managed, with one of his arms round my neck, partially to raise him up, and was beginning to push a little hay under him, when a feeble, pettish voice exclaimed—

"Don't you steal my hay;" answered by the man on the other side in a similar tone—

"And don't you steal any of mine."

A bale of such hay could not have been bought with all the gold in California. With great difficulty I gathered up the little portion properly belonging to him, and added some of the reeking straw, adjusting his blanket so as to envelop his whole body. With an air of inexpressible satisfaction he laid himself back in his new position, and a gleam of hope once more lit up his face, as if the sun should dawn at midnight. Seizing my hand with passion-

ate gratitude, he was about to cover it wi kisses.

"No, sir," said I, pushing back his head w gentle violence, "if you have any thanks to give so small a favour, give it to God and not to me."

In an instant he took me at my word. His sho but earnest ejaculatory prayer for himself I could ı help taking up for all his suffering comrades. T Master prayed for His enemies, "Father, forg them." Why should not I, a poor sinner mys offer a similar petition for mine?

"Come, Thou fount of every blessing."

After the hymn, a Chaplain says—

"Brethren, I had service this afternoon in t First Division Hospital of the Second Corps. T Surgeon in charge, before prayer, asked all w desired to be prayed for, to raise their hands, a nearly every man who had a hand, raised it. I us remember them in our prayers to-night."

A man in the summer-house,—so far off, that cannot distinguish him in the shadow,—says—

"There is manifestly a spirit of prayer among t soldiers in the Second Division of the Sixth Co Hospital. Every man there raised his hand : prayers."

Similar remarks are made by others, and th there are earnest prayers offered that God will bl them, relieve their sufferings, give them patien

restore them to health; that He will remember the widow and fatherless far away—that Jesus may be their Friend.

Scene in hospital tent:

"Can I do anything for you, my friend?"

"Yes, sir, if you please. I have lost my Testament, and would like to get one." I gave him one.

On the next cot is a man who lies quiet, seemingly without pain. All save his face is covered:

"You are not much injured, I suppose, my dear fellow?"

He looks up with a faint smile,—"not much, sir," —but he has been hit in *nine* places by a bursting shell!

I pass along and the steward says—

"Chaplain, won't you come here? We think this man is dying. Can't you say something to him?"

I bend over him; the cold sweat is already upon his brow; his eyes are fixed, fastening themselves in death, but they grow brilliant, and he mutters something:

"See! a star! there's a star! oh, how bright! It's the star—," and his voice dies away in death. Perhaps he is thinking of the Star of Bethlehem. We hope so, and that it will light him through the dark valley.

I go to another man in the next tent, and with the Surgeon's permission give him a single swallow

of wine; he looks such a beam of gratitude from those brightened eyes!

"O sir, that's good. What is your name? I shall *always* remember you."

"How are you getting along, my brother?" I say to the next.

"Oh, very well, thank you."

"Have you a family?"

"Yes, a wife and two little children in Ohio."

"Have you written to them since the battle?" It is a foolish question, for I see in a moment that his right arm is shattered; "Sha'n't I write for you?"

He hesitated; why don't he say gladly, "Oh, yes, sir, if you please?" I repeat, perhaps he does not understand. He looks at me with a queer air:

"*How much do you charge, sir?*"

Oh, how that cuts the Delegate's sensitive heart:—"My dear brother soldier, that is what I am here for,—to write for you, or to do anything for you. I will thank you for the privilege."

"Oh, thank you! thank you! I will be so glad."

We get paper and pen ready: "What shall I write?"

He begins with expressions of Christian trust, and then briefly describes his condition. We read what is written, but the man is not there,—his eyes are shut, the big tears are rolling down from beneath the closed lids, and he makes no effort to wipe them

away,—ah! the shattered arm, perhaps; but no, that is not the reason; he is in Ohio, with his dear wife and children; we will not disturb his dreams. After a pause he opens his eyes, and we tell him the letter is finished,—"Will it do?" With a look of overflowing gratitude he answers—

"Oh, yes, sir; yes, sir; thank you!"

In the corner lies a man burdened with a sense of his guilt. After talking some time, I ask him—

"My dear friend, can't you trust Jesus now?"

"Oh! if I only could! It would be the happiest day of my life. Won't you pray for me?"

I kneel at his side;—there may be card-playing in the opposite corner,—no matter, God's Spirit is with us, and prayer ascends, and God hears us, for I leave the soldier with a trembling hope in Jesus.

Passing out, I come to a little shelter-tent, under which a man is lying. I bend over him and ask—

"You have the Christian's hope, I trust?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

I see no Testament by him,—"Have you no Testament?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you must have one," and I begin opening my haversack; but he tells me he cannot read:

"You cannot read? then I shall read for you."

We begin at the precious words, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not

made with hands, eternal in the heavens." We read through the chapter, and then leave him peering up through the rent in the canvas covering, into the deep blue beyond, longing after the country above, where his spirit must soon be with the multitude of the redeemed.

The two simply-told incidents which follow, occurring at different stations at about the same time in the month of June, show alike how the soldiers were met and touched by little kindnesses,—their very lives sometimes turned Christward by them. The first is related by the Rev. Geo. N. Marden,* a Delegate at the Acquia Creek Station:

A vigorous-looking soldier came in, asking whether we had any little bags with needles, buttons, &c.

Said he, "I belong to Co. B, 78th N. Y., and lost everything in the battle of Chancellorsville. I was lying down when a piece of shell struck me on the cartilage of the nose; it's all healed now, but 'twas a close hit. I was very near death then, but I thought of God all the time, and prayed and trusted Him as never before. A man lying three feet from me was killed by the same shell. Oh, I hope I love the Lord. I try to serve Him. He seemed near me all that dreadful day."

* Pastor of Congregational Church, Boxboro', Mass.

I handed him a comfort-bag, saying it was from a little motherless boy in my own Sabbath-school.

"And could you let me have one for McClusky, my tent-mate?"

"Oh yes, with pleasure."

"Well, sir, we'll write to these little boys. It's about all we can do in return for their kindness."

I asked whether McClusky was a Christian:

"He is leaning that way, since the last battle. I have persuaded him to try to be one. He and I go a little way from camp and pray together. One of the little books may help him."

I gave the veteran a book for his comrade, entitled, "*Come to Jesus*," with papers for himself. He departed after bestowing upon me the warmest, solidest clasp of the hand I had yet received in Virginia, with an earnest "God bless you?"

The second story is from the pen of the Rev. Geo. H. Morss,* who, at the time was labouring at the Division Hospital of the 2nd and 5th Corps, near Falmouth:

We were visited one morning by an old soldier from Connecticut, who was acting as orderly for his Colonel. Our breakfast was ready, and we invited him to stay and eat with us. He at first objected because he had not been much accustomed to eat

* Pastor of Congregational Church, Abingdon, Conn.

with others. However, he did join us at last, and seemed to enjoy it exceedingly. He said he had not sat down to eat at a table with any one since he had been in the service.

"I have three sons," said he, "in the army. When the third one enlisted, I felt that I could not remain alone, but must come myself. I have been a very hard man, and much given to swearing,"—indeed, we had to reprove him mildly for it once, as he was talking about it.

He seemed touched and melted by our kindness. After breakfast I told him that we were accustomed to have our devotions then, and asked him to remain. He did so. After reading a portion of Scripture, we sang a hymn. I then offered prayer, commending the soldier and his sons to the Lord. He came to me afterwards, took me by the hand, and with the tear glistening in his eye, said—

"You are the first man that ever prayed for me in my presence, and I thank you for it. I am determined now to live a different life. Old John Perkins shall be a better John from this time. I will never swear again."

As he left our tent, our hearts rejoiced before God that he had made use of our simple acts of kindness to reach the heart of the old man.

A Captain was brought into the old barn, where lay sixty-five of the worst cases in the Fifth Corps. The brave fellow had some of his own men lying on

the floor not far from him. He loved them with a father's love. As one after another they died before his eyes, it worked so upon his mind that he became delirious, until it took four or five men to hold him. With great difficulty we got him away from his men into a room by himself, where he rallied and became a little better.

Once as I was passing into his tent, the surgeon came out; he told me that the Captain must die. I entered and took him by the hand. His first words were—

"Chaplain, what did the Surgeon say?"

"Why, Captain, you are in a critical case."

"I know that, Chaplain, but does he think I can live?"

"He thinks it hardly possible that you will."

"Have you heard from my wife, Chaplain, since your message yesterday?"

"No; the telegraph lines are in the hands of the government, but I hope she will be here."

"Does the Surgeon say I cannot live long, Chaplain?"

"Yes,—but then you are a Christian, Captain."

"Yes, Chaplain, I have no fears. *I left my place in the Sabbath-school for my place in the army.* My hope is in the Lord Jesus. I have tried to serve Him in the army, and He will not forsake me now; —but I would like to see my wife."

"Well, Captain, if you have anything to say to her, will you send the message by me?"

He asked me to give her his haversack, sword, an some other little things with a message. Dismissin then all earthly things from his mind, he sai to me—

"Don't stay any longer with me, Chaplain; g and help the boys, and run in here as you can t read a few words from the Bible."

Once afterwards he asked me to have his bod embalmed and sent home. I promised to do s He did not even refer to it again, but passed awa in triumph.

It was in the morning at eleven o'clock that h died. At five in the afternoon his body was sent the embalmers. Late that night, as I was bu writing letters from memoranda taken through th day, there was a knock at the door. In stepped man inquiring for Captain Billings. What a questi for us to meet! I thought of the home link.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"*I am his brother; I have his wife with me!* I ha kept her up all the way with the hope that we wou find the Captain in good condition. Where is h sir?"

"You have not brought the Captain's wife o here to-night?" The Corps hospital was four mil distant from Gettysburg.

"No, I left her in town until the morning."

"That was well. The body of your brother w sent to the embalmers this afternoon."

"Oh," said he, "I cannot tell her. I cannot trust myself to try to tell her, or even to see her again to-night;"—the poor man broke down in his grief,—"I have brought her on all the way to Gettysburg for this, and now you must—you must tell her all."

And so our duty was to see the bereaved wife, and deliver to her the messages and tokens of the dying love of her husband, and to speak to her words of comfort in the name of the Lord.

It is impossible to measure the value of the little words of sympathy which the Delegate could drop as he laboured. The Rev. N. M. Bailey, writing from New Market Roads in the Army of the James in January, 1865, says—

One day a soldier came into our tent and sat down; he said he had come for a little talk. He was in trouble. He went through all the particulars of his case. I said to him at the end—

"My dear fellow, I am very sorry, but we can do nothing for you."

"I know that;—I know you can't," he rejoined; "but I thought a word or two from a Christian man would help me a good deal, even if he told me he couldn't do anything."

The Rev. H. J. Patrick, ministering to the wounded in February, after the extension of

our left wing to Hatcher's Run, tells the story of a hospital quilt:

I came to one bright countenance, that of Jonas Hefele, Co. G., 94th N. Y. He looked up at me smilingly, from beneath a very neat bed-quilt. I asked him if he had slept well.

"Oh, yes," he answered very cheerfully.

My eye just then caught sight of a motto on the quilt. I read it and shewed it to him: "'He giveth His beloved sleep.' Kennebunk, Me., Soldiers' Aid Society." What a smile went over his happy face, as he read and re-read it!

"You *must* sleep well with that motto near you," said I.

"Yes," said he, "do you know who wrote it?"

It was in a lady's hand. I told him I did not, but that I knew who wrote the first words; and then I spoke to him of who "the beloved" were, and who it was that gave them sleep. And I could see that he was listening earnestly to every word I said.

How cheerful the brave boys were,—all of them. One I saw looking comically at the bullet-hole through his leg.

"Well," said he, "that's a fancy hole. Now," he continued argumentatively, "that'll get me a furlough, just what my wife wants."

The value of the work of temporal relief was

most obvious during the hot months of 1864, among the men *in the trenches.* Not only was there great liability to casualty here, but the extraordinary hardships brought on sickness. The dreary sameness of the service also did much to dispirit the troops assigned to it. The Commission laboured hard to supply the men with proper diet,—especially fresh vegetables, and took care of very many wounded. The materials for letter writing were distributed extensively,

The graphic narrative of "Carleton,"* concerning this work at the extreme front, presents a fair picture of what was to be done, and how it was done :

The day was hot, dry, dusty and sultry. The sun shone from a brazen sky. The grass and shrubs were scorched and withered and powdered with the dust, which rose in clouds from every passing waggon. There was not air enough to stir the aspens, or shake the long lithe spires of the pines. The birds of the forest sought the deepest shade, and lolled and panted in the heat. It was hard even for men in robust health to breathe. They picked out the coolest places. and gave themselves up to the languor of the hour. It required an earnest effort to do anything.

* In a letter to the *Congregationalist*, July 29th, 1864.

And yet through this blazing day men sat crouc in the trenches from morning till night, or lay their shallow rifle-pits, watching the enemy, parch broiled, burned, not daring to raise their heads lift their hands. To do so was death.

The hospital tents, though pitched in the woo were like ovens, absorbing and holding the h poured from a cloudless sky. Then, upon the grou lay the sick and wounded, fevered and sore, with at ebb tide, with energies exhausted, perspirat oozing from the faces, nerves quivering and trembli with fever, pulses faint and feeble. Their beds w boughs of pine. They lay as they came from t battle-field, wearing their soiled, torn and bloo garments of army blue. Millions of flies buzz around.

The Surgeons in charge were kind-hearted a attentive. They used all means in their power make the patients comfortable. This was the pla where the sick were to regain health, or from whi they were to be removed to the General Hospita They were far from home and friends. There w nothing to cheer them—nothing to stimulate. Ho was dying out, and despondency setting in, wi memory summoning the dear old times, and revea ing by contrast a dark and gloomy future.

It was the Sabbath day, and there were ma among the suffering hundreds who had reverenc the day at home. It was a day of rest—of cessati

from toil and care. Its return recalled their former Sabbaths—the still hours, the pealing of church-bells, the grand and solemn music of the organ, or the hum of children's voices in the Sabbath-school. Is it a wonder that they had longings for home, or that the future was gloomy?

The day was wearing away. There was no cloud-curtain in the sky to shut out the sun, but the brazen dome glowed with steady heat. The Christian Commission tent had been besieged all day by parched and fevered soldiers, who wanted onions, pickles, lemons, oranges—anything sour—anything to tempt the taste. There was a box of oranges which had been brought from City Point the night before. It was suggested that they be distributed at once to the sick and wounded. "Certainly, by all means," was the unanimous voice of the Commission. I volunteered to be the distributor.

Go with me through the tents where the sufferers are. Some are lying down, with closed eyes, with pale faces, and sunken cheeks. The paleness underlies the bronze which the sun has cast upon them. They breathe languidly. Some are half reclined, leaning on their elbows, bolstered by their knapsacks, looking into vacancy—seeing, perhaps, the old home, and wondering if they will ever again cross its threshold. Some are reading the papers which the Delegates of the Commission have distributed. There are some who have but one leg. There is the stump of a

thigh, or an arm, with the lightest possible dressi to keep down the fever. Yesterday those men sto in the trenches confronting the enemy, in the full ti of life. Now they are wrecks, floating out into tl unknown future, with wife and children, or paren dependent on them.

As we enter the tent they catch a sight of tl golden fruit. There is a commotion. Those ha asleep rub their eyes. Those half reclining sit u straight. Those lying with their backs towards u turn over to see what is going on. Those so feeb that they cannot turn, ask what is the matter. Th gaze at the apples of Paradise How their ey gleam! Not one of them asks for an orange! Th wait. Through military discipline, through unpa alleled suffering, they have learned to be patient— wait—to endure—to remain in suspense—to sta still and be torn to pieces! They are heroes!

"Would you like an orange, sir?"

"Thank you."

It is all he can say. He is lying upon his bac A minie bullet has passed through his body, h cannot be moved. He has a noble brow—a manl countenance. Tears moisten his eyes and roll dow his sunken cheeks, as he takes the orange from m hand:

"It is a gift of the Christian Commission, and I accept your thanks for those who made the contri-bution."

"Bully for the Christian Commission!" shouted a wide-awake, jolly soldier near, with an ugly wound in his left arm.

"Thank you," "God bless the Commission," "I say, Bill, arn't they bully?" are the expressions which I hear behind me.

In one of the wards I came upon a soldier who had lost his leg the day before. He was lying upon his side. He was robust, healthy, strong and brave. The hours dragged heavily. He did not see me till I stood before him—and not even then. He was stabbing his knife into a chip with a nervous energy, as if he was in imagination bayoneting a Rebel—trying to forget the pain—trying to bridge over the lonely hours and shut the gloom out of the future. I touched his elbow. He looked up:

"Would you like an orange?"

"By jingo! that is worth a hundred dollars!"

He grasped it as a drowning man clutches a chip, as if to lose a thousandth part of a second he would miss the prize.

"Where did this come from?"

"The Christian Commission had a box arrive last night."

"The Christian Commission? My wife belongs to that. She wrote to me about it last week, that they met to make shirts for it."

"Then you have a wife?"

"Yes, sir, and three children."

His voice faltered. Ah! the soldier never forge his home. He dashed away a tear, took in a lo breath, and was strong again.

"Where do you hail from, soldier?"

"From old Massachusetts. I had a snug litt home upon the banks of the Connecticut, but I to my wife that I didn't feel just right to stay the when I was needed out here, and so I came, a here I am. I shall write home and tell Mary abo the Christian Commission. I have been wishing day that I had an orange; I knew it was no use wish. I didn't suppose there was one in the cam besides, here I am, not able to move a peg. I tha you, sir, for bringing it. I shall tell my wife about it."

It was worth a hundred dollars to see him suck t juice—every drop, as if it was as precious as L itself. But enough. It was one of the happi hours of my life—that passed in the distribution those oranges—not that I was the almoner, but cause of the exhibition of spontaneous, unmix heartfelt gratitude, not towards me, but to the frie far away.

While I was moving about among the men, G A. J. Smith, commanding the Sixteenth Corps, ca by with his staff. He jumped off his horse ne where I stood and looked at me curiously. I was rather strange-looking figure, I imagine; two gre haversacks, distended with crackers, tea, dried toa

whisky, bandages, brandy, sponges, &c., were over my shoulders; a three-gallon coffee-pot was in one hand; a big twelve-quart tin pail with fresh water in the other, while a bundle of tin-cups hung on my arms and over my back and shoulders. I suppose I looked like Robinson Crusoe, or somebody laying in supplies for an indefinite siege or a life on a desert island. The General demanded who I was. I told him I was a Commission Delegate:

"What have you got in that big pot?"

"Coffee, General,—for these wounded men; it is very good for some of them, you know. Won't you have a cup?"

"Thank you; I don't care if I do. I haven't had a mouthful to-day, and I've been in the saddle since four this morning."

An Orderly rode up just then, and seeing the General drinking, said to me—

"I'll take some if you please."

"Haven't you had your breakfast?" asked the General sharply.

The orderly replied in the affirmative:

"Don't give him any; keep it for the men; I don't think I ought to have taken any myself."

When the fight was over, Gen. Smith in a tent with Gen. McArthur and a number of Delegates, after recounting the above incident said *—

* The words are recorded by Mr. Chas. Harris, of Peoria, who was present at the interview.

"I must say that since Jesus Christ left this world, there has never been a more heavenly institution than the Christian Commission. I thought when I passed your folks going out, that their place was about six miles in the rear, but I have now come to a different conclusion. Many a man owes his life to you."

This was unequivocal testimony from an officer who had made no pretensions to be a Christian.

When the charge was ordered, the troops to whom I had been ministering carried the enemy's works, capturing eighteen hundred prisoners. In the charge they lost heavily; a Minnesota regiment had one hundred killed or disabled. I pushed on over a cornfield after the troops, and came to a large house about a mile beyond. It had been the head-quarters of a Confederate General, and its occupants had all run away during the battle. No one was at hand to organise a hospital, so I undertook it myself, directing stragglers and all other unemployed persons I could find, to clear the rooms and bring in the wounded. Going out then to the point where the fighting had ceased, I turned the streams of wounded towards the house. It was supplied with magnificent furniture, which we had to put out into the yard to make room as the wounded accumulated. Every floor in the house, the great halls, the porches in front and rear, were soon crowded full with suffering soldiers. About this time a Surgeon* arrived. He asked who

* Surgeon Kennedy, of a Minnesota regiment.

was in charge of the hospital. I reported myself as a Commission Delegate, who had taken the direction of affairs until the proper parties should arrive, and was very glad to surrender my trust to him.

"By no means," was his reply; "retain your command, and I'll serve you to the best of my ability."

Two Assistant Surgeons soon came in, and we all went to work with a will. With the concentrated beef in my haversack, we soon had twenty quarts of soup; putting into it what crackers and crusts of bread we had, I was able to give every wounded man in the house a light supper. Poor fellows! they were almost starved, few having had anything since their early morning rations. I succeeded in confiscating a horse, and sent a soldier back through the mud at midnight to our office in Nashville with an order for supplies. He returned about two o'clock with stores packed in two grain-bags, and otherwise distributed about his person. At three we had coffee and soup made, and the men had another meal.

About seven our Christian Commission waggon made its appearance, loaded down with supplies. With that waggon-load the men were fed morning, noon, and night of Saturday, and morning and noon of Sunday. Not a particle of Government stores reached the hospital in answer to the Surgeon's requisition until late Sunday afternoon. When they did come, the Surgeon, with manifest feeling, said to the Assistant Medical Director who accompanied them—

"If it hadn't been for the Christian Commissi these wounded men would have starved to de before this."

We wanted some one to take more particu charge of our property: so on Sunday I found able-bodied Englishman of fine personal appearan whom I "detailed" as Hospital Steward. He us most efficient service. In our general clearing- on the evening of the battle, there had been o three things kept in the house,—a piano, a fam portrait and a large mirror with a six-pound sl through it. After the men had been cared for Sunday morning, we arranged to hold servi Thinking it would be pleasant to have singing made the remark that if we only had some one to p the piano for us, it would be everything we co want. The Surgeons were still at work in the a putating-room; they could not help us even if any them had been able to use the instrument. To : surprise my English Steward stepped forward, a said modestly—

"Colonel, I used to play the piano a little England; 'maybe I could draw down a tune you."

He had on a red flannel shirt, picturesque but fashionable, and his sleeves were rolled up above elbows, more unfashionable still. Without stopp for any preparations, he took his seat on a crack box to make a preliminary trial. The practice v

highly satisfactory, and so he accompanied us excellently, while we sung our songs of Zion, and,

"My country, 'tis of thee,"

to the melody "God save the Queen," familiar to every Englishman. And never did boys enjoy music as did our wounded in that morning meeting. *(See Frontispiece.)*

Mr. Ludlow Thomas, of New York City, writing in July from the General Hospital at City Point, supplies the following incident:

I found the boys very anxious to write home. Some had paid as high as *forty cents for a sheet of paper and envelope.* Pens, ink, and pencils were scarce, so I cut pencils into halves, and distributed these, telling the boys to write their letters in pencil, and I would ink the directions for them. The first day I directed and mailed over eighty letters. For many of the poor fellows, too badly wounded to hold a pencil, I wrote letters, sitting alongside of them on the ground. Many of the epistles proved to be the last. At first they wanted me to compose the letters for them; but I told them it would be much better to dictate, that such a letter would please their families far more than a stranger's. They knew that everything said would be sacred with me, and most touching were some of those messages home. Not a few of the letter sheets were wet with the tears of the amanuensis.

Where it was possible I always had them sign their

own names, and often held up the poor fellows to do it. Once I gave a pencil to a man to sign his name, and seeing that he was rather long about it, I turned to talk to another soldier, so as not to embarrass him. When I came back I saw that the grateful boy's delay was caused by his adding, in a trembling hand—

"This letter was written for me by an angel of the Christian Commission."

Early in October, the Rev. B. W. Chidlaw, writing from Stevenson, tells a story of the value of some little hospital comforts :

One Hoosier boy, not over twenty years old, lay sick with a touch of the fever and ague, an affliction from which I had myself sometimes suffered at home :

"What did mother do for you when you had these spells at home ?"

"Oh, she used to make me a good cup of tea, and such nice toast."

"Why, that's just what *my* mother used to give *me*, and didn't it help you ?"

"Yes, almost always."

"Why, don't you get tea and toast here ?"

"Oh, the tea isn't what mother used to give me, and the toast isn't the same at all.

"Well," thought I, "you shall have some that's good, if it's to be had."

So, going to the Commission's quarters, I soon found myself dipping into a chest of real, genuine

black tea, and a cask of sweetest loaf sugar by its side, and a box of condensed milk. Then, repairing to the government bakery, I secured a nice loaf of bread, and took it to the establishment in the rear, where the cook was. I began telling him what I wanted, and asking for the privilege of his fire and utensils to do my work, when he interrupted me with—

"In dis kitchen I cooks and you talks."

So he took the knife, sliced the bread and toasted it, while we talked of Jesus and His religion. The tea and toast were at last made; the condensed milk was used instead of butter, and there was a delicious-looking article to carry to the hospital.

"My friend," said I to the Indiana boy, "wake up, I have something nice for you."

"Why, preacher, ain't there milk in that tea?"

"Certainly."

"Why," he asked in astonishment, "*does the Christian Commission keep cows down here?*"

"Better than that, my boy; they have gone all the way to the old cow at home, and it's all right. Now sit up and eat and drink."

And he did to his heart's content—indeed, I am afraid he ate too much. A soldier close by said—

"Chaplain, can you give me a little tea and toast too?" "And me too?" said another, and another, until it was like a chorus all through the room.

"Certainly, certainly, we'll have a general tea-party."

And we did. The old cook was notified; he did the toast up brown, and the hot smoking tea was delicious. We had a glorious tea-party there!

General Fisk's command, after one of the fruitless expeditions "to climb up some other way" into Vicksburg, was stationed at Helena, Arkansas. The General relates an incident which occurred here about February 1st 1863.*

We had been removed for a month from our lines of communication and had received no letters from home. Of course, when the way was re-opened, our first thought was of the mail. I went to the post-office tent and received my precious budget from home—from wife and children, pastor, and Sunday-school children—for I had been *reduced* from the rank of Superintendent of the Sunday-school to become a General in the army. I sat down on a log by my tent to peruse the messages of love. I had read them through and through, and was about to rise, when an old soldier, seated near me on the same log, accosted me with—

"Old fellow, I want you to read my letter for me."

I had nothing on to indicate my rank. I turned and looked at the man, and then reached for the letter. It was directed to "John Shearer, Helena,

* Told at Anniversary of the Commission, Philadelphia, Jan. 31st, 1865.

Arkansas." The address began at the top of the envelope and ran diagonally across to the lower corner.

"Can't you read it yourself, John?"

"No."

"Then I will, of course; but why don't you know how to read? The fellows that don't know how to read ought by rights to be found only on Jeff. Davis' side."

I learned that he had been born in a slave State, though he was an Iowa soldier, and that might have helped to excuse him. The letter was from John's wife. After speaking of the gathering in of the crops, and entering into all the little affairs of home—mentioning even Susy's new dress, the new boots for Johnny, and the cunningest wee bits of socks for the baby—the faithful wife began to read John a sermon on this wise:

"John, it was quarterly meeting last Saturday, and the Presiding Elder stopped at our house. He told me that a great many men who went into the army Christians, came back very wicked; that they learned to swear and gamble and drink. Now, John, I want you to remember the promise you made, as you were leaving me and the children, that you would be a good man."

Ah! the soldier wept as he listened, and when we came to the dear name that closed the precious letter, he raised the sleeve of his old coat, brushed

away the great swelling tears, and said with a full heart "*Bully for her!*"

It was the soldier's *Amen*, eloquent and expressive.

"Well, *have* you been 'a good man,' John?"

Then came the sad, sad story of drunkenness, and gambling and profanity, into which John had been led, and the humble confession that he had forgotten his vow; but would renew it, and, with God's help, try to keep it.

I then discovered my rank to him, which disconcerted him at first, but he soon got over it. I invited him to my tent, and he came to all our meetings afterwards.

Weeks passed by, and the horrors of the grave-digging on the Mississippi, where thousands of brave men were laid low in the swamps, passed over us, sweeping away six hundred of my own men. Low with the fever, one day, I found John Shearer. I received his words of faith in the home beyond, his last messages to wife and children, and then sang by his side the sweet hymn, beginning—

> "Jesus can make a dying bed
> Feel soft as downy pillows are."

The soldier's eyes were closed in death.

The army halted one Sabbath day in Kingston, after Resaca had been gained. The General Field Agent gives the following narrative of it:*

* *Annals U. S. Christian Commission*, pp. 498-501.

When we found that the army was to be at rest over the Sabbath, appointments were made in the different brigades for two or three services to each preaching Delegate. I had an appointment in the Baptist church in the morning, and at General Howard's headquarters, in the woods, in the afternoon. The church had not been cleaned since its occupation as a Rebel hospital. The sexton, who agreed to put the house in order on Saturday afternoon, failed me, and only an hour before the time for service I discovered that another man, engaged and paid for doing the same work on Sabbath morning, had served me in the same way. It was too late now to look for help. I took off my ministerial coat, and for one hour, with the mercury at ninety degrees, worked with might and main. When I had swept out the straw, cleared the rubbish from the pulpit, thrown the bunks out of window, pitched the old seats down from the loft, arranged them in order on the floor, and dusted the whole house over twice, it was time for service. I sprang up into the belfry (the rope had been cut away), and, with some pretty vigorous strokes by the bell tongue, told the people around that the hour for worship had arrived. Dropping down again through the scuttle upon the vestibule floor, a treacherous nail carried away an important part of one leg of my pantaloons. It was my only suit at the front, and while I was pondering how I should present myself before the congregation, a

Corporal and two bayonets from General Sherman's headquarters, not twenty yards away, came to help me in the decision:

"Did you ring the bell?"

"I did."

"I am ordered to arrest you."

"What for?"

"To bring you to General Sherman's headquarters.

"But, Corporal, I can't see the General in this plight. I am an Agent of the Christian Commission, and am to preach here this morning, and was ringing the bell for service. If you will tell the General how it is, it will be all right."

"That's not the order, sir."

"Well, Corporal, send a guard with me to my quarters, till I can wash up and pin together this rent."

"That's not the order, sir;—fall in."

Without hat or coat, and with gaping wardrobe, preceded by the Corporal and followed by the bayonets, I called at headquarters. General Corse, Chief of staff, standing by the side of General Sherman, received me. As I entered, General Sherman was drumming with thumb and finger on the window-sill; when the Corporal announced his prisoner, he fixed his cold gray eye on me for a moment, motioned to his Chief to attend to the case, and without moving a muscle of his face, resumed his drumming

and his Sabbath problem,—how to flank Johnston out of the Allatoona Mountains Without waiting for charges or questions, I said—

"General, I belong to the Christian Commission. We are to have service in the church across the way, and I was ringing the bell."

"Is this Sunday? Some mischievous soldiers alarmed the people by ringing the bell, and an order was issued against it; but we were not aware this was Sunday. There is no harm done. At what hour is the service?"—and, bowing me out, he discharged my guard.

This extra duty as sexton, and obedience to the Corporal's "order," made it necessary to procure a pulpit substitute for the morning. The Delegate who preached reported an interesting congregation, and among them representatives from headquarters.

In the afternoon I rode over to the Fourth Corps, four miles away. General Howard had notified the regiments around of the service. Two of his Division commanders were present, with Brigadier-General Harker, whose promotion was so recent that the star had not yet supplanted the eagle on his shoulder. This was the last Sabbath service which this manly, modest, gallant officer attended. Five weeks later, in the charge at Kenesaw Mountain, he was shot dead. That Sabbath in the woods I shall never forget; the earnest attention of all to the theme,—"The safety of those who do their duty, trusting in

God,"—the hearty responses of the Christian men, and the full chorus in the closing hymn,

"When I can read my title clear."

The most effective sermon of the day, however, was by the General commanding the Corps, given upon the piazza of his headquarters, surrounded by his staff, his Division commanders and other general officers. Nothing could be more natural than the turn of the conversation upon religious topics. The General spoke of the Saviour, his love for Him and his peace in His service, as freely and simply as he could have spoken in his own family circle. He related instances of Christian trust, devotion and triumph. Speaking of the high calling of Chaplains, and the importance that they should always be with their regiments at the front, he told us of his visit to Newton's Division Hospital the night after the battle of Resaca, where he found a fair-faced boy who could not live till morning. He knelt down on his blanket and asked if there was anything he wanted done for him:

"Yes; I want somebody to tell me how to find the Saviour."

"I never felt my ignorance so much before," said the General. "Here was a mind ready now to hear and act on the truth. What if I should give him wrong directions? How I wished I had a minister's training!"

And then he told us what directions he gave, and

of the prayer, and of the boy's smile and peace,—appealing now to me and then to his generals, if it was not right and beautiful; and so, under the pressure unconsciously applied by their superior officer, with lips all unused to such confession, his Division commanders acknowledged the power and grace of God.

A Kentucky soldier, one of the most ungodly men in his regiment, had spent the night in prayer and found no relief. In the morning he met his Chaplain on his horse, and asked him to pray for him. The Chaplain promised, but said the man—

"I mean now."

"What, here in the road?"

"Yes, *here*, Chaplain, *now*."

They knelt and prayed, and others who were passing came and knelt, till there were more than two or three agreeing in the petition that the sinful one should be forgiven; and the answer came. The soldier went down to his tent-house, and carried the word of life to his comrades. They could not resist the claims of religion, when pressed upon them so earnestly and persistently by their fellow-soldier. He told of his trials with his profane tent-mates, and of the agreement he had made, that, if they persisted in calling in their comrades for cards, he should have the tent every other night for a prayer-meeting. The result was, the prayer-meeting supplanted the cards altogether, and all in the tent, and many men in

the company, came with the new disciple to his Master.

It was surprising to see how soon the men came to put confidence in us. They would come and tell us about their wives, children, and sweethearts, and show us their pictures. One poor fellow received a letter containing news of his aged mother's death. He came with it, though a perfect stranger to us, and saying not a word, with falling tears handed it to us to read. He wanted sympathy, and instinctively felt that the representatives of Christ could best afford it. Boys brought us their wallets to keep. One offered us five dollars for having kept his over night. Men put into our hands money to express home, and watches to carry when we returned North. With no knowledge of our personal character, with only the endorsement which the Commission gave, the men reposed unlimited confidence in us.

The Rev. F. N. Peloubet gives a graphic account of work at the Deserters' Barracks, at Camp Convalescent, during February and March. It shows the varied work of the Delegate, and the difficulties and temptations of the soldier:

I went as usual to the Deserters' Barracks on the morning of March 2nd. I took out a little tract—*Will You Enlist?*—to read; some objected:

"We've heard it before; we can read that any day; let's hear the Testament."

"Why, you can read *that* any day," said I.

"Yes, but we want it explained; we've read it, but don't understand it. The other things are made up; we want something we know is true."

So I read two chapters in St. John's First Epistle, —standing the while on a board between two bunks. Before long a young man named Isaac Free objected—

"'Seems to me a man must be perfect, else he can't go to heaven."

"That can't be," said I; "for then none would go there, since none are perfect."

"Well, you said so Sabbath last, anyhow."

I read the 8th and 10th verses of the 1st chapter, and then the 6th verse of chapter 3rd,—comparing them.

"Well, they contradict, don't they?" Isaac asked.

As familiarly as I could I showed that they did not; and also how Peter and David, though sinners, went to heaven.

"But it says there, 'The soul that sinneth it shall die.' How's that?"

I told him about Christ's salvation, and how pardoning a criminal did not make a judge a liar. Isaac came back to the strife within his own heart:

"I've tried to be good, and I can't. I've suffered a good deal, and sin don't give any peace. That's all the hell I believe in."

"Isn't that enough to make you want freedom from it?"

I told him my own experience; how once, the more I had tried to be good, the worse it had seemed.

"That's it," said he; "who can live like a Christian here?"

"But you *can;* only you must find the Way,—Christ, whose blood cleanses from all sin. Do you really want to be a Christian? Do you ever pray?"

"No."

"And you expect to become a Christian without asking?"

Here our conversation rested; but he came to me before I left the barracks, and told me his story. Born in New York, his parents, who were both Christians, had died when he was quite young. He went to live with an uncle, who put no restraint upon his actions. Enlisting in the regular army in 1859, he met much hard company. During the New York riots his regiment was sent there, and stationed at the Battery. A comrade persuaded him to run the guard at night; they passed the hours in sin. While drunk for the first time in his life, his false friend induced him to go to Philadelphia. He did not dare to return, but found work, and was soon arrested.

"I haven't known an hour's peace since I deserted," said the poor fellow.

"Is the punishment hard here?"

"Oh, it isn't that; it's the disgrace, *the disgrace!* after fighting well, to come to this!"

He had sworn already never to touch drink again. I strove hard to persuade him to pray:

"It won't do for me,—a deserter a Christian! They'd always throw it in my face."

"But Christ knows all better than 'they;' He will forgive and befriend you."

Eight days later I saw him again. He had been praying all night, but there was no answer. I told him to keep praying, and the light would come. He pressed my hand, and asked me to add my petitions to his own.

The Rev. Edward Hawes* preached at the Barracks one Sunday morning in March. After service we distributed one hundred *Black Valley Railroad Guides*, —a vivid picture-tract, illustrating the evils of intemperance. It took amazingly. A deserter, who had been an engineer once, said they were asking him to run on the B. V. R. R., at good pay; but he thought he wouldn't get his wages, and would have to go on the train; so he was holding on to the other road. Pointing upwards, I asked if the road he had chosen ended *there;* he answered, "Yes."

A short time since a soldier at the barracks, in a drunken fit, got a comrade to write to his betrothed

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* Pastor then of Congregational Church, Waterville, Me.; now of Central Church, Philadelphia.

that he was dead! Letters of grief and inquiry came at once. He replied himself that he had only been dead-drunk! and in a few days learned to his horror, that the girl was dead, from the shock which the first letter gave!

While labouring at Camp Convalescent, Mr. Peloubet met a Pennsylvania cavalryman from Carbon County, named Sergeant Marcy, who told him his story:

He had once joined the Church, but was only half-persuaded at the time, and afterwards opposed religion in numerous ways. His wife, an earnest Christian, vainly strove to restore him. Shocked deeply by much of the wickedness in the army, he and a comrade mutually agreed to mark down the number of times they swore during each day. The result appalled him, and he determined to stop. His wife's letters made him uneasy; so one Monday evening he went to the prayer-meeting. The sermon made no particular impression, but some remarks following it affected him deeply. He determined to attend the meeting every night that week, and, though once or twice regretting his resolve, carried it through. His mental agony and darkness were increased by certain morbid reflections about committing the sin against the Holy Ghost. A pious bunk-mate was much distressed on his account. At last the Lord's words about no man entering the

Kingdom of Heaven unless he was a little child, brought him to see that *he* was helpless as a child—that he could only put his hand into that of Christ, and say trustfully, "Lead Thou me on."* At once his whole life was illuminated. One day, while repairing and cleaning the stables, some of his comrades were swearing and finding fault at the dirty work. He did not like the task, but suddenly it occurred to him that Jesus was born in a manger, and his work at once grew bright and glad.

Possibly the Lord's words about children only entering the Kingdom of God were never more clearly illustrated than sometimes in the hour of the soldier's death :

In Camp Stoneman Hospital during March, a soldier lay dying. He was from Michigan, and but eighteen years old. Mr. C——, a Delegate, learning that he would not recover, hastened to his side.

"I am very sick ; pray for me," said the soldier.

"Have you a Christian mother ? "

"Oh, yes ; my father and mother are both Christians, and so are my sisters. My brother is a minister. I wish I was a Christian, but I'm afraid I'm not."

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* "Lead, kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on ;
The night is dark, and I am far from home ;
Lead Thou me on." *John Henry Newman.*

I prayed with him, after which he himself offered a most fervent petition. As I read St. John's 14th chapter, he anticipated me, showing his knowledge of the Bible. I stayed with him a long time; together we sang—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,"

and

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

Just before he died he called the ward-master to him, and lifting his weak arms put them round the man's neck, and kissed him. Looking up, he said, "I love everybody." He prayed again, and afterwards felt much exhausted. The nurse told him to try and sleep a little. They lifted him gently upon his left side; his thoughts went back to her whose memory lingers longest upon earth; like as a child might have done, he folded his arms across his breast, and in a very low voice repeated distinctly—

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

The light went out of the dying eyes; the pale lips moved never again;—the answer to the simple petition had come quickly indeed. "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of God."

The following are some extracts from the

experience of the Rev. Edward Hawes, at Camp Convalescent :

Many hearts were made glad one evening, by seeing Sergeant Morrison kneeling for prayers. He was well known throughout the camp as a wild, reckless man; his Christian wife omitted no opportunity of writing to him about coming to Jesus. In answer to her entreaties he had determined to attend regularly the evening meetings at the chapel. To many of us his unexpected act was surprising. He said to me afterwards—

"I had more feeling than many supposed, for I knew that I was a sinner who needed a Saviour. While you were preaching that night, until near the close of the sermon, I was continually thinking, 'Well, I stand that pretty well;' but at last you said you wanted to hide yourself behind Christ, and let Him speak through you;—and He did speak, and I couldn't stand under it."

At another time, referring to his conviction, he told me—

"I was trying to do something myself; but it is good to become a little child, and cry for one's own helplessness."

He was so strong, stalwart and large that the words seemed to have an added meaning in his case. He came often to converse with me; I always enjoyed the interviews. He told me at our good-bye—

[illegible]

[illegible] ion: [illegible]

ve been [illegible]

[illegible] Mm.

[illegible] one of the meanings [illegible] prayer

[illegible] tongue.—German.—and then tells

"Brethren, I shall try to say a few words; the English goes rather hard with me,—but I want you to understand that I love Jesus. I was once very wicked; God took away a child; I promised to reform, but didn't; then He took away another; then my stubborn heart was broken, and I found Jesus."

He told us of a sermon preached by a minister, who was "hard on sinners," and whose house, for some time after, he was afraid to pass, lest he should come out to talk with him. After his change he tried successfully to awaken his wife and children; before leaving for the war he sat down with them at the table of the Lord.

At the prayer-meeting at Cavalry Camp, the night before some of the men were to join Kilpatrick, they put their arms around each other's necks, and sang with deep feeling—

"Shall we know each other *there?*"

Mr. G. F. Ensign* about this time was commissioned by the St. Louis Committee for the work on the Mississippi, with which he was afterwards so long connected. He writes:

In June, when we were trying to get into the

* Student in Chicago (Congregational) Theological Seminary. Since the close of the war, Western Secretary of the American Christian Commission.

rear of Vicksburg, we stopped one day by a spring to get a drink. A soldier came down had a cup in his hand; he gave it to us to from. We thanked him for his kindness, and if he had drunk of that water of which the Sa spoke.

"No," said he, "I have not."

"Well, then, you don't *love* the Saviour. can't you begin now?"

"I've been thinking of it, sir, a great deal know I ought to."

"Why not decide it now?" I asked.

"I don't know," said he; "I can't."

"But God thinks you can, and is ready for now."

He thought a moment, and then his reply firm and clear—

"I will."

Just then some others came to the spring. I the soldier a little book, and commending hi Christ, we separated.

After the surrender, I was back at Memph the Soldiers' Lodge, visiting and ministering t there as I could. I came to an emaciated-loo young man, who seemed to have gone through much suffering. Bending over him, I asked wl should do for him. He opened his eyes, and thro his arms round my neck, said—

"Can it be possible this is you?"

I did not remember his face, and so I told him.

"You don't know me? Don't you remember the soldier you met on Chickasaw Bayou, near the spring? Don't you remember a little book you gave me?

I said I did remember the circumstances.

"Well," said he, "I gave my heart to Jesus. I am not going to live long. I am going to die. But I know, when I die, I shall go up home."

One Sabbath, towards the year's close, while talking to a little fourteen-year-old drummer-boy in Ward P, Jefferson Barracks, I noticed a soldier at a little distance with his back towards me, busily writing. Going to him presently, I asked—

"Writing home, are you?"

He looked up, and I saw it was one whose wife had been lately visiting him:

"No, I wasn't writing a letter; I was only copying a prayer my wife sent to me. You see, when she was here I told her how I felt, and when she went home she wrote down two prayers, and I'm copying them in this," showing me his note-book. "I might lose the letter, and I'm learning them by heart. My wife's a Christian, but I never cared anything about these things until I came into the army. I had no father or mother or anybody to teach me anything good when I was a boy, and I just worked my own way the best I could. I didn't know how to pray right, and, oh, I've been so wicked."

"Then you feel how much you have sinned ag God?"

"Yes, oh, so much."

"Did you tell God how you felt?"

"Yes, but you see, I'm so little used to pray I hardly knew how."

I told him that

> "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
> Unutter'd or expressed,"

and urged him to give himself to the Saviour no

"I have tried to do that," he said, humbly.

"Do you think He has pardoned you?"

"I don't know; sometimes I think He has; again, I'm afraid to believe it, for you don't k how great a sinner I've been," and the soldier's quivered.

"But, this is a faithful saying, and worthy o acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the w to save *sinners*,—not the *righteous*. Don't you some love for Him in your heart?"

"Oh, yes, a great deal."

CHAPTER V.

Tokens of Success.

FROM the vast collection of facts illustrative of the success of the Delegates of the Christian Commission we select the following:

There was a man on one of the boat-loads of wounded from the field, who was very low and in a kind of stupor. He was entirely unknown. A little stimulant was poured down his throat, and Mr. Moody called him by different names, but could get no response. At last, at the name "William," the man unclosed his eyes and looked up. Some more stimulant was given, when he revived. He was asked if he was a Christian. Though replying in the negative, he yet manifested great anxiety upon the subject:

"But I am so great a sinner that I can't be a Christian."

Mr. Moody told him he would read what Christ said about that. So, turning to St. John's third chapter, he read the 14th verse:

"And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilder-

ness, even so must the Son of Man be lifte
that whosoever believeth in Him should not p
but have everlasting life. For God so love
world, that He gave His Only Begotten Son
whosoever believeth in Him should not peris
have everlasting life."

"Stop," said the dying man; "read that
again, will you?"

It was read again.

"Is that there?"

"Yes," said Mr. Moody; "that's there just
read it to you."

"And did Christ say that?"

"Yes."

The man began repeating the words, settling
upon his pillow as he did so, with a strange, s
look of peace in his face. He took no further
of what was going on about him, but cont
murmuring the blessed words until Mr. M
left him.

The next morning, when the soldier's place
visited, it was found empty. Mr. Moody asl
any one knew aught about him during the
A nurse, who had spent the hours with him un
died, replied—

"All the time I was with him he was repe
something about Moses lifting up a serpent i
wilderness. I asked him if there was anyth
could do for him, but he only answered what h

been muttering all along. Just before he died, about midnight, I saw his lips moving, though there was no sound escaping. I thought he might have some dying message for home, so I asked him for one. But the only answer was the whispered words: 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him'—and so on until his voice died away, and his lips moved no longer."

The Rev. Dr. Robert Patterson writes:

A brave and godly Captain in one of our Western regiments told one of us his story, as we were removing him to the hospital. He was shot through both thighs with a rifle bullet—a wound from which he could not recover. While lying on the field, he suffered intense agony from thirst. He supported his head upon his hand, while the rain from heaven was falling around him. In a little time, quite a pool of water collected in the hole made by his elbow. If he could only get to that puddle he could quench his thirst. He tried to get into a position to suck up a mouthful of muddy water, but was unable to quite reach it. Said he, "I never felt such disappointment before,—so needy, so near, and yet so helpless. By-and-bye night fell, and the stars shone out clear and beautiful above the dark field; and I began to think of the great God, who had given His Son to die a death of agony for me, and that He was

up there—up above the scene of suffering, and above those glorious stars; and I felt that I was going home to meet Him, and praise Him there; and that I ought to praise Him, here in my wounds and in the rain; and I began to sing with my parched lips—

> "'When I can read my title clear
> To mansions in the skies,
> I bid farewell to every fear,
> And wipe my weeping eyes.'

There was a Christian brother in the brush near me. I could not see him, but I could hear him. He took up the strain; and beyond him another and another caught it up, all over the battle-field of Shiloh; and long into the night the echo was resounding, as we made the field of battle ring with hymns of praise to God."

When the wounded began to come in, the saddest cases were those of men who, for various reasons, could not be relieved. The Rev. Mr. Lyford writes:

A poor German saw the badge, and called me to his side. He had stuck some bayonets into the ground, and stretched a blanket upon their points, to try and ward off the rays of the sun. His side was sadly torn by a shell, but his great need was water for a raging thirst. I put my canteen to his lips. Never have I seen such agony and disappointment

on a human countenance as on his when he found he *could not swallow*. He tried again and again, then sank back upon the ground and articulated—

"Pray for me, pray for me; it'll be all over soon."

I did pray for him that he might have that water of which he who drinks never thirsts again.

During the night of the second day our extreme right was assailed fiercely, and driven back upon the field hospital. Such a scene as there was then! Ambulances and waggons went tearing along, filled with wounded who had been hastily gathered in. Orderlies swept past on horseback, and close in front the men were fighting and yelling as they fought. Suddenly I heard a voice out of the darkness at my feet:

"Don't ride over me,—please don't; I'm wounded, and can't stir."

Poor fellow, he had been carried to an ambulance, but it was full, and drove away without him. The bearers set him down by the road-side to wait for the next that came along, but nobody had time to pick him up, and it was now too dark to see him. His head was within a few inches of the wheel-track. I stood by and protected him from an almost certain death, until he was properly removed and cared for.

It was President Lincoln who told the members of the Commission calling on him in Washington after the Anniversary meeting in

January, 1865:—"We have been only doing our duty, my friends, whatever we have been able to do together. You owe me no thanks for what I have done for the country, whatever that may be,—and I owe none to you. We cannot repay the soldiers." And yet, poor fellows, they were always grateful for the smallest kindnesses, and "magnified the office" of the Commission. The Rev. F. P. Monfort* preserves the testimony of a German, wounded in the Wilderness:

"Ah, dash ish te Christian Commission. He's te pesht man in te army. Him safes my life. He comes rount when we lays in te Wilterness, all two tays and two nights, unt no preat unt no vater, unt no Doctor, unt shust pick up all uv um, unt give um preat unt vater, unt nurse um. Oh, him so many, too,—plenty of um—unt him Doctor heself, unt bring him to White House, unt bring um up here to te hospital. Oh, he so goot! He's te pesht man in te army. Him work shust like a nigger."

Towards the close of the year, the Chairman of the Commission, in one of his frequent army visits, came to Washington. In a public address afterwards, he relates an incident of his Delegate's work, near the Capitol:

* Member of Whitewater (O. S.) Presbytery, Indiana.

I have visited many hospitals and camps, and have distributed many of our Commission books; and I can testify that from the beginning until now I have never met a man who refused them, save one, and he was from my own city—Philadelphia. I do not believe in being conquered. I never give up anything that is practicable. But here *was* a case for me! The man told me that he was an infidel—did not believe in my books—did not need them. Said he—

"I am from Philadelphia; I live at such a number, Callowhill Street; if you go there you will find out my character, and that I am as good a man as you are."

"I trust a great deal better," said I.

I approached him, shortly afterwards, again; said he—

"What was the book you wanted to give me the other day?"

I told him it was a selection from the Scriptures, called *Cromwell's Bible.*

"Oh," said he, "I don't want your Bible; I've no need of it; I'm a good enough man without it," and with a motion of supreme indifference he turned away his head.

"My friend," said I, "I'm from Philadelphia, too; I know where you live,—can find the exact house. On next Sunday evening, if God spares my life, I expect to speak for the Christian Commission in the Church of the Epiphany."

He looked at me inquisitively,—"And what are you going to say?"

"I am going to tell the people that I had been distributing tracts all day through the hospitals and camps, and that I found but one man who refused to take them, and he was from Philadelphia."

"Well, what more are you going to say?" the man asked, with a steady, apparently defiant, gaze.

"I'll tell them, I began my distribution in the morning at the White House, and the first gentleman to whom I offered one of the little books was one Abraham Lincoln; that he rose from his chair, read the title, expressed great pleasure at receiving it, and promised to read it; but that I came to one of his cooks, here in these quarters, who was so exceedingly good that he didn't need a copy of God's word, and wouldn't have one."

"Well," said the man, reaching out his hand, "if the President can take one, I suppose I can."

A poor fellow was brought in whose right arm was almost shot into pieces. I found him a very bright Christian. The surgeon told me he must die: "It is no use to take off his arm. It will not save him." So his father was telegraphed for. He came next morning, and went in to see his boy. He stood up in our daily prayer-meeting at noon, with this request,—

"Brethren, I have great faith in the power of

prayer. I have a son in Fourth Street Hospital. The surgeon says he must die. I believe if you will pray God to restore him to health, He will do it. Will you not pray?"

The request struck us as very strange; but prayer was offered as the old man had requested.

The next day, I went into the hospital. Surgeon Norton met me:

"Contrary to all expectations, sir, that young man you are interested in is improving."

He grew better every day. Once afterwards, I found the father sitting by his son's cot. Dr. Norton came along.

"Tell me, doctor," said I, "how do you account for this? You physicians told me he was going to die; how do you explain his condition to-day?"

"Well, sir," replied the surgeon, "I can only say that I consider it a miracle. It is not anything we did."

"Doctor," said the old man, "I can explain it. God has heard the prayers of His people in behalf of this boy."

The surgeon passed on in silence.

A week or so after that, the soldier went home on a furlough, safe and sound.

The cot of one soldier whom I visited was in the upper ward of the hospital, at the very end of the room. He was a handsome, noble-looking boy. Indeed his appearance quite deceived me, he was so

like a young man in perfect health. I said as much to him, when he replied—

"I suppose I do look well, but the physician says I must die. My wound is a bad one; and I am only waiting here for my life to pass away."

"Are you a Christian?" I asked.

"No, sir; but I want to be very much."

I prayed with him, and gave him Newman Hall's little book, *Come to Jesus.*

"That's just what I want to do, sir."

"That little book will tell you how to come, I trust;" and after some further conversation I left him.

Next morning I thought a good deal about him, and finally went round to the hospital again. His bed was in such a position that he could see me as I came up the stairway, and I found that he was anxiously watching for me.

"I was so afraid you wouldn't come in this morning," was his greeting. "The surgeon says I will probably die during the day; and I didn't want to die until I saw you, and thanked you for giving me that little book. Everything for the future is bright and pleasant now."

The surgeon's words were true. He died that day, "Coming to Jesus" indeed.

We went down from Helena to Milliken's Bend, on a boat crowded to its utmost capacity with soldiers and a wicked set of officers, returning to the army.

They spent their time in drinking and gambling. Mr. Burnell and I, as we found, were the only Christians on the boat. We felt as if somehow we must plant the cross right in the midst of the scene.

Immediately after supper, the tables were cleared away, and nearly all began playing cards. We went into our state-room and knelt down to ask God's help, for it seemed to me at least that anything we could do was useless. Coming out, we stationed ourselves in the centre of the room; all around us were men intent upon their games, cursing bitterly at losses, laughing loudly over success, and relating abominable stories. It seemed the very mouth of hell. I began by singing the hymn—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name."

If a thunderbolt had fallen into their midst, the astonishment could not have been greater. For a moment every man stopped and looked at us in perfect amazement. After singing two verses alone, Mr. Burnell stated that we were Delegates of the Christian Commission on our way to the army at Milliken's Bend, for the purpose of preaching Christ and ministering to soldiers in distress. He then addressed a few earnest words to the officers, reminding them of the influence of their example on their commands,—how demoralising it sometimes was, and beseeching them to care more for their

men's eternal welfare. He reminded them how many sons, given to the army by devoted Christian mothers, had been ruined through the example of wicked officers. For a moment it seemed to make an impression, but all were soon again engaged in their gambling games. The tide seemed to have rolled back and covered up what we had said for ever.

The service had been so short, that we had little time to notice the effects, such as they were. At a table just by where we stood, one man attempted thrice during Mr. Burnell's talk to resume the game, but he failed. His muttered curses and jeers did not prevail till we had finished. One of the men at this table looked at us when we began, then dropped his eyes and sat with bowed head even after we had concluded; another rose and left the room.

In the morning, a gentleman came up to Mr. Burnell, and said—

"You ought to be a General, sir."

"I know nothing of military affairs," was the reply.

"Ah, sir," said he, "but you have moral courage. Any man who could stand up amidst such iniquity and preach Christ, as you did last night, is a hero. I was a professor of religion before I came into the army, but through bad associates and a want of moral courage to meet my fellow-officers as a Christian, I soon fell into profanity, gambling, and drunkenness."

He seemed deeply affected, and promised, God

helping him, he would show his colours thenceforth, and stand up for Jesus.

While at Milliken's Bend, I was holding a meeting in an Indiana regiment. At the close a man came forward and asked me if I had been on a certain boat two days before. I told him, yes. He asked me if I was one of two who had sung and preached one evening. I told him I had helped in such a service.

"Our First Lieutenant," said he, "has been a very wicked man, but he has just returned from a furlough home, and seems to be entirely different. He says that while he and others were playing cards a few nights ago on board the boat, two men came out of their state-room, sung a hymn and said some earnest words about the influence officers had over the morals of their men, and about Jesus. He tried to play after they had gone, but it was no use. He lay awake all night. It revived the memories of childhood, bringing back a mother's admonitions and prayers. He there resolved, God being his helper, never to play again, and that his influence in the future should be different from what it had been in the past. And indeed, sir, so it has been since he came back."

So God taught me how much might be done even in the midst of sin; and how a little faith is the conqueror of the adversary.

One evening those who had seen the Commission's work and had been benefited by it, were invited to rise

and say so. One after another delivered his te
in the straightforward, manly, candid style, so
trait of the soldier. The first man who got up,

"I hear say, Chaplain, that you are goin
to Massachusetts. Well, tell them there
Yankee of the Yankees, who never prayed a
has learned to ask God morning and night to
the Christian Commission!'"

He sat down. The next that stood up was a
man, with his hand in a sling and his face pa
long-continued illness from a wound. He was t
deeply and could hardly speak. At last he sa

"Chaplain, you will know what I think
Christian Commission when I tell you my
story. I love it, and there is a dear old mot
in the West who loves it, and I know sh
night and morning for God to bless it, bec
saved her boy's life. After I was wounded, I
night on the battle-field. I shall never forg
night. Oh, what a long, terrible night it was
stars were out shining brightly, but I could n
them. I was dying of thirst. Oh, how I
that somebody would come near me,—th
would send me relief! How my mind wen
to my dear old mother! O Chaplain, I th
was hard to die when I knew I might live if
only get somebody to help me. But nobod
near me. I prayed that God would shut
stars and let the sun come once more, bringin

and morning and relief. After a while I saw a light glimmering on the field. I wondered what it could be. At last I saw the shadow of a man carrying a lantern in his hand. By-and-bye I saw him stoop down, then get up, move along a little and stoop down in another place; and I knew he was lifting wounded men up and giving them something to drink. Then I began to pray with all my might that he would come near me, and give me a mouthful of water. I tried to cry out, but could not; my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth. The man came nearer and nearer. At one time I thought that he did not see me, and was turning off another way. Oh, how my heart was sickening! but he came nearer, and I threw my arm about so that he heard and came to me. In a moment more he was kneeling by my side and pouring *what, I thought, was heaven, down my throat!* It was cool lemonade. The very moment my tongue was loosed, I exclaimed, 'God bless you! God bless you! Who are you, sir?' He lifted my head, and on the lapel of his coat, flashing in the light of the lantern, I saw the badge of the Christian Commission. And I could not help it, but cried out, 'Hurrah, boys! the Christian Commission has come! We are all right now!' 'Thank God! thank God!' the men answered back. Ah, Chaplain, the Christian Commission saved my life that time, and it has saved many and many a life." And he sat down amid a tearful audience.

The incident which follows, related by Chairman of the Commission, is a stra sequence of events leading a soldier to Jesu

After the battle, Private D——, of the 68th Pe Regiment, a type-setter from Philadelphia, was tailed for service with the Ambulance Corps. P ing over the bloody field covered with all the valu wreck of battle, he saw a little torn book lying the ground. Picking it up unthinkingly, he pu into his pocket, and soon forgot that he had it. S after, as he was removing a wounded soldier to stretcher on which he was to be carried to the h pital, the man exclaimed—

"Don't move me; I'm dying. My name is Je Stevens, of the 1st. Mass. Regiment. I want you pray for me."

Private D—— did not know how to pray, bu suddenly occurred to him to look at the little b he had picked up; to his astonishment he found the outside page a prayer, entitled "After sud visitation." He at once knelt down, and read in ear of the dying man the words of the petition:

"O most gracious Father, we fly unto Thee mercy in behalf of this Thy servant, here lying un the sudden visitation of Thy hand. If it be Thy w preserve his life, that there may be place for repe ance: but, if Thou hast otherwise appointed, Thy mercy supply to him the want of the usu

opportunity for the trimming of his lamp. Stir up in him such sorrow for sin and such fervent love to Thee, as may in a short time do the work of many days; that among the praises which Thy saints and holy angels shall sing to the honour of Thy mercy through eternal ages, it may be to Thy unspeakable glory, that Thou hast redeemed the soul of this Thy servant from eternal death, and made him partaker of the everlasting life, which is through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."*

During the prayer the Confederates had been posting themselves in the immediate neighbourhood, and D—— was made a prisoner. During his confinement at Libby, the words of the dying man kept ringing in his ear,—"I am dying; pray for me." His sins came up before him, but he found no peace. Subsequently arriving at Camp Distribution, and hearing of a prayer-meeting, he resolved to attend it. He was one of more than a hundred and twenty, who that evening rose to be prayed for. His anxiety was increased after hearing from his wife, who had become a Christian since he had left home, and who, in all her letters, was urging him to give his heart to Christ. He was not long in following her advice and example. Mr. Stuart bore the message of the soldier's decision to his happy wife, and still keeps,

* Written by the late Rt. Rev. Bishop Potter, of the Diocese of Pennsylvania. *Soldier's Prayer Book*, p. 10.

as a memento of solemn interest, the tattered le
of the torn Prayer Book.

Mr. Enoch K. Miller, a private of Co. 108th N. Y. Vols., who afterwards becam Chaplain in the army,* relates, in a letter dressed to the Rev. R. J. Parvin, how his was saved at this battle. We make extra from the letter, and this single relation m stand for the many others left untold :

"It was dark when they laid me under a tr surrounded by hundreds of my comrades who we wounded and dying, and as my Chaplain, the Re Thomas Grassie, bent over me and asked where m trust was placed, the Psalmist's words came involu tarily to my lips : 'Yea, though I walk through th valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, fo Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they com fort me.' A Minnie ball had pierced my breas passing through my left lung and coming out a litt under my shoulder blade. The Surgeon of our reg ment made an examination of my wound, but as I su posed that at that time the ball was in me, he on looked at my breast. He gave me a sleeping powde and throwing his rubber blanket over me, left me he supposed, to die. During the next three or fo days, without a pillow or sufficient covering, m

* Of 25th U. S. C. T.

clothes saturated with my own blood, with no proper food, attended by a faithful comrade, Sargeant John O'Connell, I lay scarcely daring to hope for life.

"About noon one day I saw in the distance the silver badge of the Christian Commission, and sending my comrade, I soon had its Delegate by my side. In that Delegate I recognised Brother Stillson.* He was an old friend, and we had been co-labourers in the Sunday-school work before the war commenced. He knew me in an instant, and without waiting to waste words, supplied me with a feather pillow,—the first I had had in a year,—a quilt, a draught of wine, some nice soft crackers, and a cup of warm tea. After offering up an earnest prayer by my side, he hastened away to secure some clean clothes. He then removed my filthy garments, and in doing that, it was found that the ball had passed through me.

"After all this had been done, I felt as though I was at home; for, my dear sir, the Delegate of the Commission acts the part of a tender, loving mother, a willing father, an affectionate sister, a sympathising brother, and a beloved pastor.

"I lay on the field until July 15th, and received everything that could enhance my comfort in such a situation. The greatest share came from the Christian Commission. For a few days I was cared for

* J. B. Stillson, Esq., of Rochester, N. Y.

by a Surgeon connected with your society. Without these comforts and necessaries I must have died, but as your agents were on the ground to care personally for just such cases as mine, and as a great Providence ordered it, I survived."

The soldier's words of gratitude to the Commission, and to the Rev. Mr. Parvin, who had written the orders for the stores which relieved him, need not be added.

Mr. Demond* relates two stories of relief work performed by Mr. John C. Chamberlain,† illustrative of the spirit animating the Delegates, and of the good which even a very slight service could effect :

He heard just at nightfall of a hospital, some miles away, that had not been visited. Though wearied with the labours of the day, he went to it at once on foot. He found the Surgeon in charge sick, the assistant overwhelmed with the care of some two hundred wounded, and no stores or comforts. He told the Doctor that there was a station of the Sanitary Commission within a mile, and asked why he had not got stores. The Doctor said he did not know how to get them. Mr. Chamberlain wrote an order on the Sanitary Commission, the Doctor signed it

* In his address at the last Anniversary of the Commission

† Student of Bangor (Me.) Theological Seminary, and brother of the gallant Gen. Chamberlain.

and the Delegate went to the station and found that the Sanitary Commission had gone away. What was to be done? It was late; he was very weary; it was nearly five miles to Gettysburg, where the station of the Christian Commission was, the road was hard, and the streams all high and swollen. But the men were suffering, and there was no one but him to help. He took the long and lonely walk, and very early the next morning the waggon of the Christian Commission was at that hospital, laden with stores and comforts for the heroic sufferers.

The same Delegate came one day upon an out-of-doors hospital, where the men were lying in the July sun, with no shelter. After looking a moment, he took a stone and stick, and arranged the blanket of a soldier so as to shield his face. Others caught the idea, and soon every one in the hospital was sheltered from the burning and torturing blaze of the sun.

The Rev. Geo. Bringhurst tells a little incident of one of these slight services:

One very dark night I met a soldier whose arms had both been shot away. He was getting to his tent, and I asked what I could do for him.

"Oh, nothing, Chaplain," said he, cheerfully; "unless you would tie my shoes for me. They have been bothering me a good deal."

I thought, as I stooped down, of the latchet which

the Forerunner was not worthy to loose, and the little deed became a joy.

A Delegate passing around among the wounded, giving sympathy and aid, came to an officer from South Carolina. Said he—

"Colonel, can I do anything for you?"

"No," was the reply, with stubborn defiance.

He passed on. By-and-bye he came round again, made a similar inquiry, and was again refused. Yet he came again the third time. The air had become offensive from heat and wounds; he was putting cologne on the handkerchiefs of one and another as he passed:

"Colonel, let me put some of this on your handkerchief."

The wounded and suffering man burst into tears, and said, "I have no handkerchief."

"Well, you shall have one," and wetting his own with cologne, he gave it to him. The Colonel was now ready to talk:

"I can't understand you Yankees; you fight us like devils, and then you treat us like angels. I am sorry I entered this war."

Mr. John Patterson tells the following rather amusing little colloquy between some soldiers, Union and Confederate, and himself:

Quite a number of us had been busy aiding the

Surgeons, who had attended to about two hundred cases of amputation during the day. When the men were washed and dressed, at supper they began bragging about our good butter.

"Let us see, boys," said I, "which of you can make the best wish for the old lady who made the butter."

"An' shure," replied an Irishman, "may iv'ry hair of her hid be a wax candle to loight her into glory,"—a kind of beatified Gorgon, one would say. Then came another Irishman's wish:

"May she be in hivin two wakes before the divil knows she's did."

The third and last was from a son of the Emerald Isle likewise; it was addressed to myself:

"An' troth, sir, I hope God 'll take a loikin' to yursilf."

Chaplain Norman Fox, of the 77th N. Y. Regiment, sent to the New York *Examiner* a story of the evening after the battle of Rappahannock Station:

I found a young man of the 10th Massachusetts Regiment, with his leg crushed and mangled by a piece of shell. The shock had been so severe that amputation was useless, and he was sinking rapidly. I inquired concerning his religious history. It was the old story—a bright hope, active church membership, army life and irregularities, and the abandonment of his profession. "And now," said he, "if

there can be forgiveness for such a wanderer, pray for me."

I confess I felt more backwardness than was right. There stood a circle of rough soldiers surveying the solemn scene with mere morbid curiosity. There stood another group, more educated and refined—a knot of surgeons, some of whom, I knew, had no belief in God or eternity, and considered my interview with the dying man, as at best, but amiable uselessness. But there lay the sinking sufferer, and I wore the uniform of a minister of Christ. Bending over the table where he lay, I asked the Good Shepherd to pardon the returning wanderer. Murmured responses throughout the prayer disclosed his own earnestness in the petition; the smothered hope revived again; and faint at first, but growing brighter and brighter, there finally beamed on him the full radiance of that faith which supports in the stern hour.

Meanwhile, there stood by the table a noble-looking soldier, a little older than the dying man, moistening the lips of the latter, and affectionately smoothing his hair, but so perfectly calm and collected, that I supposed he was only a hospital attendant. A casual remark started my suspicion, and I asked him—

"Is this a friend of yours?"

"It is my younger brother."

Stooping over him, the brother said, "S——, what shall I tell mother for you?"

"Tell her I died for my country," was the prompt, cheery reply.

"Give me a kiss for her," said the other; and the bronzed face bowed down to the pale lips as tenderly as if they had been an infant's. More than one turned to hide his tears; the brothers seemed least moved of all.

The dying boy sank rapidly, but all clouds vanished, and faith grew bright and strong. I repeated, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "The Lord is my Shepherd," "In My Father's house are many mansions," the beautiful hymn—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"

and those lines, especially dear when the couch of dissolution was a rough board table, in a dark, cold tent, with only a knapsack to rest the head upon—

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

He tried to repeat, "Jesus, lover of my soul;" I finished it for him. This seemed to strengthen him even more than the others. But his voice was already beginning to fail. Said he—

"There's—a—silver—pencil—in—pocket."

It was with the deepest sorrow we saw that he could not speak friendship's last message. There was but one Friend of whom he could speak now. We watched him silently, while he lay for some minutes

motionless; I thought all was over; but rousing suddenly, he said—

"'Jesus, lover of my soul;'—oh, repeat that again!"

My voice choked up so that I could hardly speak. I know not if he heard me, for before I reached the last verse, "the storm of life" was over, "the haven" was reached, and "the billows" had died away in the eternal peace.

The Rev. E. F. Williams, writing from Brandy Station in February, says:

A sutler told me to-day that a member of his regiment, who could not read, but had recently been converted at one of the soldier's chapels, was so anxious to hear the Saviour's words, that day after day, he had hired his comrades to read to him; and only yesterday had given a swearing acquaintance ten cents—all the money he had—to read to him the fifth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. He would ask for the reading of passages which he had heard in the meetings, and was continually on the alert to discover the names and numbers of chapters which had impressed any of his comrades, or of which he in some way had incidentally heard.

A German was converted here, who seemed utterly surprised at the goodness of God to him. He was overheard one day praying, "O Lord Jesus, I didn't know You were so good." And yet, happy

as he was, he was anxious for more of Christ's presence, and kept praying that God would add as much to his present joy as He had given at his conversion.

In the Second Division of the First Corps, on Sperryville Pike, a station manned by two Delegates was established. The usual scenes at other stations were witnessed here. The Rev. Mr. Williams writes of the circumstances attending the conversion of a soldier named Charles Rockwell, at this place :

Born in the State of New York of pious parents, he spent his early boyhood in Connecticut in every kind of wickedness. At one time his parents thought him converted, and forced him to join the Church contrary to his will. But his vows were never kept. A most injudicious and sinful prayer for his "damnation," by an officer of the Church, on an occasion when he had been disturbing a meeting, had thoroughly hardened him. Ever afterwards he supposed himself condemned to hell, and met every effort for his reformation with the unwavering statement of his doom.

During a long, perilous whaling voyage he had a very narrow escape from immediate death, but the warning was without any effect upon him whatever. Some homely remarks of another officer of the Church with whom he had been connected, set him thinking seriously; soon after he married a

gentle, loving Christian woman, and settled Pennsylvania. His wife would go away alone d after day to read the Bible and pray; her husba followed her once to listen; she was praying him. He was deeply affected, and with difficu avoided discovering himself.

When she came into the other room again, asked why she had gone away by herself. S hesitated, in some confusion about answering, wh her husband said—

"Well, never mind; I know; I followed you ι stairs to-day. If you want to pray, you may it down here before me, and not go up there ir the cold."

Ever afterwards the wife maintained fam prayers, but the husband continued intemperate a profane.

When the war broke out he enlisted as a cavalı man. He was soon made Orderly Sergeant for l skill and capacity, but was reduced to the ran again for his crimes. It was his ambition to dri: more whisky and play a better game of cards th: any other man in the regiment—the 17th Penna.

In January a Delegate was sent from Culpepp to preach to the regiment. The sermon—on sm: sins—was a feeble one, Charley thought, and on fit to ridicule. Later in the day he heard anoth sermon in a neighbouring regiment, which had tl effect of driving home to his conscience the wor

of the morning's discourse. He went to his tent with little peace. Some days before, two pious soldiers, hungry for a prayer-meeting, had begun one in their own tents.* It had grown until some twenty men attended it. To escape the thought of the sermon, Rockwell wandered round after excitement. Hearing singing, he stumbled upon the little Christian company, and before the meeting closed rose for prayers. It was not God's time yet, however. Regretting what he had done, he became drunk, and remained so several days. Coming to himself, he recalled a scene at home during his last furlough. He had been urging his wife to go to a ball. Putting her arms around him, with tears pouring down, she said—

"Charley, I'm trying to live as a Christian. I wish you were one. But I can't be a Christian and a ball-dancer too."

In great agony of mind he sought the prayer-meeting again. The struggle was a fearful one, but at last God's peace came. Describing the close of the strife, he afterwards said—

"I had been praying all night until about two

* The regiment had no Chaplain, and this little soldiers' meeting grew so large that the Colonel gave them a tent which held about thirty. As many more used to crowd about the entrance, until the men petitioned for a Christian Commission "fly." This was given them, as well as occasional help from Delegates working at the nearest station.

o'clock, when I began to feel strange. I kindle fire, not sure whether I was alive or dead. T I lay down, slept soundly and woke early. F of all I prayed, and then went out to attend to horse—usually a vicious animal. This morning was kind and gentle. I put my arms about neck and said, "Well, old horse, have you religion too?"

At roll-call in the evening, Charley step forward from the ranks, and asked leave to sa few words. Judge of his comrades' surprise w they heard his simple, brave speech:

"Comrades, you know how wicked I have bee what a life I have led in this regiment. W God's help, this day Charley Rockwell turns o a new leaf, and begins to live as a Christian. wants your forgiveness for the wrongs he has do and asks you to join him in trying to serve Christ.

Ever afterwards he was an earnest Christi cheerfully giving up his wicked companions, a restoring, as far as it was in his power, his gambli gains. He used to tell me sadly of his past life.

"I fully expected," he once said, "to go to he I meant to go there. I used to think I would Satan to make me his prime minister—and th what fun I would have in raking up the coa and heaping them on the heads of old religio hypocrites!"

His faith in the power of God's grace was boun

less. Becoming anxious to study for the ministry, he was furnished with books which he diligently conned. But *the* book of delight to him was the Bible; every spare moment was spent in its perusal. He continued steadfast as long as I knew him,—until the Wilderness campaign began.

One of the most interesting cases of conversion met with was that of a German named Bolick, of 17th Penna. Cavalry. Seven years before, he thought that he was a Christian, but although the son of pious parents, he took no definite stand. So he got into the dark, and soon gave up his hope, becoming, as he himself said, "a drunkard, a gambler, and as bad as a man could get." He came to a chapel meeting one evening, but made up his mind that it was no place for him:

"I concluded that I must get out of that, or else come back to Christ."

For several evenings he stayed in his tent gambling. One day a petition of the soldiers for a Chaplain was handed him for his signature. He was gambling at the time, but signed his name, and then began to think upon the incongruity of a *gambler's* petition for a Chaplain. He was troubled, and determined to go to meeting, but for some time was kept back by his companions. At last he came, and for two successive evenings asked us to pray for him, in terms which convinced all that he was in earnest.

On the third evening he told us in broken English th he had found the Saviour, and must forsake his o habits. His comrades hearing of it abused him, b he stood firm, and asked our prayers for them. Whi I was with the regiment he stood well, and w always ready to take up his cross and follow Christ

A soldier from the Anderson Troop (15th Penn Cav.) was brought late one afternoon to the Gener Hospital outside of this place. It was his fir experience of this kind; more desolate by far to hi than any picture of ours can make it. He w taken, weak and desponding, from among comrad who enlisted with him in Philadelphia, into th company of strangers. As the nurse, who ha lifted him from the ambulance and has laid him o his cot, is helping him to undress, the cavalryma asks, with a hesitating voice—

"Nurse, do you ever read in the wards?"

The nurse replied in the affirmative.

"Well, nurse, I wish you would read a bit for me this evening."

"What shall I read?"

The soldier asks him to take a Bible from his knapsack: "Find that chapter about 'coming to the waters.'"

The nurse was a Christian, and turned readily to the 55th Chapter of Isaiah, reading through the first verse: "Ho, every one that thirsteth,—come

ye to the waters, and he that hath no money,—come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk—without money and without price."

"That's it," says the sick man; "that's it—'come to the waters.'"

As the nurse was continuing to read through the chapter, the cavalryman stopped him, and said—

"Read that verse again, nurse:—'Ho, every one that thirsteth.'"

He read it again, and then again at the man's earnest request.

"Now, that'll do, nurse; do you ever pray?"

"Yes, I can pray."

"Will you offer a little prayer for me?"

The nurse knelt by his cot, and offered the request which the soldier dictated. The next morning he asked again for the reading of Scripture; the nurse asked what he should read:

"I want to hear again about that 'coming to the waters.'"

He read it to him twice that morning, and twice in the evening, and prayed with him. The next morning he read it again.

"I must pray for myself, nurse," the cavalryman said; and he asked to be placed in the attitude of prayer on his cot; he would not be denied the privilege. They placed him on his knees with his hand on the head of his iron cot. He began praying for himself in the words of the petition of our Lord;

—and so the Messenger found him, and tak up home, "showed" him "a pure river of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the of God and of the Lamb."

A week or two before I had met in Lou relative of this cavalryman, who was vainl to get through the lines to minister to him. the soldier's address, and very soon after vis Murfreesboro' Hospital. The nurse rela affecting story, which was at once comm to the soldier's mother in Philadelphia. Sh never have learned in any other way, most p how her boy died. Certainly in the last gr there will be many surprises to mothers and and friends, from the unveiling of histories no human ears; which He only noted, wh bring into judgment every secret thing."

After a preaching service in the crowde tent, those desiring instruction upon the s religion were asked to remain. Among son who accepted this invitation, I noticed a yo apparently fifteen years of age, who remained self in a corner of the tent. I went to him and asked why he had stayed:

"Because you told me to."

"Then you want to be a Christian?"

"Yes, sir, I do that."

"What is your name?"

"Tom Brown, sir."

"You are a New York soldier?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever go to Sabbath-school?"

"Yes, always."

"Have you a mother?"

"She was a Christian; she has gone to heaven a long time ago."

"Well, why are you not a Christian, Tom?"

"That's what's the matter; that's just what I stopped for,—to find out how to become one."

"Well, don't you know how? What did Paul say to the jailer, when he wanted to know what to do to be saved?"

"I have heard that a great many times, but somehow I don't do it, and I don't know how to do it."

I explained to him then, as well as I could, the nature of faith,—what it is to give oneself to Christ and leave all with Him, and accept of Him as the Saviour. But Tom seemed to get no relief. I then tried a new form of illustration:

"Who is your commanding officer, Tom?"

"Lieutenant ——."

"Suppose, the Lieutenant should send to-night for you to report to him; what would you do?"

"I'd report, sir."

"Right off?"

"Certainly, sir; I obey orders."

"When you came to his quarters, what would you say?"

"I'd give him the salute, and say, 'Lieutenant what's the orders?"

"And when you got the orders—?"

"Then I would do 'em, sir."

"Well, now, Tom, the Lord Jesus has sent me t you to-night, and orders you to report to Him a once."

"I'll do it; I'll do it, sir," and the little fellov looked round for his hat, as if he were going.

"Wait, Tom," said I, "till I have told you al The Lord Jesus is here, listening to you and me knows your words and your thoughts, and all yo mean to do. Now, if you get His orders, will you d them?"

"Yes, sir, right away."

I asked him of his companions. He told me of a irreligious bunk-mate:

"Tom, if you are going to be a Christian, don you think Jesus will want you to talk and pray wit that bunk-mate to night?"

"Yes, if a fellow's going to serve Jesus, he mu take hold of it."

"Well, exactly what Jesus wants you to do,— that's the order. And don't you think, too, that H wants you to write your sister in the morning, a tell her how you feel and what you are going do?"

"Certainly."

"Well, that's the order, Tom; and so you'll fi

it all along in life; just what Jesus wants you to do, —that's the order. Now, are you ready for duty?"

"Yes, all ready."

"To take all the orders He'll give you as long as you live?"

"Yes."

"Well, Tom, let us kneel down here and 'report' to Jesus."

We knelt; I prayed for him and he prayed for himself, keeping up the figure with which he had been led to the Saviour:

"Here I am, Jesus; I report for duty. All You order me to-night and to-morrow, and as long as I live, I am going to do—" and with this prayer he went away. As he was passing out at the chapel-door, Brother Blake, not knowing what had transpired, stopped him and asked if he was not going to be a Christian.

"Yes," said Tom; "I'm under orders."

The next morning he came to our quarters, his face lit up with the joy of newly-found peace and hope. During the few days in which he remained at the hospital, his testimony for Christ was beautifully clear.

A soldier rose one evening and told his story:

"My friends, I left home an infidel, but I left a praying wife. A week ago I received a letter from her, in which she expressed anxiety for the welfare of

my soul, and desired to know if I still held to my old views. I wrote an answer, and in bitter words defended my old position. As I was about to seal the letter, it seemed to me I could not send it. I wrote another, softened down considerably from the first; but when that was done, I could not send *it*. I began another, but such was the power of the Spirit upon my heart, that I fell upon my knees, and begged for forgiveness before God. I could not finish the letter until I could say to my dear wife that Christ had forgiven my sins. I have been permitted to write to her that I am to-night rejoicing in *her* Saviour. I feel that I am now prepared for the battle-field, and, if I am ever permitted to return home, I trust I shall go back prepared for that also—a better man than when I came into the army."

Another comes to tell of the preserving care:

"Oh, yes! I tink it not right, when I my God not tank. He cares for me; the bullets go through my clothes, and hurt me no. I must mend my sleeve and my blouse in the side and in the front. Oh, yes I must love my God, and keep fast to the Christian And my heart pull me so heavy sometimes, when priest say we shall get up in der meeting and say someting, and I no can speak goot English."

"You can say you love Jesus."

"Oh, yes, I have say dat, and keep say dat all de time."

The Rev. P. B. Thayer* writes in October of his ministrations to Confederate wounded, who were brought to Martinsburg in the same waggons with our own men :

As we have ministered to their wants and addressed words of kindness to them, tears have started from eyes unaccustomed to weeping. They fairly overwhelm us with their thankful expressions. "This is what I call living Christianity," one would say, "This is the religion for me," another would add.

"I can't stand this," said a rough, hard-looking fellow, badly wounded in the foot, but able to hobble along on crutches,—"I can't stand this, boys; it overcomes me. I give in," and as he came towards us his whole frame shook with emotion, and the big tears fell from his sunburnt face,—tears which he awkwardly and vainly tried to hide from his comrades and us.

"You know," he continued, "I am no coward; I can face the enemy and not wink; but this kindness kills me; it breaks me all to pieces. I tell you, boys, this is no humbug. It's a big thing. It's the Gospel for body and soul,—just what we all need."

And so he went on in the truest eloquence for some minutes, closing with the ever-recurring soldier's benediction, "God bless you!"

* Pastor of Congregational Church, Garland, Me.

Every night from three to fifteen men came forward for prayers. Our chapel tent was filled at every meeting until the camp broke up. One night I remember we had a tremendous thunder-storm. My impression was that it would be useless to hold a service. I wrapped myself up to keep out of the drenching rain, and stepped over to the chapel. It was *two-thirds full.* The rain was dripping through the canvas. The water chased itself across the ground like a mill-race; and the men had to keep their feet out of it as best they could. The candles spluttered and died out as fast as they were lit; and excepting one or two which we managed to keep burning at the desk, we were in utter darkness. Yet we not only had the regular service, but a prayer-meeting afterwards also, and two new recruits for Christ came forward to ask our special petitions.

The men told many precious incidents of the Christian intercourse they had had during the long march. Once after a skirmish, a soldier told me, they held one of their usual night prayer-meetings. The wounded were being brought in and cared for as the soldiers were singing a hymn. A poor young lad, fatally wounded, was among the number. As they came up, they said to him—

"You are pretty badly wounded, ain't you?"

"Yes," said he; "almost gone; but didn't I hear some singing?"

"Yes; we had a little prayer-meeting."

"'Tain't any use carrying me to the hospital; if you'll just carry me up to the tent, near the prayer-meeting, that'll do. I would like to die up there."

The soldiers carried him tenderly to the place; he lay there listening to the singing and the prayers until he died.

Across the river from Provisional Camp was encamped the Fourteenth Corps. After the grand review we established ourselves among them. We had many cases of interest. I remember one rather remarkable incident of a soldier named John H. Shay, Co. F., 104th Illinois Regt. He had saved up five hundred dollars from his army pay, which he proposed using to have himself educated for a missionary after his discharge. His story awakened a deep interest in our meeting one evening, as he told it—omitting reference to the money he had saved—in a peculiarly simple and artless way. He spoke so gently of his having no earthly home; and then, with faith and trust shining out of his eyes, he said he had One Friend who, he knew, would never forsake him or go away from him. His parents had been Roman Catholics.

Lieutenant Wood, of a Maine regiment in the Army of the Potomac, was on his way to the grand review. He had gone through the war without a wound, and even without hospital experience. At the last camp-halt that his division made before reaching

Washington, as he stood in his tent-door, he was mortally wounded by the accidental discharge of a gun. He was brought into Campbell Hospital. When I found him he was apparently peaceful in the immediate prospect of death. He had enlisted as a Christian, but while he had kept an unsullied reputation for uprightness and integrity, he had not been distinctly known in the regiment as a Christian; and this was now his bitter grief. He wanted to live to see his family again,—but more, far more, he said, to recover lost opportunities. He sent for his fellow-officers, told them his mistake, and asked their forgiveness; while he trusted in the Saviour for his own forgiveness.

"I die as a Christian," he said to me, "and I die contented; but, oh, if I could have died as a Christian worker!"

"I am peaceful and assured in view of death," he said again, "but I am not joyful and glad; those three lost years keep coming back upon me;" then lying a moment quiet with closed eyes, he added, "Chaplain, do you suppose we shall be able to forget anything in heaven? *I would like to forget those three years.*"

We had a daily prayer-meeting at our rooms in Murfreesboro'. A Scotchman who had been a miner in the "old country," told me his experience of them:

"They did me a wonderfu' sicht o' guid. I was a wicked mon when I cam to th' army; I car't for naething, and ance I was to be shot for sleepin' at my post, after I'd been drinkin'. I had a bairn at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum in Columbus, Ohio. He writ me when I was in prison, and tell't me of some who had foun' a freen' in Jesus. I couldna help thinkin' o't; but then there was the hate for the officers, and as lang as I kept hold o' that, I couldna find Him; I couldna read a chaipter, nor pray. Syne I cam to th' meetin's, and then I let the spite all go. Whiles I had to stand guard, I chang't wi' some one else, at the meetin' times."

As the humbled man talked, the warm tears rained down his bronzed cheeks.

As I went down the steps after a preaching service in the Zollicoffer Barracks at Nashville, I was passing out between the two guards.

"Let the Christian Commission man pass," said one, and there was a tremor in his voice, as he added—

"*Wherever you find that, you find home.*"

I found at the same hospital a Massachusetts soldier, once a Sabbath scholar, who was in the last stages of disease. He held in his pale, thin fingers a letter, written apparently by an aged and trembling hand. I read the address,—"My dear son." It looked worn, as if it had been read many times. Evidently he had just been over it again, and as he

lay back on his knapsack pillow there was something inexpressibly solemn and sad in his countenance added to this, the death shadow was evidently stealing upon him. I passed my hand softly over his forehead, parting back the hair from as noble a brow as I have ever seen. He looked at me, and his eyes filled with tears,—a rare occurrence when life is just ebbing. It was a stranger's hand, but laid on his in kindness; perhaps it reminded him of a mother's gentle stroke.

I said in a low voice, after other conversation—

"You are almost through this world."

"Am I?" said he.

"Yes, and I hope you are ready for the next."

"No, I am not,—not ready, not ready!"

"Well, my dear friend, Jesus is all ready, and waiting right here. Come *now*. Shall I pray?"

"Oh no, no; it is too late, too late! I ought to have come long ago."

And then he told me, as calmly as he could, of the time when he was "almost a Christian," and decided to let it pass till another winter.

"That was the time,—I might have come then; why didn't I? why didn't I?" and pulling the blanket over his face, he sobbed aloud.

I tried to show him Jesus, waiting *now* to save him; but he cried out—

"Don't talk to me any more—it's too late; I can't bear it!" and he motioned me away.

The next morning, bed No. 8 was empty, and in : military mail-bag was a letter, full of sorrow, on way to a Christian home in Massachusetts. The l father was expecting an answer to his last letter. ıis was it. Oh, how that voice, between those ɔs from under that soldier's blanket, falls upon my rs, and rings through my soul to this day!

"Too late,—too late! Why didn't I? why didn't ı"

As I lifted the blanket from his face, and took for ıt father the last look at that manly form on the etcher, laid out for burial, I said to myself—

"I will tell all my young friends, it is not enough belong to the Sunday-school; you must belong to ıus."

The following story of the way by which a dier came to Jesus, is from the same pen, and ınects itself with the narrative of the winter the Rappahannock:

ʌ recruiting officer in a country town in Massachu-ts in 1861, learned that a young man, a farmer's ., was ready to enlist. He was about eighteen .rs of age, of frank, openhearted and generous ıd, but, under the teaching and example of his ıer, profane and wicked. None in the village ıool which he attended could equal him in cursing. had no taste for a soldier's life, but his sense of

duty led him to say, that some one in his father family should go to war, and he being the only or who could go, must go. However, when the recrui ing officer came to the door, he told him he was n ready to enlist yet,—to come again in a few da Ye The officer came several times and was put off, mu to his annoyance and to the astonishment of t friends of the young man, whose apparent vacillati was entirely opposed to all their former estimate his downright, straightforward character.

But his conduct had its explanation. The boy ha a praying sister; from whom, in the midst of all his waywardness, he had been receiving unconscious impressions concerning a better life. He afterwards confessed, in giving his religious experience, that he felt that he could not enlist until he became a Christian,—on the ground that he was not ready to die, and he would not put himself into peril from which he was sure to run, until he was ready. In his own words, "I am not a coward, but I can't go to hell, and so I know I should run in battle." From this low idea of a Christian life he started.

Not liking to borrow his sister's Bible, he walked four miles to a neighbouring town after night, and purchased one for himself. He began to read with this purpose only,—to get ready to enlist by getting ready to die.

"I began to read the Bible," said he, "as I would any other book, at the beginning. It was a very

interesting story about the Creation and Abraham and Moses and the rest; but somehow it didn't help me to get ready to enlist. I came in due time in my reading to the 20th chapter of Exodus. I thought, 'Now, I have it sure. I've got to keep these Commandments, then I can go to war.' I gave two days to learn them perfectly; then came the keeping of them. There was only one of the ten of whose violation I was very conscious. I knew what it was to take God's name in vain,—that was the sin which I was to overcome. But the more I tried, the more I swore. I never swore so hard in my life as in that week in which I was trying to keep the third Commandment. I tried and tried again. Every morning I said to myself, 'I will not swear to-day,' but I never got to breakfast without it. My great trouble was a vicious, brindled cow, who always kicked when she was milked, and put her foot into the pail,—and then I kicked and cust *her*, and somehow, I *had* to do it.

"It was getting serious. I had told the officer that I would be ready for him the next week without fail,—and I could not fool with him any more. Then I thought, 'I will enlist now, and the first night in camp I will begin a Christian life, and pray before my comrades.' This decision reached, I was feeling quite assured; and if the officer had come that day I should have enlisted. Then it occurred to me that I had better try the praying business in somebody's presence before going into camp. My father's hired

man used to go through my room to enter hi
In the evening, just as I had dropped upon mj
to try praying, the Irishman opened the dc
jumped up ashamed, as if I had been caught st
Then I thought to myself, 'Scared out of
senses by an Irishman! a pretty mess you'd
praying in camp!' So my troubles were o
creased; I was swearing every day; the rec
officer was coming, something must be dc
must pray somehow, Irishman or no Irishm
rose in the night and knelt by my bedside; pe
tion started from my hands and face; I clutch
bed-clothes and could only articulate, 'Lord, l
help.' As I lay down that night there was a s
feeling of relief, as if something had really been
In the morning I felt strong for my struggl
'Old Brindle.' Getting up early, I prayed
asking God to help me milk that cow without s
ing. When I sat down my pail, I put bot
between my teeth, and said to myself, 'No
feller, if you've any cussin' to do, you've got tc
all inside.' The cow kicked the pail as usual,
didn't swear that morning; and the next mor
was not so hard, and lately 'Old Brindle' has
quite gentle.

"From that time I learned to tell God a
troubles, and to ask for help. I began to fi
that there were a good many things besides sw
for me to learn not to do. When the office

came I put down my name. Now I am ready to face anything—Rebels, or death; I know I shall never run."

This was the story of a soul struggling into light, told to his pastor in what was probably the first serious religious conversation he ever held with any one. Afterwards, when he came to unite with the Church, and told his experience before the committee, the pastor said—

"You have given us a very remarkable experience, but I have noticed that in it all, you have not once mentioned the name of Jesus. You say you hope your sins are forgiven,—how do you know God can forgive sins?"

"I don't know," was his answer, "but I have heard if a fellow wants to do right, and is sorry he has done wrong, and tells God so, God will forgive him anyhow. I believe God has forgiven me; but I don't know how He did it."

"But, haven't you heard about Jesus?"

"Yes, I've heard of Him; but to tell you the truth I haven't got to Him yet in my Bible. I've only got as far as the Psalms. I was thinking the other day I must begin at the other end, and read a little about Jesus."

He united with the Church, and the next day went into camp.

His regiment joined the Army of the Potomac, and spent the winter of 1862-3 on the Rappahannock.

It was there visited by the pastor of the Chu
which the young man had enrolled himself
leaving home. On entering the camp, and inq
for the soldier, a comrade said, "He mea
happy boy." "He is looking for the wh
Christian," said another.

"Yes," said the pastor, "he is all that."

And so he was found to be, in his little sl
tent, on fatigue duty, on drill, in daily cam
singing, whistling, praying,—Christian and
through it all.

After Chancellorsville, in the summer of
while his regiment was following up Lee th
Maryland, weakened by chronic illness, he fell b
but would not go to the hospital, though so o
by the surgeon. Every day he made his
living on the rations which the army scattered
path, dragging his musket after him when h
too weak to carry it, and inquiring eagerly of
one he met, how soon there would be a fight.
prospect of a battle grew imminent his str
seemed to revive, and pressing forward he ac
overtook his comrades and fell into line, as the
coming into position at Gettysburg. That d
fought bravely enough and long enough to cl
hero's share in the great victory, but befor
evening came a Minnie ball struck his right leg
was treated with amputation and re-amputation
suffered long in hospital, lingering close dow

death's door. From thence he wrote to his mother that he was never happier in his life,—and to his father, who had steadily opposed his going to war, "I am not sorry for anything, unless it is for the poor sneaks who stay at home and wait for the 'draft.'"

He survived, and is making an honest living on his wooden leg,—a most consistent, devoted Christian. When asked one day how he was cured of the bad habit of swearing, he replied—

"By the grace of God, and the help of 'Old Brindle.'"

Perhaps no incident of the war became so widely known and excited such deep sympathy as the story of the Humiston children. The main facts of the narrative are these:

Dr. J. Francis Bourns, of Philadelphia, was crossing the mountains on his way to Gettysburg, as a volunteer Surgeon and Delegate of the Commission. An accident to his vehicle forced him, with three fellow-travellers on the same errand, to halt at Graefenberg Springs. Mr. Schriver, the proprietor, exhibited to them a beautiful ferrotype of three lovely children, which had been found clasped in the hands of a soldier dead on the battle-field. The picture was so held that it must have met his dying gaze. No other memoranda, relics, or even equipments were found on the body, so that identification was impossible. Dr. Bourns obtained the ferrotype, with the

intention, when his Delegate work was over, of using it to discover the little fatherless ones. He persevered until all the obstacles in the way of obtaining a saleable picture were overcome by some Philadelphia artists; and then furnished to the press all he knew of the story, simultaneously with the publication of the photograph, since so well known. Week after week passed; still the mystery of the dead soldier was unsolved; inquiries poured in, but there was no identification. Dr. Bourns began to despair. A copy of the *American Presbyterian*, containing a description of the picture, found its way to a little town on the Alleghany river, in Western New York. The affecting tale was rehearsed through the village for several days, exciting the warmest sympathy. A lady carried the paper to a friend who had not heard from her husband since the battle. The narrative recalled, with dread accuracy, a picture which the wife had sent her husband just before Gettysburg. The fact was communicated to Dr. Bourns, who sent a copy of the picture in reply. It was the first news that she had that her children were fatherless, and she a widow. The name of the unknown soldier was thus found to be Amos Humiston, Sergeant, 154th N.Y.S. Vols., of Portville, N.Y. The sale of copies of the picture was afterwards made the means of great good.*

* Dr. Bourns informs us (March 1868), that "the founding of the 'National Orphan Homestead' at Gettysburg, is the sequel to the story of the Humiston children. About seventy soldiers'

During the interesting revival meetings, held at Acquia Creek, in an unfinished hospital building a Michigan soldier stood up one evening to give his experience. He had enlisted a year before, leaving Katy, his wife, and a little babe of one year in her arms. Katy had written him regularly and often. She was a Christian, and never failed to ask him the great question, when he too would be a Christian. He had replied to her letters as often as he could, but never said anything about becoming a follower of Jesus.

"Two nights ago," said he, "I got this letter. It has made me a Christian, and I want to read it to you."

He read it as best he could, stopping now and then to wipe his eyes and choke back his sobs. The letter announced most tenderly and Christianly the death of "Little Henry," told the mother's sorrow and hope, and closed saying—

"Now, Henry,"—that was the father's name, too,—"I believe I shall not live long, and I expect when I die to go straight to our dear little boy, and he will ask me the first thing, 'Where's papa?' Say, Henry,

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orphans have been received into the institution, and there are many more fatherless little ones who are awaiting its enlargement of accommodations." The Humiston children are living at the "Homestead" with their mother, who is an under-matron. The morning after the children came to the institution, it was found that they had gone out quietly and decked their father's grave with beautiful flowers.

what shall I tell him? Won't you go with me to s
our boy again, that we may have our home togetl
in heaven?"

"When I got that letter," continued the soldi
"I could not speak. I read it twice, and put it
my knapsack, and laid down to sleep. But someh
I couldn't sleep. I kept thinking all the time wl
my little boy would say,—'Where's papa, wher
papa?' I got up, stirred the fire, read the let
and then lay down: but I could not sleep yet.
seemed as if I must see my boy once more.
knelt on my blanket and prayed this prayer,—
Lord, take me to heaven to see Henry; do let
see Henry once more.' I lay down again, I
couldn't sleep. Then I prayed once more, and wh
I was praying, all at once it came over me, Supp
I should go to heaven, Henry wouldn't want to
me. He is an angel now, and I am a poor, drinki
swearing, miserable man. He would not know
father, and if he did he could not love him. The
began to pray that Jesus would forgive all my s
and make me fit to go to heaven. Somehow whil
was praying I began to believe and to hope. I l
down on my blanket and dreamed of dying, and
seeing my boy and Katy and my Saviour; and th
the way I became a Christian. It was Katy's let
that did it."

Towards the close of April, the Rev. M

Smith held a Sabbath service in the General Hospital just outside of Murfreesboro'. He writes of it:

After service, one of the nurses asked me to go down to Ward E. A sick man wanted a Chaplain. Dutton* and I went. We found him—an East Tennesseean, prostrate with fever, a tall, athletic man, of middle age, evidently wholly unused to sickness. I approached him cautiously, saying to myself, this is one of those cases of religion sought, not so much because the man wishes for it, as because he feels that he must have it. He would not have God when he was well, and wants me to make it up for him in this last sickness. So I began a long way off:

"I am sorry to see you in this trouble."

He interrupted me—

"I'm sick, parson, but I'm not troubled; did the nurse tell you I was in trouble?"

His cheerful tone and sweet smile showed me my mistake; that was a Christian's voice; and I became as much interested to test his faith as I had been before distrustful of his sincerity.

"You are very sick?"

"Yes, and a heap of men are dying in this hospital, but I am not troubled; it's all right, parson."

*Albert I. Dutton, Student of Andover Theological Seminary, Mass.

"You have a wife?"

"Yes."

"Children?"

"Six."

"Do they know at home how you are?"

"No, sir," said he, for the first time showing emotion, "and I don't know how they are, but I ain't troubled about 'em. You see, parson, when the Rebels run me off, my wife fed me in the bushes. One night she came to tell me the Rebels were getting hot after me, and I must go directly. We knelt down by a gum-tree, and prayed together. She gave me to God, and I gave her and the children to God; and then made for the Union lines and enlisted. I haven't heard from them since; that was eight months ago. But I am not troubled about 'em. It's all right, parson—all right."

"Why did you send for me?" I asked.

"I wanted somebody to pray for me."

"What shall I pray for? You don't seem to want anything."

"Why, parson, can't a man pray without he's in trouble? My mind is mighty weak and scattered like, and I wanted somebody to come and help me thank God. You can pray for anything else you reckon I want, but thank Him first."

We knelt on the ground by the cot, and with tears and difficult utterance prayed with thanksgiving; the prostrate soldier occasionally breaking in—

"Yes, Lord; yes, thank God."

Two weeks later, the Rev. Mr. Smith made use of this wonderful instance of Divine help for a Christian disciple. He writes:

I had been preaching in the fortifications to Capt. Bridge's Battery, taking for my subject, "Our safety in God's care," as illustrated by Peter's deliverance from prison. As I walked out of camp, a batteryman joined me for a talk:

"That was a funny doctrine you preached this morning, Chaplain."

"It is a blessed doctrine," I replied, "and nobody ought to know it better than a soldier."

"I mean to say that it's a strange doctrine, and I don't see how it can be true. Don't you think a forty-pounder, striking a fellow fair, would kill him, whether he was religious or not?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Do you think if a Christian goes out on a skirmish line, a Rebel sharpshooter can't hit him?"

"No," said I; "I think the Christian would be rather more likely to be hit than a man who was not a Christian."

"Don't the Christians take sick and go to hospital, and don't the 'chronic'* carry 'em off just like anybody else?"

* This was one of the soldiers' names for chronic diarrhœa; not unfrequently it was called "the chronicle."

"Very often."

"Just so," he replied; "I said to myself, while you were going on about being always just as safe as Peter was, 'I'll make the Chaplain take part of that back.'"

"But," I replied, "my doctrine is that a Minnie ball would not *hurt*, not that it would not *hit*.

"Well, now, Chaplain, I've had a little experience of Minnie balls, and I know they hurt."

"Are you a Christian?"

"I wish I was, but I have to confess I am not."

"Suppose you were a Christian, ready to die; what would that forty-pounder do for you?"

"It would take me straight to heaven."

"Would that hurt you?"

"Not much."

"Neither would the Minnie balls nor the fever. Now, have you 'made the Chaplain take back' his sermon?"

"Well, but, Chaplain, suppose he should be taken sick, and go to the hospital, and not die after all?"

Then I told him of my East Tennesseean, who was "all right," and only wanted help to "thank God:" and I asked whether the fever was hurting him. Before I had finished my story, the batteryman was in tears. Grasping my hand at his good-bye, he said—

"You are right, Chaplain; a man that is a real Christian can't be hurt; the religion in his soul makes the very best kind of a breastwork."

CHAPTER VI.

Piety and Patriotism.

The following incidents illustrate either the deep religious feeling or the noble patriotism of the American soldiers, and, in many cases, the combination of both. Mr. Stuart writes—

I found 550 patients, suffering from every variety of wounds and injuries. As I passed one cot, my eye was caught by a happy and contented face. I stopped and spoke to the soldier:

"You seem happy, my friend. I trust it is because your faith in Christ is firm."

"Yes," he answered, "I took Him with me to the army."

"I trust you are not much hurt?" I continued, deceived by his pleasant face. He rolled down the coverlet, and showed me that both legs were gone:

"You have made a noble contribution to your country."

"I have given all but my life, and am ready to give that if she needs it."

His name was D. N——, of Boston,—22nd Mass.

Regt. I learned afterwards that, while being removed from the town, he died, in the same peace the strength of which he had suffered.

Mr. Isaac Baker, of Philadelphia, upon reaching Fredericksburg as a Delegate, was told that his son, who had been engaged in the battle was wounded. The sight of the misery he had come to relieve, was too terrible to allow him to leave his post and search for his boy. In the trust that he would find kind care, wherever he was, he faithfully fulfilled his allotted work. From his report we make these extracts :

On the first morning I held a little service of singing and prayer in my division, with the common consent of the men, and told them the simple and touching story of a little girl who had lost her father but did not understand the dread nature of death and the grave. Her mother explained through tears that God had sent for father, and that by-and-by He would send for them, and there was no telling how soon. The artless child on this exclaimed—

"Well, then, mother, if God is going to send for us soon, and we don't know just when, hadn't we better *begin to pack up* and get ready to go?"

This incident seemed to take hold of the men, it could so well be applied to their present needs.

"Ah, Chaplain," said one to me afterwards, "I'm

ad you told us that story about *packing up;* it made e thing so plain to me. I haven't much learning, ıd I haven't tried to understand these things much, ıt now I see through it all. I want you to help me *ck up*. Will you pray with me, Chaplain?"

I knelt by his side. While speaking with God, the rnest heart cried out, "Oh do, Lord, help me, help e." It was a solemn season. The Holy Spirit was ere. "This poor man cried and the Lord heard m." I was about to go to another, who had ckoned to me, when the dear boy said—

"Oh, I thank you, Chaplain; I am happy now; I ıve found Jesus!"

He was radiant with joy, so that I wondered. I id to him—

"But what of your body?" He had been shot ırough the right shoulder and left leg, and had an m taken off. "Do you suffer much now?"

"Oh," said he, "my wounds are nothing now. I ın bear them all—I have peace within."

At his request I sat down with a full heart and rote to his wife, informing her of his condition of ›dy, but with particular emphasis, as he urged, of ıe blessed change that had come over his soul. In-:ed it was wonderful to see the forgetfulness of ›dily suffering in the new-found joy which filled this ounded soldier's heart.

We sang "Rest for the weary," and one man, hose whole thigh had been shattered by a shell, lay

there perfectly calm, patient, even happy. He smil as I came to him, and said—

"Oh, how that hymn cheered me! I forgot n pains whilst I listened to it; and I know it cheer many of the boys."

One group of sufferers claimed my deepest sym thy. Four Indians from Wisconsin lay togeth bleeding for the country that had once been the w domain of their fathers. I lay down close to one a spoke of Jesus and His salvation. His eye brighten He had heard that blessed name before, and in broken way said—

"I love Him, I love Him!"

I commended his spirit to God, and then sa him to sleep—for he died while we were singing t sweet chorus—

> "For, oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
> Our friends are passing over,
> And just before, the shining shore
> We may almost discover."

The other three Indians were unable to spe May God help them. I gave them some refreshme and left them.

Mr. E. M. Heydrick relates an incident sho ing how valuable at times were Bible words soothe and calm men agonised with pain:

A young soldier, John Wagner, of the 60th Oh

Regt., was brought in; he had been shot through the stomach. So great was his agony that he filled the building with cries. He could not lie in one position, but kept two or three turning him from side to side. Famishing with hunger, he would eat all that was given him, but it would come out through the bullet-holes. He kept begging that we would send to the front for his brother, but this was impossible. We asked him—

"Have you never heard of that 'Friend that sticketh closer than a brother?" He alone can help you; you have but to ask Him in prayer, and He will help you."

"I do not know how to pray," was his answer.

I took a little card containing Scripture texts, and read the motto, "Ask, and it shall be given you," and the prayer, "Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved." Out of his agony, he exclaimed—

"Please read the prayer again." I did so.

"I can pray that;" and he kept repeating it aloud, over and over again. That night the bullet-holes in his stomach closed, and for the first time he became quiet enough to sleep.

One incident related by Mr. S. E. Bridgman will serve to show the reflex influence which was exerted upon the soldiers' friends at home:

One night, after evening prayers, a man came to

our tent, and with tears asked the Delegates to pray for him:

"I have navigated every channel to perdition, but now I want to lead a different life."

He was pointed to Jesus. He looked and lived. "Oh," said he the next day, "how easy it is to be a Christian! I did not suppose it was so easy. I thought it was a long and very troublesome way; I just asked with all my heart, and I hadn't to wait for the answer; I just prayed to God, and light came in at once. How glorious everything is! Even this Virginia mud now seems to have become beautiful."

A week after, with a bright and joyous smile, he came to our quarters with an open letter just received from his wife, describing the scene at home on the reception of the news of his conversion. She had begun the letter aloud, but when she found how her prayers had been answered, she could read no more. Her mother took the letter and tried to read, with the same result. There were present with the family four boarders, former boon-companions in sin of the infidel husband. One of these volunteered to read the letter, and that very night at a prayer-meeting they all rose for prayers. All were converted, and sent word to their friend in the army that they would meet him in heaven.

Enlisting early in the war, the regiment of Geo. W. Miller had been detailed for detached service, and

had not joined the Army of the Potomac until late in the summer of 1863. When he enlisted he was not a Christian, though from early childhood he had entertained a strong desire to become a minister of the Gospel. The abundant period for reflection afforded by the duty his regiment was engaged in, set him thinking upon his past life and upon the possible dangers of the future. His youthful yearning to be a minister came back also. Unaided by any special religious influences, save the encouragement and faithful Christian life of a comrade, he decided to become a Christian. During the winter, at Brandy Station, Miller attended the Commission Chapel, and renewed his vows. He became much attached to the Rev. Mr. Whitney, one of the Delegates, and during several months aided him in his labours among the soldiers.

He was severely wounded on the second day's fighting of the Wilderness battles. For twenty-four hours he remained on the field. The Surgeon who examined his wound refused to operate, because death was *inevitable*. Then followed a sixty hours' ambulance ride to Fredericksburg. Here again a Surgeon examined him, and again his wound was pronounced fatal.

Three or four days of intense suffering were passed in the hospital at Fredericksburg, until at last the Rev. Mr. Whitney found him out. Miller had never for a moment allowed himself to think that his

recovery was hopeless. His firm faith found vent memorable words:

"Mr. Whitney, the Surgeon says I must die; I do not feel that my work is done yet. Whe gave myself to God, last winter, I promised E that I would labour for His cause in the Go: ministry. I feel that He has a work for me to and I believe that *man is immortal till his work is d* Can't you do something for me?"

Mr. Whitney did his best, procuring straw ar blanket,—the half of one belonging to Mr. Cole, Potomac Army Field Agent,—and laying the sol upon a bed which seemed to him then the softest had ever known. A few days passed, and a th surgical consultation was held. The decision was these words—

"You will recover, but it is the most miraculc escape we have ever seen."

He was transferred to Armory Square Hospit Washington, on May 26th; here again the wou was pronounced mortal. Mr. Ballantyne, who visit him at this time, bears testimony to his cheerful, u wavering confidence. There was no fear, no conce about his life; that was not in danger. His des was to do his Master's will. On the 6th of June t ball was extracted. But it was not until very ma months had passed that the soldier could leave t hospital. In accordance with his early determi tion, he is preparing to preach the Gospel of Peac

Mr. E. M. Heydrick, of Brooklyn, with a party of about forty Delegates, left Belle Plain for Fredericksburg, on May 15th. He relates an incident of the road :

Our waggons got behind, and we took occasion to eat a lunch. While standing alone, making away with the small portion that had been handed me, a tall, noble-looking soldier approached and said—

"Friend, can you spare a little of that,—I am so hungry? I have not tasted food for two days."

"Certainly," I replied; and as I handed him what I had, I noticed for the first time that his arms were both disabled :

"I have no hands to feed myself with. Will you please put it to my mouth?"

As I did so, his tears of gratitude fell on my hand. "God bless you, my friend!" said he, and the way in which he uttered the words was worth a dozen dinners.

The instances of the strength of the willingness of the soldier and his friends to submit to sacrifice are numberless. The Rev. Mr. Williams records these two:

An old man who had come to visit his two sons in the army, found them both wounded. When asked, as he sat between his maimed boys, if he regretted

the sacrifice, he raised his hands and exclaimed m earnestly—

"No; if I had twenty sons, I would give them to save this Union!"

In a Delegate's diary I found this entry: A priv of the 11th Maine was mortally wounded a few d since. As his companions started to carry him the rear, he looked up to his regimental comman and said, in generous thoughtfulness of others—

"Don't trouble the boys to carry me back, Color it will only tire them. I can live but a few minut and can just as well die here."

The Rev. Dr. J. Wheaton Smith* finds t same exhibition of sacrifice:

One poor fellow, taking me for a Surgeon, said—

"Sir, will you dress my wound?"

I am not a doctor, but I did my best. I took the bandage, sponged away the hard incrustati that had gathered upon the wound, and found th his sight was entirely gone; he had been shot throu the eyes and the bridge of the nose.

"Poor fellow!" I said to him, "this is hard."

"Yes, it is hard; but I would go through it aga for my country."

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* Pastor of Spruce St., Baptist Church, Philadelphia. T incidents were related at the Washington Anniversary of Commission, January, 1865.

Right beside him there lay a man upon a stretcher, strong and noble-looking, but he was shot through the head. His eyes were closed; he knew no one; could answer to no voice, and yet he still breathed. I never shall forget how that massive chest heaved up and down. We watched him for hours, thinking every hour would be his last. All night he lay there motionless save that heaving bosom. In the morning he was no better, but he began to move his feet. Evidently he thought he was marching, and he marched till he died—tramp, tramp, tramp—dead, but marching on!

From the reminiscences of the Rev. Herrick Johnson* we extract the incidents which follow:

I remember Aaron Lamb, a soldier from Maine, who had lost his left leg. The little delicacies and attentions had opened his heart. He had told me of his widowed mother and loving sisters, and I had written his message home, and back came their noble answer, saying—

"We cannot, as a family, both brothers and sisters, express our gratitude enough to Him who ruleth all things, if from the glorious Army of the Potomac, He gives us back our darling with only the loss of one leg."

* Pastor of (N.S.) Presbyterian Church, Pittsburg, Pa. The incidents are from his address at the closing exercises of the Commission at the Capitol.

And from that couch of suffering was sent up a message to heaven also. And that, I believe, found answer—more blessed even than the message home. For hours and days he had been lying on the hard floor with nothing but a blanket under him, restless and sleepless from the shock his nervous system had received. There, in the dusk of evening, with his hand close clasped in mine, the patient here breathed his low prayer—

"O Father, God, be pitiful—be merciful—give me rest—rest of body and of soul—oh, give me rest."

And the hard floor seemed to grow woolly soft, as if Jesus had pillowed it, and rest, "of rest God's best," came to that tired heart. "He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust."

I saw another with both legs off close to the thigh. When I spoke to him of the sacrifice he had made for his country, he answered—

"My country demands it and my Saviour demands it. I believe that the kingdom of Christ will be advanced by this war."

Another said, "I am ready to go home to my parents, home to Christ, or back to the war."

This is the spirit of the Army,—of Christian, patient endurance. Down from the throne of the Highest, through the lifted clouds whose bosom had been charged with thunderbolts of wrath, come these gleams of light, in waves of life and immortality, telling

to the people that God is not forgetting to be gracious.

I recall another, a young Sergeant, one of whose limbs had been sadly shattered. He was a brave, patient boy, but remarkably reticent, resolutely maintaining a cold reserve. For days he was proof against all kindness, but at last I found the way down into his heart's secret place of tenderness and tears, and the great drops wet his cheeks as he told me how he had run away from home and almost broken his mother's heart. He said his own pain was nothing to the trouble he had given her.

"Shall I write to your mother," I asked, "and tell her how and where you are?"

"Oh, yes," said he; "but break the news *gently*, break it gently; and oh, tell her how sorry I am for having laid such a burden on her loving heart."

And then we talked of another home he had wandered from and another heart he had grieved, and I asked him if he had not a penitent message to send home to God? Ere long I believe there was joy in the presence of the angels over the return of one more prodigal. The Surgeons at last decided that his leg must be amputated, and very soon it became manifest that even this would not save him, and we told him he must die. He was ready; arms, haversack, canteen, blanket,—all had been lost on the battle-field, but he had clung to the flag he bore, and he lay there with the stars and stripes wrapped about him. Just

as he was dying his lips moved. We stooped to listen. He was making his last charge:

"Come on, boys! our country and our flag for ever!"

We asked him, "Is the Saviour with you?"

He whispered, "Do you think He would pass by and not take me? I go, I go." And wrapped in stars he went up among the stars.

There lies a young soldier wounded unto death:

"What can I do for you, my brave fellow?"

"Speak to me of Jesus;" and the words that suggest themselves are—

> "Jesus, lover of my soul,
> Let me to Thy bosom fly."

"Oh, won't you sing them, sir?" And another wounded soldier lying near, takes up the words and sings.

And then the dying drummer-boy repeats the prayer, and even while the words are on his lips the prayer is answered, and his soul is away on its flight to the bosom of Jesus.

The Rev. Horace C. Hovey* writes of the power of the "Precious Name:"

A brave cavalry officer was dying of his wounds. He was delirious when I approached him. He thought himself on the field at the head of his gallant men and fancied that a heavy gun was just in front of

* Pastor of Congregational Church, Florence, Mass.

them, ready to be fired. His distress was great. At length he thought the gun had been discharged, and his men, badly cut up, were retreating. Here I interposed, saying—

"There is no gun there; you are safe among friends here in Fredericksburg."

"Let me alone," he sternly replied; "I must recover my command and renew the attack."

"No," said I, "let us not talk of battle-scenes. You are soon to die. Let us talk of Jesus."

The mention of that name seemed to exert the powerful influence I had often heard ascribed to it. His agitation ceased at once; his delirium passed away; a smile lit up his pallid features. After a moment's silence he said, in a low, sweet voice—

"Jesus! Jesus! It is He who said, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' I want rest; I am weary; can you sing, 'There is rest for the weary?'"

I complied with his wishes, and with failing, faltering tongue, he tried to join in the song,—

> "In the Christian's home of glory,
> There remains a land of rest."

We sang the hymn entirely through, and when we closed, there was not a dry eye in all that ward. He died soon after this, saying for his last words—

"I have no Father here but my Heavenly Father."

The Pittsburg Branch of the Commission h sent a large invoice of crutches to the office Nashville. In a letter under date August 1c 1864, to Mr. Wm. P. Weyman, the Receiver the Pittsburg Committee, the Rev. Mr. Sm takes this method of thanking and of asking more:

I have sent you by express a package of crutc —a slight return for the fifteen hundred your C mission has given through our office to the main who come hopping and hobbling in from the fig And yet I think you will agree with me that package of a dozen represents a heavier outlay t your boxes of a thousand and a half. Each on the sticks I send had been cut and shaped by a 1 who has lost a limb or its use in the service. T are the representatives of battle-fields all along f Look-out Mountain to the hills looking down Atlanta. We have hailed the boys trying to m their way along the streets with them, and bro them into our office for a trade. It is delightf refreshing to hear their remarks and see their sa faction as they go hopping off trying the new p One said to me—

"That's a bad trade for you."

"No, I think not," said I; "if you can give t much of your leg"—it was off above the knee—" can give you the crutches and have the best of contract."

over a man lying by himself in great agony. His leg had been shattered by a piece of shell, which had struck him midway between the knee and hip-joint. I had him carried to a Surgeon's table, where his leg was amputated.

In the morning when he had somewhat recovered from the severe operation he had undergone, I carried him some food and drink. He was very grateful for the little attention. He had been the slave of a gentleman near Norfolk, where his wife, mother and children were still living. Escaping from his master to the Union lines, he was one of the first to enlist in our army. He was a Christian, and had become a soldier from a deep sense of duty to his race. Wounded the day before the general engagement, he had lain on the field, uncared for, with wounds undressed, and in great bodily agony.

"Well," said I, "you did not expect this when you enlisted, did you? If you were at home and well would you come back again?"

He seemed moved at the thought of home, but with deep emphasis he quickly replied—

"Yes, sah; yes, I would. I specs all dis when I 'listed. I specs to suffer. I specs now I'll die; but bless de Lord, I'se free, an' Susy an' de chillens free, an' I'se ready to die, ef de Lord will."

I offered a brief prayer and left him, never to see him again, and yet ever to remember the sable hero so worthy to be an American citizen.

The Commission made full preparations for the emergencies which might arise during the pursuit of General Lee. Happily there was not all of the anticipated need.

In the very thickest of the fight, C. F. Drake, of Co. B, 37th Massachusetts Regiment, ordered a Rebel Colonel to surrender. He replied that he would never surrender. Drake then shot him, inflicting a mortal wound. The Colonel fell, exclaiming that he was killed. Drake said to him, "I am a Christian, and will pray for you." The Colonel thanked him, and Drake kneeled by his side and prayed with him, while the conflict raged almost hand to hand around them. The Colonel pressed his hand, called him brother, told him that he too was a Christian, and thanked him. Then Drake resumed his gun and went on fighting.

Before leaving home, a little girl had given me ten cents, the first money she had ever earned, and wanted me to use it for the soldiers. I bought a Testament and determined to give it to the manliest and most deserving soldier I met. For a long while it lay in my valise, for I felt that I had not yet found an owner for it. At last, after Early had been beaten back from Fort Stevens by the Sixth Corps, I found a new and bright face in one of my hospital tents.

"How are you, my friend?" I began.

"First rate."

"Lightly wounded, then, I suppose?"

He drew back the sheet and showed me that h right arm was gone, cut off close to the shoulder.

"Is that first rate?" I asked.

"Why, it might have been ever so much worse, yc know."

Day after day I found him as cheery and uncon plaining. At first he was overflowing with fun all th time, but at last the terrible heat and the strain upc his system so much reduced his strength that thei was only a merry twinkle in his eye when I came ii and a word of cordial greeting. Little by little learned his history. The action in which he ha received his first wound was his thirteenth battl When he dropped his musket and reached round - take his useless arm tenderly in his left hand a walk off the field under a shower of balls, it was ⊢ first time off duty since he entered the service. E was only nineteen years old, but his patriotism was ardent and his courage so magnificent, that I felt had become my teacher. As soon as he could sit ⊔ he was busy with pencil and paper, training ⊏ muscles of his left hand to replace those of the rig His face had grown pale and thin, his eye dull, ⊐ manner languid, and his voice broken, but his he was still strong and manful as ever. Low spirits complaint seemed impossible to him.

I thought I should have to look long and far to f a soldier worthier of the little Testament. He w

eager to get one, having lost everything in that last charge upon the enemy. So I wrote his name, company and regiment on the fly-leaf of the little book, and added how it had come from a little girl in the Connecticut Valley, who had given her first money to comfort the soldier. As I read it the tears started into his eyes.

"I wish," said he, "I had that arm, so that I could thank her myself."

He told me afterwards that he had been thinking much since he had been lying there, and was going to try and lead a better life. I tried to show him where the best and highest Life was to be found, but I know not whether he found it.

While Gen. Thomas's men were scaling the ridge, the Delegates' work commenced. The wounded began to fall back, supporting a disabled arm or limping on a musket, or borne on a blanket by their comrades. Taking possession of an abandoned farm-house at the foot of the ridge, we opened a hospital for those who were not able to make their way to town. A half-dozen cotton bales, ripped open, and spread upon the floors, made good beds, and pillows for the wounded. Some of the captured Rebels had corn meal in their haversacks. This made a large kettle of mush, and, with the coffee and soup we had brought along, furnished an excellent supper, which was taken with special relish by the wounded Rebels.

One of them, a Tennessee Major, whose side (struck with a shell) we had bound up, followed with an eager eye, as he lay before the fire, our operations of making beds, preparing supper, tying up wounds, and cutting out Minnie balls. At last, his curiosity and astonishment getting the mastery, he said—

"Pardon me, gentlemen, but I would like to know your rank?"

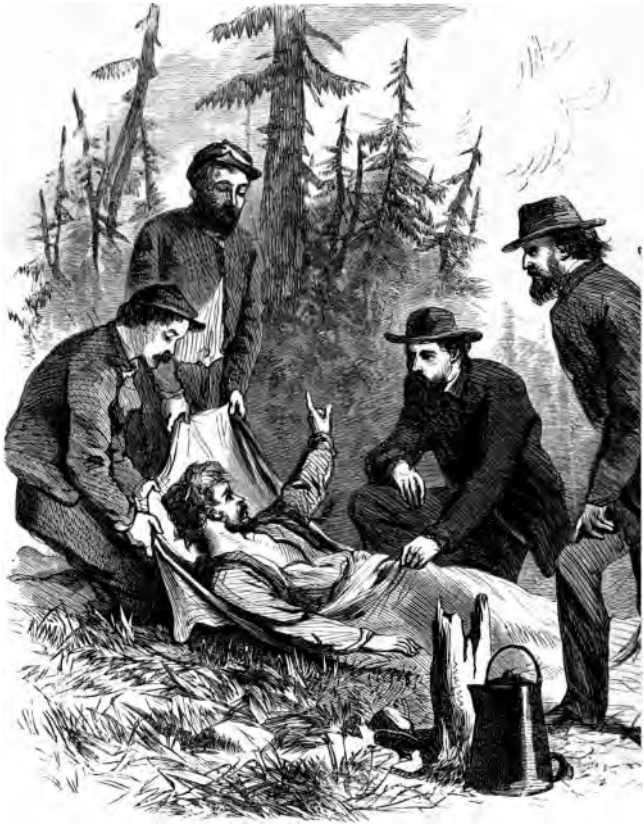
When told that we were Delegates of the Christian Commission, he said—

"I am not acquainted with your organisation, but I like your name;" and drawing a heavy gold watch from his pocket, he placed it in the hands of a Delegate for safe keeping.*

The enthusiasm of the men over their victory was unbounded. The soldier forgot he was wounded while telling of the fight, and while a ball was being cut out of an arm or leg with a Delegate's pocket-knife, would occupy the time telling how he came to be hit, or "pegged," as they called it. During the charge up the ridge, four soldiers were seen bearing back a comrade on a blanket. His story is thus told by one of the Delegates who met him:

The men halted when they saw us, and laid down

* The Major died suddenly a few days after, and so unexpectedly that he left no directions respecting his property. After long enquiry, the agent found his mother's name and residence, in Middle Tennessee, and at the close of the war had the pleasure of putting her son's watch in her hand.



ALMOST UP.

their burden, asking if we would see whether the Colour-Sergeant was badly wounded. I knelt down by him and said—

"Sergeant, where did they hit you?

"Most up the ridge, sir."

"I mean, Sergeant, where did the ball strike you?"

"Within twenty yards of the top,—almost up."

"No, no, Sergeant; think of yourself for a moment; tell me where you are wounded;" and throwing back the blanket, I found his upper arm and shoulder mashed and mangled with a shell. Turning his eye to look for the first time upon his wound, the Sergeant said—

"That is what did it. I was hugging the standard to my blouse, and making for the top. I was almost up when that ugly shell knocked me over. If they had let me alone a little longer,—two minutes longer,—I should have planted the colours on the top. Almost up; almost up!"

We could not get the dying soldier's attention to himself. The fight and the flag held all his thoughts; and while his ear was growing heavy in death, with a flushed face and look of ineffable regret, he was repeating, "Almost up; almost up!" The brigade to which he belonged had carried the ridge, and his own regiment, rallying under the colours which had dropped from his shattered arm, was shouting the victory for which the poor Sergeant had given his

young life, but of which he was dying without th sight.

In another division of the hospital my attention wa directed to a group of soldiers crowding around fly, under which were several wounded officers. Th interest of all seemed to centre upon the slight for of one of the sufferers. The star upon his should discovered his rank. The day was intensely hot a sultry, and the sides of the fly were raised a few fe from the ground. The General's head was towa the centre, and his feet towards the outer edge of t tent; a few pine boughs were his only couch; one his legs had been amputated. Members of his st stood weeping about him, or stooped fondly down catch his last whispered words. From his mov lips it was surmised that he wished to be turned ov

"Which way?" asked a Lieutenant.

"Towards the enemy," was the indistinct respon and he was carefully and lovingly turned towards t foe, whose booming guns were even then telling fearful carnage along the lines. A moment late Delegate bent over and whispering gently, said—

"How does Christ seem to you now, General?"

"Near by," was the quickly but faintly spok answer, and with these words upon his lips, the spi of Gen. Rice passed into the better land.

All the winter the General had been greatly inte ested in religion. He had aided the Chaplain of or

of his regiments in every possible way,—going into the prayer-meetings regularly, and taking part in them with his men. So that death did not take him by surprise. Quietly he sent his messages of affection to his mother, and then calmly and without a fear, like a Christian hero, met the King of Terrors.

"How kind you Northern people are!" said a tall, stalwart Tennesseean, as I stooped to comfort him; "I used to have a prejudice against you; but since I have been in the Army, and have seen what you do for the soldiers, I think you are a wonderful people.

He had been shot through the cheek, and the blood oozed from his mouth and nostrils at every effort to speak.

"You Tennesseeans," said I, "deserve all we can do for you."

"As for that, I made up my mind that people who wanted protection must first protect themselves."

I spoke to him of Christ.

"Ah," said he, "I have been a wicked man, a very wicked man; but it has been hard for me to wade through my mother's prayers." And when I showed him the freeness of salvation, he pressed my hand, and thanked me again and again.

A young Kentuckian beckoned me to his side, and welcoming me with a sweet smile, said—

"I professed Christ before I entered the Army, and

I have tried to live near Him; I feel Him near m now."

"Are you much wounded?"

"Seriously, in the thigh. I hope not mortally but *it is a good cause to be wounded in.*"

A young man whose arm had been amputated a the shoulder, asked Mr. Holmes* to write to hi friends "to keep up *their* spirits;" he, brave fellow had no want or care for himself.

I went among a company of wounded men, a lying on the floor, in pain, and told them the new of Grant's first successes in Virginia. "Good," sai they, with one voice; "that pays for all we'v suffered."

"Carleton" tells the story of the last hours c Edward M. Schneider, of the 57th Mass.:

He was slightly wounded on the North Anna, an was sent to Port Royal for transportation to Wash ington, but, of his own accord, returned to his reg ment, joining it at Cold Harbour. While pre paring for the charge upon the enemy's works o the 17th, beyond the Dunn House, he said to th Chaplain, "I intend to be the first one to enter thei works."

The charge was made. How grandly they move

* The Rev. Jno. M. Holmes, Pastor of Congregational Churcl Jersey City, N. J.

through the woods! How quickly they swept up to the Rebel line of defensive works, like an ocean billow upon a breakwater, rolling over it, engulfing all beyond! The brave young soldier tried to make good his words. With eager feet he led the advance, breaking out from the line and keeping a rod or two in front.

He was almost there—not quite—almost near enough to feel the hot flash of the Rebel musketry in his face—near enough to be covered with the sulphurous cloud from the cannon—when he fell, shot through the body.

He was carried to the hospital, with six hundred and fifty of his division comrades. He lay all night with his wounds undressed, waiting his turn. There was not a murmur from his lips. The Chaplain looked at his wound:

"What do you think of it?"

Seeing that it was mortal, he could not articulate a reply; neither could he restrain his tears. He remembered the last injunction of the young soldier's older sister—"I commit him to your care." The young hero interpreted the meaning of the tear—that his wound was mortal.

"Do not weep," he said; "it is God's will. I wish you to write to my father and tell him that *I have tried to do my duty to my country and to God.*"

He disposed of his effects, giving $10 to the

Christian Commission, $20 to the American Board, and trifles to his friends. Then, in the simplicity of his heart, he said—

"I have a good many friends, schoolmates and companions. They will want to know where I am—how I am getting on. You can let them know I am gone, and that I die content. And, Chaplain, the boys in the Regiment—I want you to tell them *to stand by the dear old flag!* And there is my brother in the Navy—write to him and tell him to *stand by the flag, and cling to the cross of Christ!*"

The Surgeon came and examined the wound.

"It is my duty to tell you that you will soon go home," he said.

"Yes, Doctor, I am going home. I am not afraid to die. I don't know how the valley will be when I get to it, but it is all bright now." Then gathering up his waning strength, he repeated the verse often sung by the soldiers, who, amid all the whirl and excitement of the camp and battle-field, never forgot those whom they had left behind them—mother, sister, father, brother. Calmly, clearly distinctly, he repeated the lines,—the chorus of the song—

> "Soon with angels I'll be marching,
> With bright laurels on my brow;
> I have for my country fallen:
> Who will care for sister now?"

The night wore away. Death came on apace-

He suffered intense pain, but not a murmur escaped his lips. Sabbath morning came, and with the coming of the light he passed away.

I found a man taking a rough and coarse shoe from his bosom, and requesting a comrade to put it on his foot. I inquired what it meant, and found that he had no means of warming his cold foot, save by heating the shoe in his bosom, and then putting it back on his foot. To relieve *such* suffering was indeed a blessed ministry.

I asked one poor fellow, who had just been removed from the boat, why he did not complain. There was rare fortitude in his answer—

"We've been, sir, where it did no good to complain."

Sometimes, as we removed the men, we found them wounded in such a way as not to require a stretcher, and yet it helped them greatly to put their arms around us, or have ours round them. They said we were the best kind of crutches.

"Carleton" tells the story of Frankie Bragg, who died in a Paducah hospital:*

He was a brave and noble boy. There were several kind ladies taking care of the sick. Their presence was like sunshine. Wherever they walked,

* "Days and Nights on the Battle-field," pp 277-280.

the eyes of the sufferers followed them. One of these ladies thus speaks of little Frankie Bragg:

"Many will remember him; the boy of fifteen, who fought valiantly at Donelson, — one of the bravest of Birge's sharpshooters, and whose answer to my questioning in regard to joining the Army was so well worthy of record:

"'*I joined because I was so young and strong, and because life would be worth nothing to me unless I offered it for my country.*'*

"I saw him die. I can never forget the pleading gaze of his violet eyes, the brow, from which ringlets of light-brown hair were swept by strange fingers, bathed in the death-dew, the desire for some one to love him in his last hours.

"'Oh, I am going to die, and there is no one to love me,' he said. 'I didn't think I was going to die till now; but it can't last long. If my sisters were only here; but I have no friends near me now, and it is so hard!'

"'Frankie,' I said, 'I know it is hard to be away from your relatives, but you are not friendless; I am your friend. Mrs. S. and the kind Doctor are your friends, and we will all take care of you. More than this, God is your friend, and He is nearer to you now than either of us can get. Trust Him, my boy. He will help you.'

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* "Hospital Incidents," *New York Post*, Oct. 22nd, 1863.

"A faint smile passed over the pale sufferer's features.

"'Oh, do you think He will?' he asked.

"Then, as he held my hands closer, he turned his face more fully towards me, and said—

"'My mother taught me to pray when I was a very little boy, and I never forgot it. I have always said my prayers every day, and tried not to be bad. Do you think God heard me always?'

"'Yes, most assuredly. Did He not promise in His good book, from which your mother taught you, that He would always hear the prayers of His children? Ask, and ye shall receive. Don't you remember this? One of the worst things we can do is to doubt God's truth. He has promised and He will fulfil. Don't you feel so, Frankie?'

"He hesitated a moment, and then answered slowly—

"'Yes, I *do* believe it. I am not afraid to die, but I want somebody to love me.'

"The old cry for love, the strong yearning for the sympathy of kindred hearts. It would not be put down. 'Frankie, I love you. Poor boy, you shall not be left alone. Is not this some comfort to you?'

"'Do you love me? Will you stay with me and not leave me?'

"'I will not leave you. Be comforted. I will stay as long as you wish.'

"I kissed the pale forehead, as if it had been that of my own child. A glad light flashed over his face.

"'Oh, kiss me again; that was given like my sister. Mrs. S., won't you kiss me, too? I don't think it will be so hard to die, if you will both love me.'

"It did not last long. With his face nestled against mine, and his large blue eyes fixed in perfect composure upon me to the last moment, he breathed out his life."

During one of the lulls of the terrible fight, a youthful voice was heard calling for aid. Soon it was drowned by the tumult of battle. After the fight was over, some soldiers went to look for the sufferer. On going through some high bushes, they saw a boy of about sixteen sitting up against a tree. As they came nearer, they found that both his feet had been carried away by a cannon-ball. Upon his lap, above the bloody stumps, lay his open Bible. His eyes were raised to heaven. A look of joy was on his face, while his finger, stiff and cold in death, was laid upon this verse of the 23rd Psalm:

"Yea, though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."*

* Related by Chaplain Crozier, 37th Indiana Regiment.

Chaplain C. C. McCabe,* afterwards a Christian Commission Agent, gives the story of one of the wounded at Stone River, who was taken to a hospital in Nashville:

A wounded hero was lying on the amputating table, under the influence of chloroform. They cut off his strong right arm, and cast it all bleeding upon the pile of human limbs. They then laid him gently upon his couch. He awoke from his stupor and missed his arm. With his left hand he lifted the cloth, and there was nothing but the gory stump!

"Where's my arm?" he cried, "get my arm; I want to see it once more."

They brought it to him. He took hold of the cold, clammy fingers, and looking steadfastly at the poor dead member, thus addressed it, with tearful earnestness—

"Good-bye, old arm! We have been a long time together. We must part now. Good-bye, old arm! You'll never fire another carbine nor swing another sabre for the government," and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

Looking round on those standing by, he said—

"Understand, I don't regret its loss. It has been torn from my body, that not one State should be torn from this glorious Union."

* Of 121st Ohio. A member of Ohio Conference, M. E. Church.

Some instances of the heroism and trust of our soldiers and sailors before Vicksburg:

In the terrible charge of May 22nd, Sergeant Falmer, of the 18th Illinois, was mortally wounded. As he lay bleeding to death, he called two of his comrades to his side. They took his last message home:

"I die in peace; they must meet me in heaven."

He called for the flag; they brought it. He looked at the torn banner with all a soldier's love and devotion:

"Say to the boys that I am gone; but tell them never to give up the contest until Vicksburg falls."

His voice grew fainter; comrades bent over to get his last words; they could only hear a murmured request that the flag should be waved over him. Silently and solemnly it swayed above the soldier's head until he was at rest.

The Rev. W. C. Van Meter,* a Delegate of the Chicago Committee, relates the following incident:

On my way from Vicksburg, I met A. M. Shipman, an Ohio volunteer, who was confined for eight months as a hostage in the Vicksburg jail, but was released

* Of the Howard Mission, New York City.

at the surrender. A fellow-prisoner, who had been forced into the Rebel Army and had deserted to ours, was recaptured and shot by the enemy. He succeeded in getting into Mr. Shipman's hands, before his execution, the following note:—

"Kind friend, if ever you reach our happy lines, have this put in the Northern papers, that my father, the Rev. Leonard Marsh, who resides in Maine, may know what has become of me, and what I was shot for. I am to be shot for defending my country; I love her and am willing to die for her. Tell my parents I am also happy in the Lord. My future is bright. I hope to speak to you as I pass out to die.

"JOHN B. MARSH."

One of the guards said to Mr. Shipman that when young Marsh was placed by his coffin and ready to receive the fire of his executioners, he was told he could speak a word if he desired to. Stepping upon his coffin and looking round on that fierce crowd of Union-haters, he cried out—

"*Three cheers for the Old Flag and the Union!*"

Of course the patriotic sentiment met no response from that audience. Then, with his hands pinioned behind and his eyes lifted as if the flag were in view, he shouted forth his own three cheers: "*Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!*"

The clear ringing voice had scarcly died away, when the sharp crack of musketry added another

name to the long roll of the martyrs to the dear "Old Flag."

The heroes were not in the Army alone:

As Farragut swept up the Mississippi, past the Vicksburg batteries, Lieut. Cummings had a leg shot away by a Rebel ball. Refusing to go below, he shouted out to his brave tars—

"Get the ship by the batteries,—get the ship by, boys, and they may have the other leg."

Major Whittlesey, of Gen. Howard's staff, told us of a Chaplain who had been very attentive to a wounded soldier for several days, trying if possible to save his limb. It was decided that the leg must be taken off. The soldier was anxious that his Chaplain should be present during the operation, but he felt as if he could not bear the sight. So, when the suffering man was put upon a stretcher and borne to the amputating-table, the Chaplain remained behind. How was he surprised and electrified, as he waited sadly for the result, to hear the voice of his friend sounding forth from the room of pain, singing those precious lines!—

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear."

The Rev. I. O. Sloan relates an incident very simi-

lar to this which occurred in his Delegate's experience at one of the hospitals after Antietam. A young Massachusetts soldier, Charles Warren, had been led by unremitting care and faithful admonition to give himself up to Jesus. His leg, it was found, must be amputated to save his life. Mr. Sloan, unwilling to witness the scene, turned away as they carried the soldier to the operating-table. He had not walked far, before he heard Warren's cheerful voice, singing—

> "There'll be no more sorrow there;
> In heaven above, where all is love,
> There'll be no more sorrow there."

He turned back and found the soldier drowsy from the chloroform administered. Thus he remained, for the operation proved useless, until he passed away.

The Rev. E. F. Williams tells a story of faith and its result:

Our store-keeper, an Englishman, earnest, hard-working, patriotic, and a Christian, was asked one day, when our supply of provisions was getting very low, to cut the slices of bread which he gave the boys a little thinner.

"Oh, no," said he, "I can't,—the poor fellows are so hungry."

"But our bread will soon be gone."

"Well, I have faith that the Lord will send us more before we are quite out."

He was allowed to take his own course, though advised to be as sparing as possible. The day wore away, and still the crowd of hungry soldiers pressed around our doors. The last loaf was taken from the shelf. A hundred Delegates were yet to have their supper. But there were no crackers, no meat, no bread for them, or for the still unfed soldiers, who weary with wounds and a long, limping march from the field hospital, lingered at our rooms for a morsel of food, a cup of coffee and a word of direction about the trains for Baltimore and Philadelphia.

Just at the last moment, when our faith was almost exhausted, an immense load of provisions stopped before our quarters, and the drivers asked for the Agents of the Commission:

"We have brought bread, lint, bandages, jellies and wines; we don't know just who are most needy, but we have confidence in you. Will you distribute these things for us?"

The stores had come a hundred and three miles. Two ministers, German Reformed and Lutheran, were with them. Our thanks can better be imagined than told. Never again did we chide the storekeeper's faith, who knew that the Lord would send just what we wanted. Nor did our stock of provisions ever again give out while we remained at Gettysburg.

An incident of noble Christian fortitude and heroism is related of Chaplain Eastman, son of

the Rev. Dr. Eastman, Secretary to the American Tract Society :*

His horse plunging during the battle, struck him on the knee-pan. His leg swelled and stiffened until the pain became almost unendurable. When he could no longer stand, he gave his horse to a servant, and laid himself down on the ground. He had to take a wounded soldier's place alone that night. As he lay suffering and thinking, he heard a voice: "O my God!" He thought, Can anybody be swearing in such a place as this? He listened again, and a prayer began; it was from a wounded soldier. How can I get at him? was his first impulse. He tried to draw up his stiffened limb, but he could not rise. He put his arm round a sapling, drew up his sound foot, and tried to extend the other without bending, that he might walk; but he fell back in the effort, jarred through as if he had been stabbed. He then thought, I can roll. And over and over he rolled in pain and blood, and by dead bodies, until he fell against the dying man, and there he preached Christ and prayed. At length one of the line officers came up, and said—

"Where's the Chaplain? One of the staff officers is dying."

"Here he is, here he is," cried out the sufferer.

"Can you come and see a dying officer?"

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* Told by the Rev. T. Duryea, D D, Pastor of Collegiate Reformed (Dutch) Church, New York.

"I cannot move. I had to roll myself to this dying man to talk to him."

"If I detail two men to carry you, can you go?"

"Yes."

They took him gently up and carried him. And that livelong night the two men bore him over the field, and laid him down beside bleeding, dying men, while he preached Christ and prayed. Lying thus on his back, the wounded Chaplain could not even see his audience, but must look always heavenward into the eyes of the peaceful stars,—emblems of God's love, which even that day of blood had not soiled nor made dim.

Mr. J. B. Stillson gives a detailed account of the adventures and escapes of John Burns, of Gettysburg, who acted as a volunteer soldier through part of the battle:

He was within two months of his seventieth year when he offered himself, dressed in the Continental coat, vest and corduroys which he had worn in the war of 1812, to Gen. Wister, who commanded what was known as the "Iron Brigade." Approaching that officer, he said—

"General, I fought for my country in 1812, and want to fight for it again to-day."

The officer looked at him keenly from head to foot, and seeing he was in earnest, extended his hand:

"God bless the old soldier; he shall have a chance."

Joining the 7th Wisconsin, he performed a brave man's duty until the close of the first day's battle, when, after being four times hit, he fell into the enemy's hands. His escape with life had been truly marvellous. The first ball struck his side, and was turned away from his body by the intervention of a pair of old-fashioned spectacles in his vest pocket. The second struck a truss worn for an abdominal injury, and glanced off, cutting away the flesh from his thigh about two inches below the top of the hip-bone. The third ball passed through his leg, between the large and small bones, without injuring either them or the arteries. The fourth went through the fleshy part of the left arm below the elbow, also without breaking bones or rupturing arteries.

He lay on the field during the night, and was removed next morning, through a neighbour's kindness, to his own house in the town. A Rebel officer, accompanied by a soldier, visited him there, and questioned him closely about the part he had taken in the fight, but Burns made no replies. The window of the room looked out towards a house at some distance, occupied by Rebel sharpshooters; the old man's bed was within range, and shortly after the officer and soldier left, a ball from the house entered his window, and grazing his breast, buried itself in the partition wall. Only a moment before, the wounded man, weary of lying on his side, had turned

upon his bed. In the former position, the Minnie ball would have passed directly through him.

A lady from Philadelphia, not connected with the Commission, moving through one of the field hospitals a few days after the battle, had her attention drawn to a young Confederate asleep and dreaming. He was talking aloud. Going to his cot-side, she gently fanned away some flies which were buzzing about a bandage concealing the lower part of his face. One hand was pressed tightly against his breast. A kindly but rough Irish nurse coming by, the lady inquired about the wounded man:

"Indade, mum, he bates me intoirely. His clapper's half shot out, mum; but he's furivir gossipin' wid himsilf, and the Vargin only knows what he's sayin'; an' it's all 'bout a bit book wid a rag roun' it, an' not wan he'll let touch it, mum. He's the strangest craythur, mum, that's shure."

No one knew his name, and the lady discovered that his wounds were pretty certain to prove fatal. Unwilling to disturb him in his troubled sleep, she passed on.

The next morning a surgeon stood by the soldier's bed. The poor, unknown boy was dying. Two weak, sad, wandering eyes were opening and closing restlessly. It seemed very mournful that one so young, nameless and alone should die thus among strangers. The Irish nurse was much affected:

"An' shure, now, av we only had the bit book, it wud have the poor craythur's name intil it;" but no coaxing or efforts could get the book away from him. The Surgeon said he would wake from his long stupor before death,—indeed, he was already beginning to do so. The lady sat down, fanned him, and paid him what gentle attention she could. By-and-bye he began muttering to himself, but his utterance was so indistinct that nothing could be gathered from it. Suddenly turning his head a little, he spied an old Union flag which hung temporarily at one end of the ward. He gazed at it a moment earnestly, the lady watching him meanwhile with intense interest; a great change came over his face; the dull, unconscious look passed away. Pointing to the flag, he turned painfully, and asked with much clearer utterance—

"What do they let it stay there for?"

The question was not a pleasant one for the lady to answer,—for several reasons; but she replied—

"Because Gen. Lee was beaten the other day, and has retreated. Don't you remember?"

The answer seemed to confuse him. He looked back and forth from the lady's face to the flag, murmuring—

"Beaten?—Gen. Lee?—retreated?"

All at once the meaning appeared to grow plain; a look of joy covered his face; he turned to the old

stripes and stars,—tears meanwhile coming out of the poor, sunken eyes,—and said fervently—

"Thank God! thank God!"

The lady thought this strange for a Confederate soldier; supposing he had misunderstood her, she explained her meaning again; but the poor fellow's eyes closed; the old, hopeless blank settled upon his face; he seemed more puzzling and strange than ever.

He began to dream now; his face grew bright, and the old, muttering noise was resumed, only much more distinctly. He seemed to be back again at his home. He talked first of some one whom he called "Mamma Tilly,"—his mother she was found to be afterwards; then, about "Nettie," his wife. The soldier's face became positively beautiful soon, for he thought Nettie had come and was with him! He told her how glad and happy he was to see her, and asked about Harry, their little boy. The invisible Nettie seemed to be answering his questions, for he would look up now and then and laugh,—sadly it sounded, too, from his wounded mouth. In the dream still, he opened his shirt, brought out the precious book with the "bit rag" about it, and then, looking up again into the eyes "so near, and yet so far," laughed a low, happy laugh, saying—

"Nettie, darling, there it is yet,—good Minister ——'s Testament, with the old flag round it still."

The lady bent forward eagerly, and saw a little

well-worn and well-marked Testament, and wrapped around it very carefully a torn bit of the Union flag.

The dream of Nettie seemed to be lost for awhile, and another replaced it. The soldier's mutterings were still indistinct, but they were made out to be a kind of history of the flag-shred; how the Rebels had come into the village, pulled down the Union flag, and torn it into hundreds of fragments, then trampled these in the dust; how he had gone out in the night, at the peril of his life, had picked up a piece of the dishonoured banner, had taken it home and cherished it; how he was driven from his home and forced into the Confederate army; but how he had clung silently, through all the months of drill and march and battle, to the old symbol which he loved. It was a thrilling story, as the lady gathered the facts, one by one, from the lips unconscious of the tale they were telling. She understood now the noble soldier's unexplained conduct and words.

The musing reminiscence of the flag was done, and Nettie came back again,—only for a few moments, however, little more than for a kiss and a farewell,—a kiss given by no human lips, a farewell uttered to no visible, human presence. Yet it could not have been unconscious pantomime; mere shadows could not have cheated that dying man; it must have been real, not the less so, if St. Paul's experience was true, because invisible. And then came

another, brighter vision,—a vision which none may smile at, thank God, or call untrue,—seen by too many glad eyes during eighteen hundred years, for men to be deceived by it now,—a vision of the Crucified. Only two words were uttered, but who can measure them?—"Jesus—dear."

And so the soldier went away to be for ever with the Lord.

The little Testament told the whole story in a few simple dates. The date of his confirmation was given, with the name of the loved clergyman who had given him the Testament, and had written in front the words of the Collect for the second Sunday in Lent:

"Almighty God, who seest that we have no power of ourselves to help ourselves; keep us both outwardly in our bodies and inwardly in our souls; that we may be defended from all adversities which may happen to the body, and from all evil thoughts which may assault and hurt the soul: through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

The sentences had been written two years before the war; it would have been hard, however, to have chosen more appropriate ones for all the unforeseen conflict and toil between.

The date of the soldier's marriage was recorded,—a month or two only before the war began. On one of the fly-leaves these words of Isaiah were written "Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loos

the bonds of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free; and that ye break every yoke?" Close after these words was the date of the firing on Fort Sumter. This, with other plentiful marks, showed that the brave Tennesseean had entered into the full meaning of the struggle. The birth of little Harry was chronicled; and dates attached to passages all through the book showed how the noble loyalist had followed amidst enemies the varying fortunes of the war. Towards the close of 1862, the Rebels had entered the village in East Tennessee which had been his home; here was begun the romance of the flag. He had fled with Nettie and Harry into Northern Alabama; there he was forced into the Rebel Army. The date of separation from his family was appended to these words of St. Luke—

"Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do."

Several letters from his wife, who found her way back to the wrecked and ruined home in Tennessee, were tucked away carefully at the close of the book. After reading them, one might doubt which of the two had the firmest faith in Christ and in the final triumph of right in the war.

The relics of the dead were gathered and kept, and when East Tennessee was opened, they were sent safely to Nettie. Little Harry was dead, but a sweet little girl had come in his place. Nettie wrote a

touching letter of thanks for what had been done for her husband.

The Rev. Wm. M. Taylor tells the story of Johnny Mitch, of the 4th Kentucky Regiment;

I met him at General Hospital No. 3, in Chattanooga, and became very much interested in him. Left fatherless and motherless at his home in Ohio, before he was eight years old, he had but little direction into the right way. The war broke out when he was fifteen. Too young to enlist, a Captain of cavalry offered to take him with him to care for his horses. The two started, but when Johnny reached Cincinnati, he saw so many very young-looking boys enlisting, that he concluded to do the same. He passed safely through the fights at Rolling Fork, Hoover's Gap and Tullahoma, but at Chickamauga he was thrice wounded,—in the side of his head, the right hand, and, more seriously, in the mouth, the ball lodging at the back part of his neck. He lay for five days on the field near an old log-house, receiving scarcely any food from the enemy. "Five days," said the little fellow afterwards to me, "they fed me on nothing." After a while he was brought under flag of truce within our lines. The Surgeon told him he must die; and for four weeks this decision was unchanged.

"But," said he, "I kept up good spirits. I did

sometimes think I would die, but it was no use to be disheartened about it."

Who shall say that this child's faith did not save him? Speaking of these long days of suspense, he told me—

"In the mornings when I woke, I would read a chapter in my Testament, and pray the Lord to help me up; and it always seemed to me that I began to get better right away, and I always felt mighty thankful."

He was such a youth,—only seventeen, and two years a soldier, the lisp bequeathed him by the wound in his mouth made his yet unchanged voice so girlish and sweet, his eventful little history was so interesting and affecting, that I became very much attached to him. I asked him once what he was going to do?

"I want to go home till I get well," said he, "then come back, and go in again. I'm more anxious to try the Rebels now than I ever was."

The soldiers, as in the instance last described, often took the nearest and aptest illustrations of their spiritual condition from the commonest incidents of their daily military life. Mr. Wm. Reynolds,* who visited the army of the Missis-

* President of the Army Committee, and later of the Christian Commission Branch of Peoria, Ill.

sippi in April and May, held a prayer-meeting one evening at Milliken's Bend, and writes of it:

At the close of the meeting, many asked me to pray for them, saying they wished to be Christians for the rest of their lives. As I left them, promising to be down on Sunday, I noticed a man following me. Stopping me, he began—

"My friend, I want a discharge."

Supposing he meant a discharge from the Army, I said I was afraid that would be hard to obtain, as he appeared to be recovering.

"Oh," said he, "that's not what I mean; I want a discharge from the *devil's army*. I've been fighting and serving in his ranks for twenty-five years, and I'm tired and sick of the service. I want to leave his ranks and enlist under the banner of the cross, and fight for Jesus the balance of my life."

I told him he could have that discharge by *deserting* the devil's ranks, and coming over to the Lord Jesus. I talked and prayed with him, leaving him some suitable reading. On Sunday, at the close of the evening meeting, he told me he had come over and was a "Soldier of the Cross."

George Brooks, one of our own Boston boys, a member of Co. A, recruited by Capt. Russell Sturgis (now our Major), was taken ill of typhoid fever

about a week ago. From the first, he expressed his entire resignation to the Divine will, and enjoyed the constant presence of Jesus at his side. When I asked him daily, "Is your Saviour near you to-day?" the look upon his face had a radiant answer before his lips could speak, and through his sickness that faithful Presence sustained and cheered him. He was never dejected, never murmured. He would say but little, as his lungs seemed congested; but by gasps and whispers, one day he told me—holding my face close to his, so that he could make me hear his lowest words—that he had never had a full assurance of his pardon and acceptance until he became a soldier. He said that in the battle of Kingston, under that terrible fire of the enemy, "his Saviour came to him as never before, declared His presence, revealed His love, and '*held his soul in His hand.*'"

As the hour of death drew on, he seemed to have three burdens of prayer; the first was quickly disposed of—he prayed aloud:

"O Lord, keep me, hold me fast, leave me not, let me not go!" and then all thought of himself seemed to be at an end.

Shortly after, his lips moved audibly, and his second burden was laid down at the Divine feet:

"My God, spare my country—oh! save my dear native land!"

After a few moments of silence, the voice of prayer was again heard,—the last earthly articulation

of his tongue. The words were those of the old familiar petition—

"Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven."

His own soul, his country, the Israel of God—these three interests he thus commended in last utterances to the faithful Promiser. How could a Christian life close more appropriately, more triumphantly?

An address was made by Captain Winslow of the *Kearsarge*, the destroyer of the *Alabama*, before the Port Society of New York, in December, 1864, which incidentally revealed a beautiful Christian influence over his men:

He stated that during the long cruise of the *Kearsarge* only two Sabbaths had passed without a religious service on board the ship. It was his custom to have the bell tolled and the men invited to come to his cabin, which was often filled with sailors for this exercise. In addition to the prayers, he commonly took up a portion of Scripture, expounded and endeavoured to illustrate it; and when in the vicinity of the lands of Bible history and prophecy, he would call attention to the fulfilment of God's Word, and thus set Jack thinking upon the reality of Divine truth.

A story of the battle of Galveston, on January 1st, 1863, which is a good example of the

bravery and determination of our sailors, is preserved by the New Orleans correspondent of the Boston *Traveller:*

William Reid, an old sailor and man-of-war's man, who was on board the *Owasco*, was one of the heroes of the fight. During the hottest moments of the battle between his ship and the Rebel batteries, this man, who is forty-eight years of age, received a severe wound while in the act of loading his rifle. Two fingers of his left hand were shot away, and the Surgeon ordered him below; but he refused to go, and tying his handkerchief around his fingers, remained on deck and did good execution with his rifle. Thirty minutes later, another shot struck him on the right shoulder; the blood came out through his shirt. Master's Mate Arbana then ordered him below to the Surgeon. The brave old fellow said—

"No, sir; as long as there's any fighting to be done, I stay on deck."

When the engagement was over, he had his wounds dressed. He is still on board the *Owasco*, and whenever they beat to general quarters, William Reid stands at his post, ready for orders. He was told one day by the Captain to go below, as he was on the sick list, and his place was the hospital. Displeased with the remark, he replied—

"No, Captain, my eyes are good, and I can pull a lockstring as well as any on 'em."

The following incident of the siege of Washington, N. C., by the Rebels in March and April, 1863, related by a soldier of Co. G, 46th Mass. Regt., is a beautiful instance of heroic self-sacrifice and courage :

A brave band of soldiers were set for the defence of Rodman's Point. The enemy, ten to one, pressed heavily upon them to drive them from the Point or destroy them. Overpowered, they fell back to the Tar River, where only a scow remained in which they could embark. They hurried into her. The balls came thick and fast from the Rebels close upon their heels. The boat had to be pushed from shore with poles. But, alas! when she was loaded, she stuck fast in the mud. The sides afforded some shelter to the soldiers while they remained lying; but who would leap overboard and push her out into the stream? Who would deliberately lay down his life for the possible salvation of his fellows? When several soldiers were about to do it, a large negro said—

"You keep still and save your life. I can't fight. I can push off the boat. If they kill me it's nothing. You are soldiers, and they need you to fight."

Leaping overboard, he pushed the boat out into the stream, then sprang back pierced by seven bullets. He died in two days. Does Greece or Rome offer a higher patriotism?

CHAPTER VII.

Value of the Scriptures in the Battle-Field.

The incidents that follow show how the distribution of the Scriptures and Tracts were appreciated in the Army and Navy.

Chaplain Thomas, in visiting Sheridan's Division Hospital No 2, after the battles before Chattanooga, found a rare example of faithful Bible reading :

A soldier, wounded in the leg, was sitting on his cot tailor-fashion, reading an octavo book open before him. Approaching, I saw it was in German. Wondering how so large a book could be carried by a man in the ranks, I asked—

"How do you manage with that on the march?"

"You see that?" said he in broken English, pointing to a rude case by his cot; "I got the leather of the Quartermaster, and cutting off strips for threads, made a rough thing as you see. When we strike tents I put my Bible in that case, and throw it into one of the waggons; sometimes it goes

in with picks and spades,—no matter, it don't hurt; when we get to camp again I go and get my Bible, and have the best kind of reading. The print is large enough to read by fire-light when we don't draw candles."

"How many times have you read the Bible through?"

"Twelve times, I think; twice since entering the service."

"How long have you been in the Army?"

"Twenty-eight months."

He was not a Christian when he enlisted, and I asked what led him to seek the Saviour:

"The hardships,—the hardships, sir."

Curious to know what he had learned from his reading, I asked—

"What must a man do to be saved?"

"He must believe Christ; he must love Christ; he must obey Christ; he is dead,—he must be united to Christ and made alive." Then followed an earnest denunciation of camp vices, and simple, noble views of Christian character. He had been brought up a Roman Catholic, and had not wholly escaped from some of the errors of that system.

I asked a Lieutenant, whose cot was near the German's, what he thought of the man:

"He is the strangest person I have ever met. He rises with the dawn, kneels beside that post, and all we hear is the low murmur, but we know the man is

talking with his God. Again at night, and occasionally in the daytime, at the conclusion of hours of Bible-reading, he does the same thing. Sometimes he hobbles along from cot to cot, and urges the men to quit their sins and come to Christ, and he does it in such a way as not to offend. Everyone knows he is a Christian."

For weeks, while I visited that hospital, the German unweariedly perused his Bible, and laboured, as was his wont, among his sick and dying comrades.

These homeward-bound men were found more thoughtful than had been anticipated. In many instances the thought of home so near at hand had recalled the fair promises of two years before, and broken vows came to stare them in the face. One young soldier, for whom a furlough had been procured at his request, declined to use it, asking that it might be postponed a month. At the end of two weeks he came to say that he was ready for his furlough, and, when pressed to give a reason for his strange delay, replied—

"I promised my mother that I would be a Christian in the Army. I have neglected it up to this time, and I could not go home until I could answer my mother's first question."*

* *Annals, U.S. Christian Commission, p.* 482.

The furlough of veterans has involved us in a new expenditure. They return from their homes with fewer Testaments than from the battle-field. The accounts run all pretty much alike:

"Mother"—or "sister," or "my little boy," as the case might be—"wanted it, because, you see, I had carried it so long, and it had been in the fight; so I left it at home, for I knew I could get another."

At first I thought they had presumed too far upon our free-giving; but I am satisfied now that they have done right. That copy of God's Truth will be treasured and read in the soldier's absence. The very form of the well-thumbed, worn book, will stir up and make mellow the depths of the home hearts. Henceforth the Word is doubly sacred.

I met on the boat from Chattanooga, a short time since, an Irish woman, who had come from Pennsylvania to see her brother in hospital. He had been carried to the grave the day before she reached Chattanooga. She had gathered up his few effects, and was taking them home. Unrolling his knapsack upon the deck, she took from it a book,—the only one it contained, and read. The tears streamed down her cheeks as she slowly spelled out the words, and with her fingers traced the lines on the first page. I looked over her shoulder. It was an old school-book on Physical Geography, and she was reading the introduction.

"Is that an interesting book?" I asked.

"Indade, sir, it's me brother's book—an' he used to rade it. He's did now;—d'ye see his name there—the darlint? He wuz a great scholard, me brother, an' I know he used to rade it. Niver a word did I git from him in hospittle, an' niver a word can they spake to me uv him—only jist he died on sich a bed an' wuz buried intoirely when I came. He wuz a great scholard, me brother wuz, an' I wuz sthrivin' to git a bit uv comfort fur me poor sowl out of his book."

Would that it had been the Book of the God of all comfort!

At a meeting Lieutenant Loomis, of the 146th N.Y. Regt., told us that on the 19th of August, the day of the Weldon railroad fight, as his men were advancing to the charge, he saw a Bible on the ground at the side of a dead Confederate soldier. Picking it up, stained with blood, he found afterwards the dead soldier's name printed on the cover.*

"Now," said the Lieutenant, "I am using that Bible myself, and—what I never did before—I am praying. I shall keep the Bible for the owner's friends, if they can be found."

An incident, somewhat like the last, is related by the Rev. Lyman Bartlett:†

In visiting a small battery directly in front of Fort

* B. F. Porter, Co. B., 11th Miss.

† Pastor of Congregational Church, Morristown, Ut.

Morton, I became acquainted with the Captain of a heavy battery of the 8th N.Y. Artillery. Until within a few weeks he had been a thoughtless wild young man. His wife was a Christian; and she, with a pious brother, had often written, urging him to come to Christ. One day he found on the ground near his quarters a soiled Testament, which he picked up and began to read. He became interested as he had never been before, and in a few days read it through. Going through it over and over again, he found new meaning at each perusal, though there was much he could not understand. He began to pray for light. Soon the Spirit opened his eyes and led him to the cross, where he found pardon, and direction, and peace. All this time he had not conversed with a single Christian friend. Afterwards his wife sent him a small pocket Bible. The reading of it was a new revelation to him each succeeding day. His gratitude to God for having opened his eyes to behold such wondrous things out of His Law was beautiful and child-like.

The Rev. Perkins K. Clark* writes in February from Point of Rocks:

Before I left home, a little girl came to me, wishing to send something to the soldiers. Her mother said, she had been saving all her pennies a long time, and had been very unwilling to part with them. But

* Pastor of Congregational Church, South Deerfield, Mass.

when she heard I was going to the Army, she wanted her mother to come with her to bring some of them to me:

"Well, how many will you take, Clara?"

"Twenty-five,"—this was one-fourth of the whole store. The twenty-five pennies were brought to me, and a valuable, though modest little roll I thought it to be. I decided to add to it some of the other funds entrusted to me, and procure a Bible, to be given in Clara's name.

As I was visiting my patients at Point of Rocks Hospital, a young man of the 1st N.Y. Mounted Rifles, who had a Testament, asked me for a Bible. He was searching for the truth, and under deep conviction of sin. I said to myself, Here is the man for little Clara's book. So I told him all about the twenty-five cents, and wrote on the fly-leaf of the book, "Albert Smay, Co. C, 1st N.Y. Mounted Rifles. Bought with pennies given by little Clara Hastings, of South Deerfield, Mass. Presented by the Rev. P. K. Clark, U. S. C. C., Point of Rocks. Feb. 14th, 1865. 'Search the Scriptures.'" As I gave him the book, I spoke to him earnestly about the duty he owed to God. He was overcome with emotion, and hiding his face under the blanket, sobbed like a child. The next day I carried him some blackberry syrup. Again I presented Christ to him:

"I haven't found Him," he said, and it seems to me I've been trying as hard as I can."

"Well, now, suppose you stop trying, and let Him try. He invites you; believe this and trust Him. His promise is 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.'"

Sabbath morning, I saw him again.

"Yesterday," said he, "I found Him; I saw that I could do nothing but just believe."

His face and all his bearing indicated the deep peace of God. I was to leave next morning, and came to bid him good-bye.

"Jesus is my Saviour," he said, with tears rolling down his cheeks; "*I can leave all with Him.* I'll write to you when I can sit up. Tell little Clara how I thank her for the dear book."

When my term of service in another part of the Army had expired, I hastened again to the Point of Rocks Hospital. Albert had taken a new sickness and was dying. He was too weak for much conversation.

"Is Jesus precious to you, Albert?"

"*He is all that is precious to me now.*"

He whispered his wish that the Bible should be sent to his mother. A faint smile came into his face as I spoke of the Better Land. It rested there. On the morning of February 28th he died, happy in Jesus.

In the Autumn of 1861, a volunteer cavalry company of Home Guards was formed in Williston, Vt., —half in sport, half for the sake of drill. A member

of Williams' College, who was passing his vacation in the village, was chosen Chaplain of the company. A gentleman from New York, connected with the Bible Society, sent a bundle of Testaments to distribute among the members. One Sabbath afternoon these were presented, with an address by the Chaplain upon the "Christian soldier."

One of these Testaments has come back to Williston, and lies before me as I write. On the fly-leaf there is an inscription in the Chaplain's handwriting:

"Williston Cavalry Company, September, 1861;" and beneath it is pencilled his name,—"Charles B. Chapin."

He enlisted in the Summer of 1862, in the 1st Vermont Cav., and the little Testament was carried to the war. It traversed Virginia from Harper's Ferry to Petersburg, and rode with its owner, under Kilpatrick's lead, within the defences of Richmond. On May 5th, the day of the first fighting in the Wilderness, Chapin became a prisoner, and it went with him. Its owner had been previously learning the value of the little book. During the busy campaigns in which he had proved himself a cool, courageous soldier, there had sprung up in his heart a new life. He could never trace its history, or fix its date.

"I could not go into action without committing myself to God in silent prayer," he wrote; "and

presently I came to feel that my prayers were answered."

He had learned the secret of faith in God; and so the little Testament became a priceless treasure during the long days at Andersonville.

When captured, his watch was taken from him, his money, and even his pocket-knife also; but a memorandum-book and the Testament he was permitted to retain. Together these volumes tell the tale of his prison-life; giving hints and brief suggestions of sufferings which could never be told, and of joys which even that life of horror could not wholly darken. The diary paints the dark side of the picture; a sentence here and there bringing out vividly the indescribable filth and wretchedness of the prison, the intolerable heat, the ever-increasing insufficiency of rations, the progress of disease, the sinking of the heart, as hope almost gave way before despair, which wrung out the groan—

"*O God! will there never be an exchange?*"

But the well-worn Testament goes into the inner life, and tells a heart-history in its marked passages. A large class of these was evidently made forcible by the surroundings of prison-life; as, for example, Christ's discourse upon the "*Living Bread,*" in St. John's sixth chapter; many of St. Paul's allusions to his imprisonment; and St. Stephen's martyrdom. Others struck a deeper chord; as Christ's prayer for His disciples, after the assurance, "In this world ye

shall have tribulation;" the close of the eighth chapter of the Romans, beginning, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?" St. Peter's injunction, "Think it not strange, concerning the fiery trial which is to try you;" and St. Paul's triumphant message to Timothy, from out of the old Roman Mamertine dungeon, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." With what deep interest do we find the soldier's mark about these words (Phil. i. 12, 21): "But I would that ye should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me, have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the Gospel. * * * For I know that this shall turn to my salvation, through your prayers."

After reading such entries in his journal as these—"Cannot get half enough to eat;" "Very, *very* hot;" "Do not hardly draw half rations;" "Had no blanket, so lay in the dirt;" "Water poor;" "Washed a pair of drawers, for the first time in two months;"—there is something inexpressibly touching in finding his mark upon such passages as these—"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. They shall hunger no more, neither

thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Not only was the Testament read and re-read during the seven months of imprisonment, but lent to others also. The day of exchange, so earnestly prayed for, came at last, and when the wasted form dragged itself out of the stockade, the little volume could not be found; it was in the hands of some fellow-prisoner, and gladly left that it might continue to comfort him. Chapin reached Annapolis, and sent a cheerful letter home; his father went down to bring him back, as he hoped, to the old fireside. It was not so to be. Starvation and cruelty had done their work; he had "fought a good fight, the time of his departure was at hand."

Under the hardships of prison life, into which was crowded the discipline of a score of common years, he had ripened for heaven.

"Father, sit down by me; I want to tell you how I feel,—I don't know as it's just right. I feel so perfectly satisfied with all God has done. I wouldn't have one thing changed. I would be glad to go home and see mother again; but if God arranges otherwise, it's all right. I would have it just as He pleases. Tell Eddie and Allie and Millie to meet me in heaven; and tell Mr. Hough to say to all

my young friends in Williston to meet me there too."

The last entry in his journal reads, "Mustered for pay;" he was being "mustered for pay" indeed; the Captain of his salvation was even then saying, "Behold I come quickly, and My reward is with Me." Peacefully, even gladly, he entered into rest. Let those who can, imagine the contrast between Andersonville and Heaven.

During the weeks in which he lingered, business once called his father to Washington. In the depôt there was a group of soldiers, Accosting them, he found that one was a released Andersonville prisoner.

"Did you know Charley Chapin?" he inquired.

"Charley Chapin? Guess I did," was the quick rejoinder.

Explanations followed, and the soldier expressed his surprise that he was yet alive. Opening his knapsack suddenly, he added—

"Here, I've got a Testament that belongs to him. He lent it to me, and I couldn't find him to return it. I've read it through four times. I wish you would give it to him."

So the precious little book came back to him who had fed upon it when starving, and to his friends in whose eyes it was a priceless treasure. It lies on my table this afternoon, where the "Chaplain" wrote in it four years and more ago. It bears on it the scars of service. Its sides and edges are worn. Its back,

having failed, has been replaced by a piece of rough leather, once apparently part of a boot-leg, carefully stitched on. Its pages are wonderfully clean, testifying to the care with which it was used, and reminding us of one of old, who in the depths of an experience, not wholly dissimilar, exclaimed—"I have esteemed the words of His mouth more than my necessary food."

I was busy removing the bloody garments from a wounded Union soldier. In his pocket I found a small book: taking it out to ascertain his name, I discovered that it was a Testament. On opening it, to my surprise, I found the name of a North Carolina soldier. I inquired how he came to have it. He told me that he was disabled at Hanover C. H., and lay on the field near a severely wounded Rebel, who was crying piteously for water. Desirous of relieving the poor fellow's thirst, he crawled to a stream, filled his canteen, and returning held it to the dying man's lips, while he greedily drained its contents. In return, the North Carolinian took out his Testament, and handing it to the Union soldier, said—

"I have no way to thank you for this, but to give you the thing I love best of all,—my precious Testament."

In an hour afterwards, the grateful sufferer was silent and without thirst in death. The "precious

MY PRECIOUS TESTAMENT.

PAGE 28.

Testament" will be an heirloom in the family of the Union soldier,—a sacred memento of Christian love in scenes of hate and carnage.

Gen. Fisk, in his address at the Anniversary of the American Bible Society, in May, 1866, relates an incident of this campaign:

More than 25,000 Bibles and Testaments have been given to soldiers and sailors from my own headquarters. I believed in putting them beside the Tactics and Army Regulations. Let me tell you a little incident connected with the distribution. There was a brave soldier from Iowa, Col. Samuel Rice,—a name now honoured in the Army by the death of that Christian soldier, who died at Spottsylvania with his face to the foe. Col. Rice commanded a brigade of my division in the Army of the Mississippi. In the summer of 1863, the War Department advised us that a new edition of Army Tactics, prepared by Gen. Casey, would soon be issued. We were eager to receive the book, and inquiries at headquarters were frequently made after the new Tactics.

One morning I received a package of a thousand Testaments, printed by the American Bible Society. They were put up at my headquarters, in a nice little case, showing the backs with the titles in gilt letters. Soon afterwards Colonel Rice came in, and seeing books in the case, said—

"So the Tactics have come; I am glad of it."

"Yes, Colonel," said I, "the Tactics have come."

"Can I make my requisition for them this morning?"

I replied affirmatively.

"General," said he, "have you read these new Tactics?"

"Yes, sir, I have; I have studied them, and I mean to study them morning and evening while I live."

He made his requisition for "forty-two Casey's Tactics," through his Adjutant-General. When it was presented, I tied up a package of forty-two *Testaments* and sent them out to his headquarters. His officers all gathered round to get the new book. As they opened the package, out came the Testaments. Of course, there was a momentary disappointment in the group, but it was the human means of leading more than one of them to a saving knowledge of these Tactics.

Col. Rice, for a long time, had been seriously inclined. He had been to our meetings, and had talked to me on the great subject. He began reading the Bible from that very day, earnestly and prayerfully. A few months afterwards, while leading his courageous boys against the bayonets of General Price, he received a serious wound. I visited him as he passed up the Mississippi river to his home to die, and found him rejoicing in hope, clinging to the "sure word of prophecy" contained in the Blessed

Book, and looking forward to the time when he should join the great Army above. I sat down with him, and we sang together—

> "Jesus can make a dying bed
> Feel soft as downy pillows are,
> As on his breast I lean my head,
> And breathe my life out sweetly there."

A few days ago I received from his Chaplain a long epistle, telling me how triumphantly and gloriously this soldier left earth for heaven.

A middle-aged man rose in the crowd and held up a little book:

"Soldiers. I have a book here which I suspect none of you have money enough to buy. I never read it; I don't know how to read; but I couldn't let this book go. They tell me it is God's Word; that this is where we find what Jesus says: and I love to feel it in my hands and press it to my bosom, and put it under my head at night. It reads of Jesus! What could I do without Jesus, and how should I know about Him, if it was not for this book, which somebody can read? Sometimes I find a good friend and take him by the arm and say, 'Come, go with me a little way;' and when we get by ourselves, I pull out my little book and say, 'I have here a nice book: I want you to read a little with me.' He says, 'Where shall I read?' I say, 'The 7th of Matthew.' Then, when he has read that, I say, 'Just a little

more,—the 1st chapter of James.' I have almost learned these two chapters, and then I am going to take another. I advise you all to get a Testament from the Christian Commission."

August 2nd, Mr. Parsons writes from Cowan Station :

This afternoon several officers called on Col. Scribner,* with whom I was stopping. In the midst of a varied and interesting conversation, Col. Scribner rallied Brig.-Gen. Beattie,† of Ohio, respecting a Bible given him by his wife, saying—

"It's just as fresh and clean as when you received it from her hands."

"Colonel," replied the General, "I can say what I fear you cannot,—I have not let pass a single day since I entered the service without reading it."

"Upon your honour?"

"Upon my honour, sir."

"What,—in those fighting days at Stone River?"

"Yes, sir; in those fights I did not fail to read my daily chapter; and if you'll examine my Bible, you will find every chapter marked in daily order."

The answer was so calm and serious, that no one present could doubt the words of the speaker.

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* Commanding First Brigade, Gen. Rousseau's Division.

† Recently elected to Congress from the 8th District of Ohio.

The reminiscences of the Army are rich in tract as well as Bible incidents:

One morning a tract, entitled, *Will you go?* was placed on the vacant bed of a soldier. Soon after, the soldier came in and sat down on his bed. He picked up the hymn, looked at the title, read a few lines of the invitation, and threw it down. Again he picked it up and read a little, then threw it upon the floor. But the invitation he was so unwilling to hear had reached him, through this silent messenger of the Lord. Playing with the tract for a while with his foot, the soldier picked it up for the third time, and now read it carefully through. It was thrown down no more. The soldier read and re-read it, and then holding it awhile thoughtfully in his hand, as if listening to the solemn voice speaking to *him*, "Will *you* go?" he drew a pencil from his pocket, and deliberately traced round the margin of the tract, these words—

"By the grace of God, I will try to go. John Waugh, Co. G, 10th Regt. P. R. V. C."

A soldiers' prayer-meeting was held that night in the hospital. Waugh came, and when opportunity was given,—with his wounded arm in a sling, and the little tract in his other hand,—he told his comrades of his conflict with that bit of paper. He read the promise which he had written on the margin, and asked all to pray that he might keep it, and never be ashamed of his Saviour, adding—

"I'm not ashamed of Christ *now;* but I *am* ashamed of *myself* for having been so long ashamed of Him."

Some months later, on opening my morning paper, I read a brief account of "A skirmish yesterday in Virginia. Ten persons killed." Glancing over the list of names, I stopped at this one,—"John Waugh, Co. G, 10th Regt. P. R."

It was a comfort to me to lay down my paper, take up the little tract, then and now in my possession, and read once more the pencilled pledge on its margin,—"By the grace of God I will try to go."

Mr. A. E. Chamberlain narrates an incident connected with this movement:

The 57th Penna. was one of the regiments which went with Sherman. The intense heat and fatigue of the rapid journey compelled the men to throw away their baggage. A soldier named Wilmarth had with him a Bible,—a mother's last gift. When he had thrown away his knapsack, he carried the book in his hand for a long distance, until the question of retaining it came to be one of life itself. At last, to keep up with the rest, he was obliged to leave it behind him on the road. He put it where he could see it for a long time as he marched away. When it had faded from view, he could not say that his burden was lighter than before.

When the expedition was ended, several fractions of regiments which had suffered greatly, passed through Cincinnati. Among these was Wilmarth's. I went over on their arrival to see the Regimental Hospital. For six weeks the men had had no changes, and were fearfully dirty and neglected-looking. Wilmarth lay on the first cot. He pulled the blanket up to hide his squalor and wretchedness. I had brought up some Scripture portions for distribution; but the moment I entered, I saw it was not the time for tracts in that room. The seventeen men needed another phase of Christ's Gospel.

"Boys, you want clean clothes first of all," I said; and began taking an account of missing stock to be supplied. Coming to Wilmarth, I asked what could be done to make him more comfortable.

"I was never a beggar in my life," he replied.

"My dear boy, this isn't begging; all I want to do is to pay a little instalment on what we owe."

The Surgeon sent his ambulance to the Commission rooms for the goods, and within three hours I called again.

The three hours had certainly developed a revolution: one would not have known the place or the men's faces. Now was the time for Testaments. Coming to Wilmarth, I asked him if he had one. His answer was the incident of the march to Jackson. I put a copy of St. John's Gospel at his side, marked a few passages, and spoke to him of the great love.

So with them all. Then, after a short service, I bade them good-bye, never expecting to see them again.

Two weeks afterwards, the Rev. Mr. Chidlaw and I held Sunday service at Licking Hospital. I noticed a soldier leaning against a post; going to him, I asked if he was a Christian:

"I don't know, sir; I'm trying to be one."

"How long have you been trying?"

"Ever since"—and he held up a little Scripture portion as he spoke—"ever since you gave me that book, sir."

I remembered him at once. Taking out a bright, new copy,—for his was already worn with use,—I asked—

"Suppose you give me that one, and take this?"

"You could not get this book, sir, for the whole State of Kentucky; *it brought me to Jesus.*"

The Rev. Mr. Smith, writing to the *Bible Society Record*, relates the following:

In Louisville, last Sabbath, I found in the barracks a German Orderly, who replied to my question, "Would you like a *Testament?*" with a very doubtful query—

"You have no *Bible*, I suppose?"

"No, I have only the Testament."

"I *have* that," said he; "I want a German Bible. I would give my next month's pay, when I get it, for a Bible in my pocket."

I told him to call at the Bible Depository in the morning, and I would give him one. Early the next day, while I was at breakfast, there was a call for me; it proved to be from the Orderly, who had come for his Bible. I gave him his choice out of the stock, and a happier man I have not seen for months. He had brought along with him a brother Orderly, once a preacher, who, while on duty at a hospital in Louisville, had loaned his Bible—the only one there—till it was so worn that with his poor eyesight he could no longer read it. The convalescents, he told me, used to take turns with his Bible, and sometimes *five or six applicants would put down their names for the next reading*. I gave this man also a Bible of his own selection.

CHAPTER VIII.

Home Remembrances on the Battle-field.

The following affecting incidents illustrate the power of home remembrances, and especially of a mother's teaching and influence, even in scenes of bloodshed and death:

Coming back from the front, I learned that the Delegates had left Kingston, and that there was no Chaplain in either of the two hospitals.

An Indiana soldier sent for me in the night. He was dying,—a fair-faced boy of eighteen years. His leg had been cut off by a shell, and amputation had prostrated him beyond recovery. He was a Sabbath-school boy. He wanted me to take his last words home to his mother and sister:

"Poor mother, how she will take on! Tell her not to cry for me. I love Jesus. I put all my trust in Him. When you prayed with me this afternoon I felt my soul going right out to Him. Tell my sister not to fret after me. I have done the best I could for my country, and now I want them to meet me in heaven. Tell my sister to be sure and hold out faithful."

DYING IN GEORGIA.

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He gave me his memorandum and pocket-book and a number of keepsakes; asked me to pull the two rings from his hand and send them to his sister, and tell her that they were taken off after his hand was getting cold. After prayer we sang—

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

He joined in, breaking the tune now and then with—

"Yes, yes; if *he* could trust Him, I can." "Yes, *when* I die." "That *will* be sweeter." "Power to save; power to save; I used to sing that hymn at home, but it was never so good as this; power to save."

I gave him my hand for good-bye. He drew me down for a kiss, and Mrs. George * must have one also, and the nurse; and then we left him. Before I had passed through the ward the nurse called me back: "He wants to speak to you."

When I reached the cot he asked to see the daguerreotype pictures in his memorandum-book. I took out three, and held them up one by one. Mother came first.

"Dear mother," he said, as he took it in his trembling fingers; "good-bye; I wish I could see you, but I am going to die in Georgia." In tears

* This lady volunteered as nurse to the Indiana soldiers during the war. When Gen. Sherman reached the coast she met "her boys" again at Wilmington, N.C., and there, prostrated with toil and fever, died in one of their hospitals.

and sobbing he pressed the ambrotype to his lips;—"Good-bye; good-bye." He takes the next:

"Sister, dear sister; don't fret for me; I'll see you again; only be faithful; good-bye, dear sister, good-bye;" and he prints on the glass his dying kiss.

The next one he gazes upon with unutterable longing. His lips quiver, and his whole frame shakes. He calls no name. He kisses it over and over, and holds it under his hand on his breast. I put my mouth close to his ear and whispered, "This is hard."

"Yes, it is hard; I would like to go home; but I am content."

"You are dying now, before you are twenty years old. Are you not sorry you enlisted?"

He looked at me steadily. His sobbing ceased, and with a firm, deliberate tone he said—

"Not a bit; I was glad when I enlisted, and I am glad now. I am willing to die for my country."

That midnight scene cannot be described. The patients in the ward, who could walk, gathering round; others in their beds, rising up on elbow; the nurses standing about,—one of them holding, at the head of the cot, the single candle of the ward; the prayer, the hymn, the last message, the good-bye, the family leave-takings, and the consecration unto death on the altar of country; they fill a blessed page in my memory, but I cannot transfer it to you.

At one of the City Point hospitals was a soldier who told me he had been near the gates of death.

"How did you feel in view of meeting God?" I asked.

"Well," said he, "I thought it all over, and felt calm and ready. I never made any profession, but I'm convinced of the truth of religion. When young, I used to read Tom Paine and Voltaire, and I liked to argue, for the sake of argument, with anyone who seemed sectarian or fond of discussion. Yet I did not believe a word of what I read. *I always believed in my mother's religion.* No man on the face of God's globe can lodge an argument between me and my mother's religion."

In one tent, where there were four men, two of them went to the meetings, and became hopefully converted. Without opposition from the other two, they began reading the Bible and praying in their tent. One of them, a short, stout man, whom they called "Chubby," was accustomed to read for them. At length Chubby was sent to the front. When the hour of worship next came, his companion, not willing to give up the exercise, or to conduct it entirely alone, asked his comrades who should read the Bible for them:

"Will you, William?"

"No," was the reply; "I can't read the Bible; I never did."

The other tent-mate, who was a very profane and wicked man, responded—

"I will; I ought to. My mother taught me to read it; and it would have been better for me if I had always obeyed her." And the tears flowed, as he took the Book and read a chapter. When he had done, his pious companion knelt to pray, and he knelt too; and when the other had prayed, he followed, and then and there gave himself to Christ, and began a Christian life.

In one of the meetings at City Point, a soldier said that he had been trying to serve Christ for about six months. He had been trying to induce all his company to come to the meeting and seek Jesus; and had persuaded eleven to come. He drew his Bible from his pocket, and said he had read it through three times since he began to serve Christ, and he would not exchange it for all other books that could be collected.

Mrs. E. I. Ford, the wife of Post-Surgeon Ford, of Nashville, a constant friend of the Christian Commission, relates an experience, in July, of work in the wards of a new hospital opened at Nashville for the men from the front:

Most of the boys, even those whose limbs had been amputated, were doing well, when hot weather

brought that scourge of the wounded, gangrene, which in spite of every precaution attacked very many of the patients. With most of them it was arrested; but such was the constant alternation and suspense, that they needed more than usual sympathy, and nourishment better than common. The Commission Delegates were always gladly welcomed.

Soldiers do not intrude their sorrows upon others; only when you stoop down to them, and ask them of the homes they have left and the toils they have encountered, and not always then, may you catch a glimpse of the sacrifices they make for their country. A boy of eighteen, of athletic frame and cheerful countenance, had suffered amputation of a right arm, and was doing well when he was attacked by the gangrene. From this time he was an object of my special interest and attention. Many a little luxury was procured, but soon they were seen to be of no avail. The disease, once arrested, reappeared with renewed violence; its inroads upon his constitution could not be repaired. A friend from his Western home came to cheer him day after day with kindest converse and sympathy. One day, before an operation, he said to me—

"I feel sometimes like giving up, but when I think of home and friends, I try to live for their sakes."

"But, my boy, you were brave in the face of the enemy; can't you meet this foe with the same

courage? You may have an Almighty Arm to lean upon."

"Oh, how much I need it! How I long to find it!"

"But you may find it *at once;* Jesus says so,—'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.'"

"Ah, yes; but I've been such a sinner, so wicked, such a hard boy,—and all the while I had a praying mother at home."

"But the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. Only receive Him now, and your mother's prayers are answered."

He was soon enabled to accept the Saviour. He drooped gradually, and cared less for the comforts brought him, but never wearied of listening to the "sweet story of old." He looked at me thoughtfully one day, and said—

"I have made up my mind that I can't live, and I'm ready to die; but, oh, if I could only die at home, with my mother and little sister beside me, I should be satisfied! That's all I want now." With an imploring look, he added—

"Will you ask my Doctor if I may be carried home? It is my last request," and then the tears came. I turned away heart-sick, to entreat for what I knew could not be granted. My husband assured me it would be impossible; so I carried back a reluctant response. He was calmer. When I told him, he said—

"I could hardly have expected it."

"Shall we send for your mother?"

"No," said he, after a moment; "she is feeble, and must not come here."

No more earthly complaints were uttered; no more wishes for what might not be. The "Everlasting Arms" were underneath and around him, until he was "present with the Lord."

Mrs. E. N. Harris, of Philadelphia, who visited the hospitals in Washington, Georgetown and Alexandria, immediately after the battle, wrote to the Rev. Dr. Taylor,* as follows:†

Another, whose benignant, placid expression told of great peace, to the remark, "You have been shielded in the day of battle,—perhaps in answer to a mother's prayers," replied—

"Yes, to those of a sainted mother; but especially to those of a praying wife, who, in a letter just received, says, 'I spent the whole of Sabbath in prayer for you,' not knowing I was in battle; but her father and my father knew it. That was enough. I went into the battle with prayer, and returned with thanksgiving for a spared life."

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* Then Pastor of a Reformed Protestant (Dutch) Church in Philadelphia. Now Secretary of the American Bible Society.

† *Annals, U. S. Christian Commission*, pp. 90—92.

I was about to pass on, when the position of his arm arrested me.

"You are wounded in the arm?"

"Yes."

"I hope not seriously."

"Yes, it was amputated at the elbow before I left the field."

Wholly unprepared for such an announcement, my feelings overpowered me. He soothingly said—

"It is only my *left* arm. That is not much to give my country. It *might have been* my life."

Another, a lovely youth, whose bright, restless eye and flushed cheek told of suffering, grasped my hand and gently pulled me towards him; I knelt beside him and said—

"My dear boy, what can I do for you? Shall I talk to you of Jesus?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "I am used to that. I have loved Him, but not near enough, for two years; and now He is going to take me home."

"You are very young. Have you a mother?"

"Oh yes;" tears filled his eyes.

"It must have been a great trial to give you to your country."

"Yes, it was. When I first mentioned it, she would not hear me; but we both prayed over it, and at last she consented, saying—'My country deserves this sacrifice. I gave you to God at your birth, and *this* is His cause."

As I fanned the dear boy, brushing back the hair from his beautiful forehead, he fell into a sleep. When I withdrew my hand, he started and exclaimed—

"Oh, I dreamed that was Annie's hand. Won't you put it on my head again?"

"Who is Annie?"

"My twin sister. We were *seventeen* since I left home."

This dear youth is now with the Saviour. He died from his wounds the next day.

In how many instances was the precious Gospel brought to the soldiers, in the strains of music set to psalms and hymns. In camp and hospital, on march and field, the sweet songs of Zion wooed many a prodigal back to the Father's loving embrace. None possibly were more effectual than that familiar hymn, "Rock of Ages." We heard it sung for the first time in the army, on the beach at Fortress Monroe, by some Delegates of the Christian Commission, just beneath the "Lincoln Gun." Its grateful truth, borne by the winds, fell upon the ear of a soldier on the parapet; not only so, but touched his heart, and in time led him to build on the "Rock of Ages."

Again, we heard the same hymn at Yorktown, sung by some of the same Delegates. After its singing, as we were returning to our quarters, one of the Dele-

gates was overtaken by a soldier, who belonged to the "Lost Children."* He asked—

"Won't you please tell me how I may be built on the 'Rock' you sang about? I was thinking of it while on guard the other day." He told his story in brief: he was from New York City, had received his mother's dying blessing. Before she breathed her last, she sang this hymn, and said—

"George, my son, I would not feel so badly about your enlisting, if you were only built upon that 'Rock.'"

These sacred memories were revived by the singing of the hymn; and as the Delegate and soldier knelt on the dusty road-side, beneath the stars, the wanderer lost his weariness and thirst for sin, in the shadow of the "Rock of Ages."

Eighteen months after this incident, the same Delegate, going to Fortress Monroe, on a boat which had as part of her passengers a gay and happy company of the Signal Corps, conversed, sang and prayed with them. He related to them the foregoing incidents, sang "Rock of Ages," and retired to his stateroom. Soon after, a gentle tap called him to the door, where he found a tall, graceful Lieutenant, who, with tears streaming down his face, said—

"Oh, sir! I could not let you go to bed to-night until I had told you what you have done. As I sat,

* The name of a New York Regiment,—"*Enfans Perdus.*"

with my head leaning against a spar, and listened to your words and to that hymn, you brought back my dead mother with all her prayers and love. I have been a wanderer until this night, and now by God's grace I want to hide myself in that 'Rock of Ages.'"

Several days after the battle, a soldier came hurriedly to a Chaplain's tent, with the message—

"Chaplain, one of our boys is badly wounded, and wants to see you right away."

Following the soldier, writes the Chaplain, I was taken to a cot on which lay a noble young man. He was pale and blood-stained from a terrible wound above the temple. I saw at a glance that he had but a short time to live. Taking his hand, I said to him—

"Well, my brother, what can I do for you?"

The poor dying soldier looked up in my face, and placing his finger where his hair was stained with blood, said—

"Chaplain, cut a big lock from here *for mother*,—mind, Chaplain, *for mother!*"

I hesitated to do it. He said—

"Don't be afraid, Chaplain, to disfigure my hair; it's for mother, and nobody will come to see me in the dead-house to-morrow."

I did as he requested me.

"Now, Chaplain," said the dying man, "I want you to kneel down by me, and *return thanks* to God."

"For what?" I asked.

"For giving me such a mother. Oh, Chaplain, she is a good mother. And thank God that by His grace I am a Christian. Oh, what would I do now if I wasn't a Christian? 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' I know that His finished work has saved me. And, Chaplain, thank God for giving me dying grace. He has made this dying bed 'feel soft as downy pillows are.' Thank Him for the promised home in glory. I'll soon be there—where there is no war, nor sorrow, nor desolation, nor death—where I'll see Jesus, and be 'for ever with the Lord.'"

I knelt by the dying man, and thanked God for the blessings He had bestowed upon him—the blessings of a good mother, a Christian hope, and dying grace. Shortly after the prayer, he said—

"Good-bye, Chaplain; if you ever see mother, tell her it was all well."

Passing a forlorn-looking house, we were told by a sentinel that a young officer of a Maine regiment* lay within, very sick. In a corner, on a stretcher, we found him, an elegant-looking youth, struggling with the last enemy. His mind wandered, and as we approached him, he exclaimed—

"Is it not cruel to keep me here, when my mother and sister, whom I have not seen for a year, are in the next room? They *might* let me go in."

Once for a moment, he seemed to have a glimpse

* Lieut. Col. Wm. S. Heath.

of his real condition. Drawing two rings from his finger, placed there by a loving mother and sister, he handed them to an attendant, saying—

"Carry them home." A moment more and he was amid battle scenes, calling out, "Deploy to the left." "Keep out of that ambuscade." "Now, go, my braves, double quick, and strike for your flag." "On, on!" and he threw up his arms as if cheering them; "you'll win the day!"

Here is a memorial of Gaines' Mills:

Two wounded brothers were brought to Savage's Station, and laid at the foot of a tree. When found by a friend, their arms were entwined about each other, and they were trying to administer mutual comfort. They talked of loved ones at home, of their longings to see mother; then of the service in which they had been engaged, and their love of country. They prayed for each other, and for their friends far away, and especially that *mother* might be comforted. In a little time the younger went up home; the survivor, blind from a shot in the face, knew it not, but continued to speak encouraging words to him. No response being made, he said in a pleased, gentle way—

"Poor little Rob's asleep."

In a few minutes more he too slept—and awoke with his brother.

A Lieutenant related to the Chaplain of the 1st Conn. Cavalry an incident which illustrates the potency of appeals from home upon the soldier's heart:

A young man in the regiment openly embraced religion, to the surprise of all his comrades. One day he happened to be in my tent, and I asked how his mind was awakened so suddenly. He took out of his pocket a letter from his mother:

"There is something in that letter which affected me as nothing ever did before."

The letter said: "We have sent you a box of nice clothes, some fine cakes and fruits, and other luxuries and comforts; and many good times we hope you will have, enjoying them and sharing them with your friends."

Near the letter's close were these words—

"*We are all praying for you, Charlie, that you may be a Christian.*"

"That's the sentence!" said the grateful boy, the tears gushing from his eyes. "When I was eating the dainties, I thought, 'Mother is praying for me. I know where she goes to pray, and I can almost hear the words she says.' All the time I was wearing the clothes I could not help thinking of the words,—'We are all praying for you, Charlie, that you may be a Christian.' How I thank God for such a mother! Her prayer is answered and I am happy."

"Sergeant," said a Delegate to a dying soldier, "we are going to halt soon—we shall not march much further to-day."

"Are we going to halt, Colonel, so early in the day? Are we going into bivouac before night?"

"Yes, Sergeant," I replied, "the march is nearly over—the bugle-call will soon sound 'the halt.'"

His mind wandered for a moment, but my tears interpreted my words.

"Ah, Colonel," he said, "do you mean that I am so soon to die?"

"Yes, Sergeant," I said, "you are soon to die."

"Well, Colonel, I am glad I am going to die—I want to rest—the march has not been so long, but I am weary—very weary—I want to halt—I want to be with Christ—I want to be with my Saviour."

I read "the prayer for the dying," most of which he repeated; then the sister knelt beside the couch of her brother, and offered up to God a prayer full of earnestness, love and faith. The life-blood of her dying brother trickled down the bedside and crimsoned her dress, while she besought the Father that his robes might be "washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." The prayer was finished; the Sergeant said "Amen;" we stood again by the bed-side.

"Sister—aunt—do not weep: I am going to Christ; I am going to rest in heaven. Tell my mother, sister, —" and the soldier took from his finger a ring and

kissed it—"tell my mother, sister, that this is for her, and that I remembered and loved her, dying."

He took another ring from his hand, kissed it and said—

"Sister, this is for her to whom my heart is pledged; tell her—tell her to come to me in heaven."

"Colonel," said he, turning to me, his face brightening with the words, "tell my comrades of the Army—the noble Army of the Potomac—that I died bravely—died for the good old flag."

"Chaplain," said Sergeant Mc——, "are you the Chaplain of this hospital?"

"Yes, sir," said I, "and shall be glad to serve you."

"Oh, I'm so glad we have a Chaplain here. I'm the happiest man you ever saw!" and his whole countenance was radiant with joy.

"How is that?" I replied. "You have lost a leg and—"

"No matter about my leg," he quickly replied; "I shall have both legs in heaven; I tell you I'm the happiest man you ever saw," and his very heart seemed to leap with gladness.

"Well, what makes you so happy?" I inquired.

"I will tell you," he said. "As we were going into battle, I said to myself, 'this is serious work;' so I prayed God to spare my life and pardon my sins; or if I should be killed, to take me to heaven. Presently a shell struck my leg below the knee, and I

just lay still and prayed. I was left on the battle-field all that night, but I lay still and prayed. O Chaplain, that was the happiest night of my life!" and again his countenance was lit up with inexpressible joy.

"How could you be happy under such circumstances?" I asked again.

"Oh, *I just prayed*, and Christ seemed to come and stand by my side all night, and He comforted me; I felt sure that my sins were all pardoned and washed away in His blood; and I do tell you, Chaplain, that I forgot all about my wounds for the moment: it was the happiest night of my life."

This conversation occurred twelve days after the battle; I said—

"And you feel as happy still?"

"Oh, yes, I'm the happiest man you ever saw."

And so indeed it seemed. He lingered several days, happy all the while; then sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

Towards the close of a prayer-meeting held in the First Baptist Church of Chicago, in the fall of 1861, an officer rose and said—

"In our regiment, the 33rd Illinois, there was a little boy, the servant of one of the Captains, who on account of his known religious principles was nicknamed 'Little Piety.' The Christian soldiers of the regiment organised a prayer-meeting; and were holding it one evening in a tent, near the quarters of the officer of the day,—a very profane man,—who hearing

the singing, started out, exclaiming with an oath, 'I'll stop that noise.' As he approached the tent, the fly-door was up; 'Little Piety' was speaking, standing near the cracker-box which served as a desk, so that the light of the only candle in the tent lit up his face. The little fellow was telling of his mother's last counsel to him as he went away from home: 'My son, there are a great many men who don't love Christ, and who will tempt you to swerve from your fidelity and purpose. You may be subjected to trials on account of your faith; but, my son, I want you to promise that whatever else you forget, you will not forget your mother's Saviour.' With tears in his eyes the little fellow told how he was trying not to forget Him. The sight of the boy and the tone of his voice stopped the Captain. He listened till the meeting closed, when the leader asked—

"'Where shall we hold our next meeting?'

"Stepping forward out of the darkness, the Captain responded, 'In my tent.'

"The Captain was afterwards converted to Christ, and since that time has been one of the most earnest Christians in the regiment."

The following incident of work in Nashville, in March, is from the pen of the Rev. E. P. Smith:

A young man lingered one day after our daily prayer-meeting. Mr. Atkinson took him aside: I stood

near, but did not interrupt. The young man began—

"I'm afraid I offended you this morning."

"Why, no; that can't be," said Mr. Atkinson; "I never saw you before that I know."

"Never saw me? You were looking straight at me all the time you were talking in the Barracks this morning; and every time you cut me to pieces; I couldn't stand it, so I got up and went out."

"Was that you? I thought it was some careless, ungodly fellow."

"Ungodly enough, but not careless. I couldn't have lived there any longer. You made me think of what I had done. Oh! I am an awful sinner. Can I be saved?"

"You *can* be saved. The blood of Jesus cleanseth from *all* sin."

"I think I could, if I hadn't done *that*."

"Done what?"

"I have killed my mother."

"Killed your mother! when? how?"

"Last night I had a letter from her. She said she was almost gone, and the writing was all trembling like,—she is very low with consumption. She talked to me, as she always did, about being a Christian, and left me her dying prayer that I would leave my wicked life and come with her to heaven. When I got that letter I made fun of it with my comrades, and sat down and wrote her she needn't worry about my

soul; that I would take care of that, and that I meant to live just as I had, and get all there was in this world now, and look after the next when I got there. Oh, sir, you don't know how that will make my poor old mother feel! It will kill her outright, I know it will," and the strong young cavalryman bent his face to the railing, and made the pew shake in agony:

"What *can* I do! what *can* I do! is there mercy for me?"

"Yes, for *you*. Jesus saves to the uttermost."

"What can I *do?*"

"Kneel down here with me and give yourself to God. Tell Him you are a sinner, and cry for mercy. Then write to your mother, and ask her forgiveness."

"It is too late for that; mother will be dead before another letter can reach her;—when she reads that wicked letter of mine, she will lay it down and die. Oh! what *can* I do?"

"Kneel down and cry for mercy. God will hear you and forgive; then when your mother, in earth or heaven, hears that God for Christ's sake has forgiven you, she will remember your cruelty no more."

Prayer was offered in the vestry that day, but relief was not then obtained; for several days the soldier seemed not far from suicide. He wrote the next mail to his dying mother; confessed his guilt to his scoffing comrades, and prayed. Prayer was made for him in our meetings, but his remorse was fearful and all-

absorbing. It seemed as though God's condemnation of him that curseth father or mother had already descended upon him.

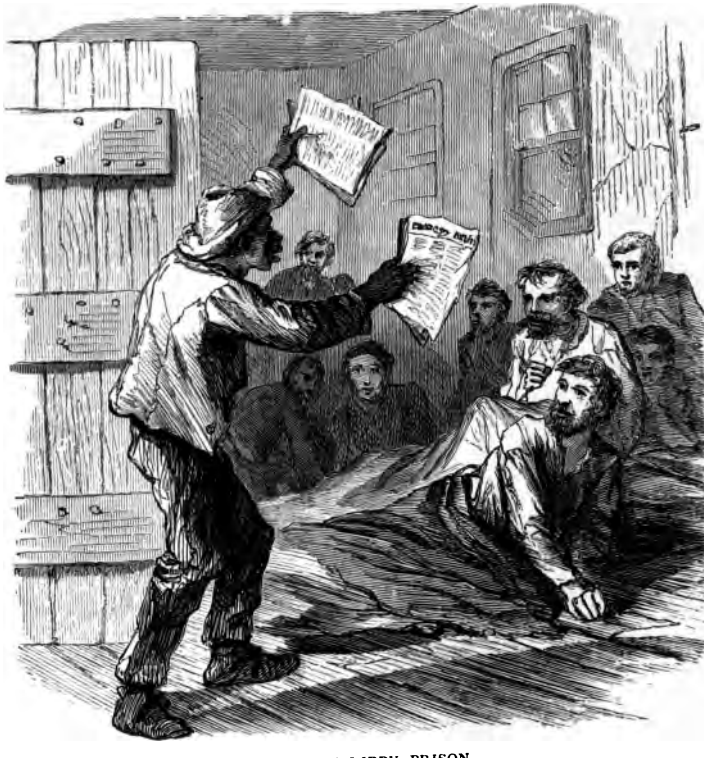
At last he seemed to find the Saviour and His forgiveness, and went home with his regiment; but whether to his mother's bed-side or her new grave I never learned.

CHAPTER IX.

Among the Prisoners.

It was the Fourth of July, and we (in Libby Prison) determined to have a celebration. Our programme was already arranged,—speeches, toasts and songs. But where should we get a flag? There were several in the prison; but they were below in the office, turned ingloriously upside down before the Confederate banner. We might make a flag; but whence the material? A happy thought occurred to us. A man was found who wore a red shirt; another had a blue one; white (?) shirts were plenty. From a combination of these at last emerged the emblem of liberty with all the thirty-four stars. One of Grant's men was chosen to hang the flag from the rafters,—no easy task, but successfully and safely accomplished. I never saw men gaze so long and earnestly at a flag before or since. What memories it called up!

Col. Streight, the president of the day, made an opening speech in which he enjoined upon us not to make too much noise, else the Rebels would interrupt us. Just as he closed, a Confederate officer made his appearance and addressed the Colonel—



NEWS IN LIBBY PRISON.

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"Col. Streight, by order of the Captain commanding, this fuss must stop."

"'Fuss,'" said the Colonel, "do you call this a 'fuss'? Do I understand you to mean that we can't celebrate the Fourth of July here?"

"Yes, sir, you can, but—" and just then looking up, he spied the flag. It evidently astonished him. He looked at it intently and long. Finally the power of speech returned:

"Somebody take that flag down."

A man in the rear rose, and said in a trembling voice:

"Let any Union boy here touch that flag that dares!"

None of us moved. The officer's command was repeated. No one stirred. He must execute his own order, so he began the perilous ascent. He was not quite so light-limbed as the man who had put it up, and it looked once or twice as if he would pretty surely come down with a crash and without his prize, but he finally succeeded.

Such was our humiliation. Little did we think of the news brought by "old Ben," the prison news-agent, next morning, of the Gettysburg victory; much less of that other flag coming down that very day at Vicksburg,—"the Gibraltar of the Rebellion!"—where the witnesses were not a few half-starved and half-clad captives, but a vanquished Confederate army.

So God "commanded light to shine out of darkness!"

If one wants to know what prayer and thanksgiving mean, he must hear our returned prisoners pour out their hearts before God for the redemption from Southern bondage, and supplicate for their brethren still in the prison-house. Choirs, organs, Te Deums, Doxologies, are poor, dumb things beside the tears streaming down the smoke-dyed cheeks of these veterans; and as the manly voice quivers and grows husky, and breaks down in sobs at the throne of grace, one begins to know what is meant by "intercession with groanings which cannot be uttered."

There is a lad of nineteen who stands up and says:

"I promised the Lord that if ever I got out of prison I would stand up for Him the very first chance; and now I want to serve Him, and I ask your prayers."

There is another who can only hang his head and weep, and stand up also when the invitation is given. Just behind him a manly-looking fellow gets up and says—

"Ain't there some more here who promised God if He would get them out that they would be Christians? —Now, soldiers, don't be afraid of men. We weren't afraid of men in Salisbury. We can't put down God with a lie, no how. Just speak out, and don't be ashamed of Christ. He was not afraid to be ridiculed. He was put to the most ridiculous kind of usage and death for us. Now, stand up for Him." Thus the meeting goes on.

Mr. Chas. Harris,* a Delegate at Camp Parole in April, 1865, recalls a few interesting incidents of the meetings and hospital work:

An Irish soldier, who had been formerly in the Navy, was led to Christ at our meetings. He was a tall, noble-looking man; and his change seemed to be thorough and deep. He thought a great deal of a certain corner of the chapel in which he had been wont to sit, about the time when the Saviour was seeking him. He used to speak of it as his "sweet little corner," and was under the impression that the Spirit was somehow there especially present. When anyone from that quarter rose to ask for the prayers of those present, the Irishman's heart used to go out towards them with special sympathy and a strong faith in their salvation. When we asked him how he came to think of coming to Christ after so many years of careless trifling, he said,—

"The Lord got His grapnel-irons a hold of me; He pulled on the starboard side, and then he pulled on the larboard side, till I could not hold out any longer, and so I surrendered the ship."

On June 23rd, two hundred men, who have been driven in ambulances over the roughest of roads from the skirmish-field all along the Blue Ridge, pass our

* City Missionary of Peoria, Ill.

doors for the railroad-station. They have four miles of terrible "corduroy" before them, and have had no food nor drink since they were wounded. They cannot stop now for us to prepare them anything. A Commission Agent rides rapidly to the station, has fires kindled, coffee prepared, and bread cut in slices, buttered and spread with jelly, water brought, tin cups and sponges made ready, and the Delegates prepared to give aid and comfort to the men as they are taken from the ambulances and placed upon the cars for Washington. The work continues all the afternoon and far into the night, for the train is delayed. Rebel prisoners are not overlooked.

"Is this for me?" said one of their Colonels, to whom a cup of coffee was handed.

"Yes, sir. Will you please drink it?"

"Well, this beats me. We don't treat our prisoners so."

"We make no distinctions," is our only answer.

The Colonel drinks his coffee and eats his bread in silence, but with tears in his eyes and wonder in his heart.

One man who had been a disbeliever in the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, considering them as humbugs, began to change his mind somewhat. It was wonderful to see how the logic of events gradually conquered him, until at last he said with tears—

"That's what I call the Gospel. God bless you! I mean to tell them at home to do all they can for you."

CHAPTER X.

Among the Coloured Soldiers.

BEFORE closing the story of the Christian Work in the Armies, some reference must be made to the special work undertaken by the Commission in behalf of the coloured troops, who made up the Twenty-fifth Corps in the Army of the James. A conference of Chaplains met early in the winter at Butler Station, and was immediately followed by an appeal from the Executive Committee at Philadelphia for fifty teachers for coloured soldiers. Gen. Butler gave *carte blanche* for all the needed lumber. Primers, spelling-books, and Bible-readers were forwarded in very large numbers. Soon thirty neat edifices attested the eagerness of the men to learn to read and write, and schools were in progress in nearly every regiment of the Corps. Two large Commission stations—"Birney" and "Wild"—one mile apart, were established to facilitate the general work. Long before this, however, the attention of the Commission had

been called to the necessity of doing something towards the instruction of this part of the Army. The Rev. J. W. Harding,* writing from Bermuda Hundred in September, 1864, says:

These coloured soldiers have strong arms and warm hearts. They salute us respectfully, their bearing is soldierly, and the highest favour we can give them is a primer or a first or second reader, or a Testament. They are bent on learning to read. It would please you to see me in the capacity of a primary school teacher to some brawny cavalry six-footer. He stands by my side, cap in hand, booted and spurred, his bright sabre clanking at his heels, and eagerly spelling out the words which shall unseal for him the fountains of knowledge. I could devote my whole time in giving them spelling and reading lessons. And then you should see them on their well-groomed horses, marching in a squad of Rebel prisoners. They say nothing, but they look everything, and so do their more than crest-fallen captives. We found some of these in the guard-house yesterday, who were actually in mortal dread of their coloured guard, lest, remembering Fort Pillow, they might lay violent hands on them. There is no doubt that a salutary fear of our coloured soldiers is pervading the

* Pastor of Congregational Church, Longmeadow, Mass.

Rebel camps. And then you should see these black troopers escorting in their wives and little ones and sweethearts, each loaded on the head and in both hands with the spoils of the Egyptians; and the laughing pickaninnies, who cannot march, nestling in the left arms of their protectors.

It is impossible within reasonable limits to give anything like an adequate idea of the characteristics of the coloured soldier. Yet an incident or two may help to form a partial picture. The Rev. E. F. Williams gives a story occurring at the City Point General Hospital:

On one of the hottest days in August, Lieut.-Gen. Grant rode up to the Commission head-quarters, and asked for a drink of water. A cup of lemonade, sweetened with black-brown sugar, was handed him, with the apology that we had no water, and the lemonade was just such as we gave the men in the hospitals. The General drank it with great apparent relish, thanked us for it, declared it could not be better, and shook hands with the Delegates who crowded around him. Asking for the accustomed "light," he was just about mounting his horse, when one of our negro *employés*, without hat, coat, or vest, elbowed his way through the crowd, and reaching out an enormous hand, said—

"How de do, Gin'ral Grant?"

The words were spoken with gentlemanly deference, and the man's whole appearance indicated that he had been attracted not by mere curiosity. The General shook the proffered hand warmly. The man then disclosed the purpose of his approach:

"How am tings goin', Gin'ral?"

To appreciate the question it must be remembered that it was at a time of great depression among the coloured people,—not long after the fatal mine explosion in front of Petersburg. The simple answer of the General at once quieted the man's fears:

"Everything is going right, sir."

Politely bowing his thanks, his eyes meantime beaming gratitude, he backed out of the circle and returned to his work. On his way back I met him, and asked where he had been:

"Been to see Gin'ral Grant, sah."

"What did he say to you?"

"Said eberyting was goin' right, sah."

Before a great while the General's Sibylline sentence was known by all the coloured people near City Point; and it was astonishing to observe the effect which the simple words had in reviving the spirits of those who, a few hours before, had been so depressed and disheartened.

The Rev. Geo. N. Marden gives a coloured soldier's idea of the cause of the war:

GEN. GRANT AND NEGRO.

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Joseph Upcheer, of a coloured regiment, was sick at City Point Post Hospital. He was full of Christian and patriot faith:

"Some say dar's no God in dis war. But I puts my trust in de Lord, an' balls don't scare me. De han' ob de Lord *is* in de war."

"What do you think is the cause of it, Joseph?"

He revolved the question a moment and then said, earnestly—

"So much unfair work am de cause ob de war. My ole uncle, who died twenty year ago, put his han' on my head once, and says he, 'Young dog, make has' and grow. Bimeby you'll have a gun and fight.' Wese ben 'spectin' dis war, sah; dere's been so much unfair work."

Mr. Edwin Ferris, of New York City, gives his experience of the eagerness of the men to learn:

There was no reserve, no cold formality; the greetings I received made me feel at home at once. Young and old were alike anxious for instruction, and applied themselves so assiduously that their progress was very rapid.* One day, while teaching one of

* Mr. Herbert C. Clapp, of Cambridge, Mass., writing from Wild's Station in February, gives a remarkable instance of application: "One night I taught a man the alphabet and a few elementary principles. The next evening he came to me, prepared to recite *one half the spelling-book* I had given him. He had studied the whole day, with occasional assistance from a mate."

them his letters, he found it difficult keeping them apart before his unused eyes. I shall never forget the way in which he lifted his sleeve and drew it across his face dripping with perspiration—

"Massa, dis *do* make me sweat."

One noble old Christian soldier said to me, "I bless de good Lord for what He's helped me to larn. I'se gwine to keep on right smart. I'se got to work sharper'n dese young uns, case I hasn't so much time lef' to study in."

One more incident of eagerness to learn is related by the Rev. Mr. Marden :

February 14th, I discovered, within two stones' throw of our chapel at City Point, a nest of contrabands' huts on the edge of a little ravine. The men were labourers in the railroad department. The huts were of the cheapest construction. Two or three boxes, the same number of old barrels, a few nails, an old boot-leg, a few sticks and stones, with the aid of the all-pervading Virginia mud, constitute the dwellings. An old boot-leg cut up makes hinges, on which swing, for window and door, some painfully dovetailed bits of board.

My advent was the signal for a resurrection. As from the capsules of certain flowers the little black seeds roll out when the cell is broken, so from the patch-work huts the dwellers now poured forth.

Each one wanted a book. One boy of eleven years read so well that I gave him a Testament, which made his face all at once like the "countless laughter" of Æschylus' sea. Mothers came begging a primer for their children. All were eager, curious, delighted. One grown negro, on receiving a book, gave vent to a guffaw, the like to which I had never dreamed the human throat capable of. The women, unselfish as ever, seemed more anxious to get the primers for their children than for themselves.

Mr. C. E. Bolton,* a Delegate to the Army in July and August, 1864, tells a striking story of the attachment of the coloured soldier to the Bible:

William and Thomas Freeman were brothers, living in Connecticut at the outbreak of the war. They enlisted in the 30th Regiment U. S. C. T., and were afterwards transferred to the 31st. At the close of the first day's battle in the Wilderness, they together entered a large house, once the property of an extensive slaveholder. Several slave women in the dwelling were nearly famished with hunger. The soldiers kindly relieved their wants by emptying their haversacks of all their rations. The only return which the women could make was the presentation to

* A Student of Amherst College, Mass. He was accompanied to the Army by Profs. Seelye and Hitchcock.

William Freeman of a large, finely-bound and beautifully clasped quarto Bible, weighing about nine pounds. Thomas and William were both Christians, and valued the gift very highly. It took the place of blankets in William's knapsack. He carried it through all the marches to the entrenchments of Petersburg. There he went into the fatal charge of July 30th, after the mine explosion, and was wounded in the breast. The great Bible went with him into the battle in his knapsack. He would never allow it to be beyond his reach. His brother Thomas, who was a Colour-Sergeant, was wounded in the same engagement. He was among the few who struggled beyond the chasm made by the mine, and was carried back to find his brother dead. As the men were bearing him further on towards the rear, he begged that his brother's knapsack might be placed upon the stretcher under his head. Thus the precious book reached the hospital of the 4th Division of the Ninth Corps, where I was working in the Commission service.

William was buried between the picket lines under a flag of truce. Poor Thomas's wounds soon were discovered to be mortal also. Weak and worn out, he was taken after a few days to the General Hospital at City Point. Sergeant Edward P. Gilbert, of Bath, N. Y., was a wardmaster of our hospital. To him, as Thomas left for City Point, he sold the cherished volume.

A few days later this book, representing so much faith and heroism, became mine by purchase, and was afterwards given to Amherst College. President Stearns, in receiving it on behalf of the Trustees, remarked—

"I consider it one of the most valuable reminiscences of the war presented to the College." The book has now a prominent place in the show-case of the "Appleton Cabinet" at Amherst.

Another leaf from the Rev. Mr. Marden's experience shows us how in the last hour the coloured soldier could exercise the same trust with his white brother:

I met Thomas Jackson Yagar in one of the City Point wards. He looked up at me with a smile when he saw my badge, and gave me his hand, thin and hard worn with years of unrequited toil:

"Do you love the Lord, Thomas?"

"I *does* love Him; He's *all* to me. I'se happy lyin' here,—full ob joy an' praise. I pray de Lord, bless you in your work."

"Where are you from, Thomas?"

"I'se from Lagrange, in old Kentuck. I come into de Army to fight for freedom. Lef' my wife and de chile behin' me, an' I dunno how dey treat her. But de Lord's been good to me, and I doesn't feel like nuffin' but tanks."

A fortnight later I meet him again. His cheeks are sunken, and his eye dimmer than before. I take his hand again, and he begins to talk:

"My time won't be long heah. All my trust is in de Lord. I beliebe the Lord is waitin' for me. I'se weak, but I'se ready to go. Wish I could git a letter from my wife; I'se like to know how she's gittin' 'long. She wa'n't a Christian when I lef', but it looked mighty like es if she wanted to be one. I'll never be of much more 'count heah; *but I hate to gib up 'fore de Lord gibs up; when He says I kin live no more, den I'se ready to gib up.*"

A little later, the Christian soldier had gone away to his everlasting rest.

The following conversation between a coloured Sergeant and a batteryman, given by the Rev. E. P. Smith, the General Field Agent of the Western Army, while on a visit to the East, may give a little insight into the depth of the motives which animated the negro soldiers:

On the steamer from City Point to Fortress Monroe, I came on a group of negro soldiers in friendly conversation and banter with several white artillerymen. They were all on a furlough, and consequently good-natured. The coloured men were going to Norfolk; they had been selected for merit as entitled to a furlough. One was a Sergeant in the 36th U. S. C.

Infantry,—a fine, open-faced, well-formed man of twenty-seven or eight years, wearing his belt and sword.

He heard the conversation on fighting men, high bounties, &c., in silence, until a batteryman turning to him asked—

"What bounty did you get?"

"No bounty. I wouldn't 'list for bounty. I have twenty-three more months to put in. I don't say I will go in again when that's out; can't say till the time comes; but, if I do, it won't be for bounty. I wouldn't fight for money; my wages is enough."

"How much pay do you get?"

"Seven dollars a month, till they riz to sixteen. That keeps me along right smart. Them big-bounty men don't make good soldiers."

"What's the matter with them?"

"Dey comes in for money; dar's no Country 'bout it, an' dey hasn't no stomach for fightin' an' diggin' an' knockin' roun', like soldiers has to."

"What's money got to do with that? Why can't a man fight just as well if he leaves a thousand dollars in bank, to have when he comes back,—'maybe sick or wounded?"

"Well, he mout; but y' see it's the greenbacks wot fotches him in, an' he keeps studyin' how he can jump for anoder bounty; an' dem sort of sojers ain't no count for fightin'."

"Sergeant, didn't you enlist 'cause you had run away from master, and had no place?"

"No, sir,"—with spirit; "I had a place an' good wages,—heap more'n a sojer gits,—drivin' team for Quartermaster; an' when I told 'm I was goin' in, an' wanted my back pay, he cussed me, an' said I shouldn't list. I told him I had a right, an' I would, an' all I asked of him was to pay wot was comin' to me—more'n two hundred dollars. He swar, an' took on 'bout 'restin' me, an' nex' day when I had 'listed, he saw me on the street, an' called a guard, an' put me in irons ten hours. Dat's my bounty, two hundred dollars—wages—gi'n up, an' ten hours in irons by a Copperhead Quartermaster."

Mr. Smith's health giving way under the climate, he writes of his sickness and recovery:

I had been in the Army but a few days when I was taken sick with the malarial fever, and carried to a division hospital. It was my first experience of sickness in camp. I said to myself, when they had carried me into the tent and left me alone, without even a sick comrade—

"Now you will have an opportunity to try the efficacy of the counsels you have so often given to soldiers in like circumstances."

But I found it far easier to preach than to practise. I knew that God does all things right and well, but I could not help the feeling that a change in my present prospects would be an improvement.

I passed a sleepless night—alone, and without a light. The more I tried to settle into the conviction that God would provide, and make it good for me, the more I was longing for a change. My theology said, "It is right and well for me to be sick among strangers, if God wills;" and my heart always added, "Yes, but it would be better to be sick at home." While I lay thus thinking and tossing on my blanket, just at the gray of the dawn in the morning, the fold of my tent parted, and a black face peered through. It was "Old Nanny," a coloured woman who had taken my washing the day before. I could hear no one else moving about the hospital; what had sent her there at that hour? Looking tenderly at me, she said—

"Massa, does ye see de bright side, dis mornin'?"

"No, Nanny," said I, "it isn't so bright as I wish it was."

"Well, massa, I allus sees de bright side."

"You do," said I; "'maybe you haven't had much trouble?"

"'Maybe not," she said; and then went on to tell me, in her simple, broken way, of her life in Virginia, of the selling of her children one by one, of the auction sale of her husband, and then of herself. She was alone now in the camp, without having heard from one of her kindred for years:

"'Maybe I ain't seen no trouble, massa?"

"But, Nanny," said I, "have you seen the bright side all the time?"

"Allus, massa, allus."

"Well, how did you do it?"

"Dis is de way, massa. When I see de great brack cloud comin' over"—and she waved her dark hand inside the tent, as though one might be settling down there; "an' 'pears like it's comin' crushin' down on me, den I jist whips aroun' on de oder side, an' I find de Lord Jesus dar; an' den it's all bright an' cl'ar. De bright side's allus whar Jesus is, massa."

"Well, Nanny," said I, "if you can do that, I think I ought to?"

"'Pears like ye ought to, massa, an' you's a preacher of de Word of Jesus."

She went away. I turned myself on my blanket and said in my heart, "'The Lord is my Shepherd.' It *is* all right and well. Now, come fever or health, come death or life, come burial on the Yazoo Bluff or in the churchyard at home,—'the Lord *is* my Shepherd.'"

With this sweet peace of rest, God's care and love became very precious to me. I fell asleep. When I woke I was in a perspiration; my fever was broken. "Old Nanny's" faith had made me whole.

CHAPTER XI.

Miscellaneous.

Prof. Stoever narrates a striking instance of the way in which, through Christ Jesus, all Christians are made one :

The Sabbath after the battle, my attention was directed to the destitution of a hospital in the Roman Catholic church of Gettysburg. On entering the building, filled with wounded and dying, I was met by a Roman Catholic lady, well known to me as a good woman, but a very rigid religionist. She said at once—

" Do come and speak to this man. The Surgeon says he will die, and he is unconverted."

I followed her to the chancel within which he was lying. She introduced me as a Protestant, connected with the college, and then left him to my attention. I presented to him the only way opened for his return to God, and kneeling by his side, prayed with him,—the first prayer doubtless ever offered by a Protestant in that church, and that at the request of one of its members. The man died shortly after-

wards most peacefully, trusting in Christ and with the hope of eternal life. He was the son of a pious mother; although he had never made a profession of religion, the early instructions had prepared his mind to lay hold of the cross and to embrace the Saviour.

Near the altar of the same church, Mr. Stuart, the chairman of the Commission, ministered to another soldier, who was led to find Christ Jesus precious. He writes:

As I was passing, a man near the altar looked up at me imploringly and asked, "Ain't you going to stop and talk to me?" I went to him and ascertained that his name was William O. Doubleday. His wife was a Christian. She had taught each one of his children to pray as soon as they could lisp the words. He had never made a profession of religion himself, but was not what is called a "wicked man."

"When I enlisted," said he, "which I did because I considered it a disgrace to be drafted, just as I was leaving for the war, my wife said, 'I hope you will come back all right, and a good Christian.' It touched my heart. We went into the room with the family, and there she prayed for me, and then asked me to pray. I tried to offer a few broken petitions. My little boy, only thirteen years old, then offered a most earnest prayer for me and for our distressed

country. I don't know where he learned to pray like that, unless it was in the Sabbath-school."

When he learned how I was connected with the Commission, and saw the badge, tears came to his eyes. When I spoke to him of Jesus, he pressed my hands, and the tears came fast as rain. I prayed with him, and then he asked me to bend down and kiss him. He died soon after from the effects of an amputation.

I received a letter from his wife, who came to him before his death. She was very earnest in her expressions of thankfulness, and told me with loving sorrow and joy how her husband's peaceful death had answered her prayers.

In one of the meetings a soldier rose and said—

"The sectarian jealousies of denominations at home have been a stumbling block in my way; but here in the Army, in your Commission meetings, the corners have been rubbed off.

At Bristow, the result of the work in six weeks was the formation of a "Christian Union," numbering more than one hundred and twenty members. Mr. Williams' narrative explains its origin:

A Missionary concert, held the first Sunday in April, gave the soldiers zeal and more enlarged views

of working for the salvation of others. They rejoiced in giving up for a time one of our limited number of helpers, to look after destitute regiments. The subsequent reports from these were listened to with intense interest. Through constant attendance on the means of grace and zealous work, the young brethren were built up in a wonderful manner, and thus drawn together into a precious Christian communion. All this prepared for the formation, on April 18th, of a "Christian Union" for the regiment. The harmony with which believers from eleven different denominations, without a dissenting voice, could form such a brotherhood, was a delightful testimony to the oneness and strength of Christ's religion.

Just on the eve of the advance, this incident, told by the General Field Agent, occurred at Ringgold :

In the midst of one of our soldiers' prayer-meetings, the Adjutant of a Kentucky regiment came in and told the leader that he was ordered to pick eleven men and a Sergeant from the regiment, to go on special and perilous duty in Nickajack Gap.

"They must be the best men in the regiment," said the Adjutant, looking over the congregation.

His eye finally rested upon the front seat. *There* were the men he was looking for. All of them Christians, and close to the "front" in the prayer-meet-

ing,—they were the soldiers for special and perilous service.

A lady approached a wounded Confederate, who was lying between two Union soldiers. One leg of each had been amputated. The lady said to her friend—

"Here, soldier, I have brought you some nice things, and I want you to put them by your side; and don't let these men have any of them."

"Madam," replied the suffering man, "these men share everything they get with me, and if I cannot share what you give me with them, I cannot take it."

The following shows a similar spirit:

No one who traversed Antietam battle-ground, while the dead lay unburied, can ever forget the long, deep road or cut which ran along the edge of a cornfield, and formed a natural rifle-pit for the Rebels during the fight. The impetuous bravery of the Irish Brigade at last dispossessed them, though only after very severe loss,—the road for half a mile being literally covered with dead and wounded.

The disabled from this vicinity were mainly carried to a farmhouse overlooking the bloody ground. We found them suffering and destitute. Our own supplies were at once exhausted, the stock of clothing being reduced to a single shirt. Looking round to

discover the most needy, I observed an elderly soldier of a New York regiment, leaning against the barn-door. He was severely wounded in the breast, and appeared weak from the loss of blood. He had no shirt, but had substituted for it a few blood-soaked, weather-hardened fragments of an outer coat.

"You are the very man I am looking for," said I; "nobody could need this 'last shirt' more than you."

His reply thrilled me: "I'm much obleeged t' ye, sir, but,—" and he pointed to a spot on the hill-side near by, "down yonder there's a poor 'Johnny '* far worse off nor I am, an' av ye'll plaze t' give 't till me, I'll put it on him by-and-bye."

I handed him the shirt, and its benevolent errand was soon accomplished.

I found a man from Stone River, near the door of Washington Park Hospital, just as I was going out. I handed him a little book. Without a word, he threw it on the stand by his bed. No soldier had ever done the like to me before. I stepped up closer to his cot. There was another little book in my hand, *The Sinner's Welcome to come to Christ.* I noticed that the title immediately caught his eye. I thought I would hold it, while I talked with him, so that he could still see it. Not saying anything about

* The general soubriquet in the Army for a Confederate soldier.

the way in which he had acted, I told him that I felt interested in him and would like to know if he was a Christian.

"No, and I don't want to be."

"Can you give me a good reason for not being one?"

"No, and I don't care whether I can or not."

We talked on a little while, his answers being as curt and monosyllabic as possible. I found out that he had a wife and three children. His wife was a praying woman. Quite suddenly the thought came to me, he is a "backslider." I determined to test its truth by asking him a decisive question:

"My dear sir, haven't you been a praying man?"

I was entirely unprepared for the shock which at once seemed to convulse his whole frame.

"Yes, sir, I have; but I have departed further from God than any poor sinner ever did."

He was fairly broken down, and told me how happy he was when he had a family altar:

"First of all, sir, I forgot to pray to God, myself, in secret. Then I threw my Bible away, and now I haven't read in one for months."

I observed that he still kept watching the little book I held in my hands, so I gave it to him.

"Do you suppose Jesus would receive such a backslider as I am?"

I told him about the "chief of sinners," and kneeling down, prayed with him. He was convalescent then, and was to go, the next morning, to his regi-

ment. I gave him a Testament with the little books, and commending him to the care of the Shepherd who looks after His wandering sheep, left him. He gave me his promise, evidently one which he meant to keep, to read the Testament often and to be continually mindful of secret prayer.

While the regiment was organising at Benton Barracks, Col. Fisk was in the habit of conducting religious meetings with his men in the great amphitheatre of the St. Louis fair grounds. These meetings were of great interest. Thousands of citizens were regularly in attendance to join in the services, and some one of the loyal clergymen was present each Sabbath to preach. One Sabbath, the Rev. Dr. Nelson, of the First Presbyterian Church, was preaching earnestly upon the necessity of a pure life, exhorting the men to beware of the vices incident to the camp, and especially warning them against profanity. The Doctor related the incident of the Commodore who, whenever recruits reported to his vessel for duty, was in the habit of entering into an agreement with them, that he should do all the swearing for that vessel; and appealed to the thousand Missouri soldiers in Col. Fisk's regiment to enter into a solemn covenant that day with the Colonel that he should do all the swearing for the Thirty-third Missouri. The regiment rose to their feet as one man and entered into the covenant. It was a grand

spectacle. For several months no swearing was heard in the regiment. Col. Fisk became a Brigadier, and followed Price into Arkansas. But one evening,* as he sat in front of his headquarters at St. Helena, he heard some one down in the bottom-lands near the river, swearing in the most approved Flanders style. On taking observation he discovered that the swearer was a teamster from his own headquarters, a member of his covenanting regiment, and a confidential old friend. He was hauling a heavy load of forage from the depôt to camp; his six mules had become rebellious with their overload, had run the waggon against a stump and snapped off the pole. The teamster opened his great batteries of wrath and profanity against the mules, the waggon, the Arkansas mud, the Rebels, and Jeff. Davis. In the course of an hour afterwards, as the teamster was passing headquarters, the General called to him and said, "John, did I not hear some one swearing most terribly an hour ago down on the bottom?"

"I think you did, General."

"Do you know who it was?"

"Yes, sir; it was me, General."

"Do you not remember the covenant entered into at Benton Barrack, St. Louis, with the Rev. Dr. Nelson that *I* should do all the swearing for our whole regiment?"

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* February, 1863.

"To be sure I do, General," said John; "but then you were not there to do it, *and it had to be done right off!*"

Gen. Fisk related this story in January, 1865, in the hearing of President Lincoln, at the Anniversary Meeting of the Commission, in the Hall of the House of Representatives at Washington. The President, if one might judge from his demonstrations on the occasion, enjoyed the incident hugely. The next morning, Gen. Fisk was waiting in the ante-room at the White House to see Mr. Lincoln. A poor old man from Tennessee was moving about, among the large number in attendance, with a very sorrowful face. Sitting down beside him, the General inquired his errand, and learned that he had been waiting three or four days to get an audience. On seeing Mr. Lincoln probably depended the life of his son, who was under sentence of death at Nashville for some military offence. Gen. Fisk wrote his case in outline on a card, and sent it in with a special request that the President would see the man. In a moment the order came, and past Senators, Governors and Generals, waiting impatiently, the old man was ushered into the President's presence. He showed Mr. Lincoln his papers. He took them and said with great kindness that he would look into them, and give him an answer on the following day. The old man, in an agony of apprehension, looked up into the President's sympathetic face and cried aloud—

"To-morrow may be too late. My son is under sentence of death. The decision must be made right off."

The tall form of Mr. Lincoln bent over the old man in an instant. "Come," said he, "wait a bit; that 'right off' reminds me of a story." And then he went on to relate the case of "John Todd," which Gen. Fisk had told the evening before. As he told it, the old man became interested; for a moment he forgot his boy and sorrow, and President and listener laughed heartily together.

Mr. Lincoln took up the papers again, and bent over them a second to write a few magic words. The old man's eyes were filled with tears again when he read them; but now they were tears of joy, for the words had saved the life of his boy.

"Surgeons ought to be Christians," said a Brigade-Surgeon to me; "I never felt the necessity of being one so much as at the battle of Chickamauga. A number of men were brought into a tent where we were amputating limbs and probing wounds. Examining the hurts of one poor fellow, I was obliged to tell him he could live but a few minutes. He turned and looked at me:

"'Surgeon, are you a Christian?'

"I had to confess I was not.

"'Is there no Christian here?'—no one responded.

"'I want some Christian to pray with me before I die.'

"'Are *you* a Christian?' I inquired.

"'Oh, yes, sir, I am a Christian; but I would so like to have some one pray with me, before I go away to be with Jesus. Oh, Surgeon, won't *you* pray?'

"The pleading of the dying man was more than I could resist. I knelt down beside him and offered up a heartfelt prayer to God. I don't know much about such things," added the Surgeon, musingly, "but that prayer has had a most marked influence on my life ever since. The soldier died within a few minutes after its close."

The advance from Nashville began near the close of the week. Rain, mud, and mist were the order of the day. The enemy's cavalry were harassing the front. The march under such difficulties made the troops unusually weary. Gen. Rosecrans called a council of war to ask his generals' opinions on several matters connected with the movement. The question was raised, Shall the Army march or rest on Sunday? The decision was doubtful. Some thought that a day would be lost thus; others suggested that the troops needed rest. At last, after nearly all had given their opinion, Gen. Crittenden, who had been stalking back and forth under the trees during the discussion, was asked for his judgment. Turning round towards the group, and pointing his finger solemnly upward towards the wet sky, he said earnestly—

"Gentlemen, I don't know how you feel about *that*, but we are going into a battle in a day or two, and I always have thought it best to be on the right side of the Old Master. The Army can wait."

That Sunday the soldiers rested.

An incident of the fighting before Resaca, told by Mr. Arthur Lawrence, seems to us worthy to take a high place in history:

Two of us picked up a man in our arms to carry him off the field. A shell had struck him in the mouth, tearing an awful wound, which was bleeding profusely. I offered the poor fellow a drink from my tin-cup,—a bright, new one, which I had brought from Chattanooga. One would not have guessed, in looking at him, that he could have at the time any thoughts beyond his pain and what would help it. The first sensation after such a wound is well known to be one of intense thirst; yet the soldier refused the proffered draught. I asked him why:

"My mouth's all bloody, sir; and it might make the tin-cup bad for the others."

He was "only a private," rough and dusty with the battle; but the answer was one which the Chevalier Bayard, the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, or Sir Philip Sydney at Zutphen, had not equalled, when they gave utterance to the words which have made their names immortal.

No part of the Delegate's ministry was fuller of consolation and blessing than the duty of writing home letters for the men. I remember a noble-looking, reticent Indian of the 16th Wisc., named Peter Powels, who had not heard from wife or mother for six months, and who was too shy to ask any one to write for him. By degrees I found out something about his friends, and was able to write a letter for him, which pleased him mightily. I shall not soon forget how his brown face flushed up, when he found that in his delight he had let go the sentence—

"Tell her I would be glad to see her," as if that was too much for an Indian to confess.

The Rev. E. P. Smith, during a brief visit to St. Louis, was invited by Miss McBeth to see a Michigan soldier in Jefferson Barracks, in whose case she felt a peculiar interest:

I saw at a glance that he had not long to live. In his pale, thin face, flushed with the last sign of flickering life, there was a beseeching—a piteous longing, such as in all my hospital experience I had rarely seen. At first he gave me little heed, but as I laid the back of my hand upon his burning cheek, and stroked the hair from his forehead, he turned his eyes full upon me, in a look that spoke things unutterable:

"How are you to-day, my soldier friend?"

"Poorly, sir; very poorly; a few days more—only a few."

"You are quite ready, I trust?"

"I am going—there is no help for it; if you call that 'ready,' I am ready."

"But I mean, are you prepared to die? Is this exchange of worlds going to be pleasant to you?"

"Pleasant! It is awful, sir; horrible beyond all account! But I have got to come to it!"

"No, my brother, there is no such 'got to' about it. You are in this world yet, and it is a world of mercy. This is the world where Christ died. Let me tell you what He says: 'Whoso cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.'"

"I know it, I know it all; I have heard it a thousand times."

"Well, isn't it true?"

"It may be—but not for me, now."

"But He says, 'If you will *come* to him;' He does not say, 'If you had come,' or, 'If you would have come,' but 'if you will come'—'whoso cometh'—comes to-day—'He will not cast out.' It's a great pity you haven't come already, but—"

"Pity! It's my ruin, sir. I cannot come now—I will not. See there, stranger, do you think I am going to give that withered, dried-up hand to God, after I have given all its strength to the devil? Do you think I'm going to drink the devil's wine all my

life up to this last day in hospital, and then offer the settlings to Jesus?"

"It was wrong, it was mean for you to refuse the best to your God, but see what you are doing now. Jesus has followed you all through, and to-day asks for this remnant of your life, 'these settlings,' as you call it. He really desires your affection and trust in Him for the little while you will lie on this bed."

"Is it honourable or decent to give it now?"

"If He can ask it, is it honourable or decent for you to refuse it now? You have refused everything; Jesus makes a last request; will you refuse that?"

"I see it—that's so,—but—I am afraid I shall. You come a little too late! It's getting dark now."

I prayed at his bedside, but he was only partially conscious. As I sat watching him, he said in a whisper, scarcely audible—

"If I could get back again—back again—"

Supposing he was thinking of his friends, I asked about his home in Michigan; rousing slightly, and with a shake of his head, he said—

"No, no—a boy again—a boy again—"

Thinking that he might have fallen into a sleep from exhaustion, I left him for a while. But it was the sleep of death. The consistency of sin held him straight through his course. He could not break it. He must begin anew, if at all, he thought, with the beginning of life; but, alas! for the boyhood with its thousand invitings it came back no more!

CHAPTER XII.

Home Gratitude.

BEAUTIFUL and wonderful as were the sacrifice and Christian experience which the workers of the Commission beheld in hospital, in camp, on the march and on the field, in many a saddened, anxious, loyal home other sacrifices were made and other experiences perfected. There were poor men and women whose mites swelled the millions which the nation gave; there were mothers and children who could not be denied the privilege of foregoing many luxuries and comforts, that the boys at the war might be helped and cheered. The purpose of this chapter is to preserve a few of the many incidents of the home side of the war.

Mr. Charles Demond, whose long charge of Commission work in New England brought him closely in contact with those who prayed and gave, furnishes the following:

At a meeting in a small town in New Hampshire, Prof. E. T. Quimby, of Dartmouth College, who had

been a Delegate in the Army of the Cumberland, told his experience. When the boxes were passed, an old man of eighty put in a small, red cotton handkerchief. The collector, thinking he had made a mistake, was about to return it, but the old man made a sign to have it retained. When the meeting was over the clergyman of the place said to the speaker—

"Captain Weston has given to you the last thing owned by him which he could give. A few years ago, the only one of his sons who could aid him, came home to take charge of the aged parents, and they looked to him for support in their declining years. When the war came the son felt it his duty to enlist. He went with his father's blessing, and he now fills a soldier's grave in the South. Since his fall the old man has supported himself and his aged wife by his own labour. He is utterly penniless. He recently told me that he would be glad to do something for benevolence, 'but for six months,' said he, 'I have had but three cents of my own.'"

The Rev. E. G. Parsons, of Derry, N.H., had been a Delegate in the Potomac Army. Under date of July 28th, 1864, he wrote to me:

"I told my little story to my congregation last Sunday afternoon, and took up a collection. A silver dollar was sent in afterwards by a good lady, who has a son in the Union Army. With it came this message:

"'My mother, dying twenty years ago, gave me

this dollar, which I have sacredly cherished. That mother, if now living, would have five grandsons in the Army. One has fallen upon the battle-field and another has barely escaped death of malignant disease, and I think she would have given this dollar for the soldiers.'

"Acting up to her convictions of her mother's wishes, she sends the precious coin to your treasury."

One of the most touchingly suggestive incidents I remember was that of a widow, who sent me her wedding-ring. She first gave her only son to die for the country, and then withheld not this dear pledge of love, made sacred by the death of him who gave it. Such benevolence gives to patriotism a purer lustre, and makes even the smoke and carnage of battle radiant with the reflected brightness of heaven.

Mr. B. F. Jacobs, the Secretary of the Chicago Branch of the Commission, tells two incidents of scenes in his collecting tours through the Northwest:

Speaking at Mineral Point, Wisconsin, after the addresses were over, we were raising a contribution and men were announcing their subscriptions. A soldier in the far gallery rose and said—

"Maloney, $5."

Three or four gentlemen who stood near me at once remarked—

"He can't afford to give a cent. He ought not to do it. He has a wife and four children and they are very, very poor. He has hardly been able to support them with his soldier's pay."

At the close of the meeting I asked for him, and he came forward to the desk:

"Mr. Maloney, they say you ought not to give $5 to this cause."

"They don't know anything about it," said he very emphatically.

"Well, do you think you ought to?"

"Let me tell you," said he: "Seven years ago, when you were a clerk in Chicago, I used to buy goods of you. I failed in business, became dissipated till I was nothing but a miserable, drunken, wretched sinner, and my wife and children were well-nigh beggars—and almost worse than that, before I entered the Army. In Virginia there, I was led to the Christian Commission meetings. I gave my heart to the Lord Jesus Christ. After that I saved every dollar of my pay to send home, whereas before I never sent a cent. All that I have, and all that my family have for time, and all that I hope for in eternity, under the blessing of God, I owe to the Commission. Don't you think I ought to give five dollars?"

Early in 1864, a Commission meeting was held in Milwaukee. After the audience had retired, I was told that a lady was waiting to speak with me. She was standing near the doorway, dressed in deep

mourning. As I went to meet her, she put out her hands with great earnestness, and said—

"I could not go away without thanking you and telling you how grateful I am."

I replied that she must be mistaken, as I did not remember to have met her before:

"Oh no! I'm not mistaken; it's no difference; any Delegate of the Christian Commission would be the same."

"What has the Commission done for you, madam?"

"My only son died in the hospital at Memphis. I was too poor to go and see my boy, after the letter came telling me that he was sick. But a lady Delegate of the Commission visited him daily in the hospital, ministered to his wants, comforted him in his loneliness, and above all led him to Jesus. When he was dead, the same lady cut off a lock of his hair and sent it to me in a letter, with his dying words. *She was a mother to my boy.* And as long as I live, while the Christian Commission lasts, I want to pray for God's blessing upon all who love it and work for it."

Mr. Jacobs illustrates both the confidence reposed in those connected with the Commission and the stuff of which many a soldier was made.

A man came into my office in Chicago, about the first of May, 1864. He was an Irishman. Said he—

"I want to see Mr. Jacobs, the Secretary of the Christian Commission."

I told him I was the man he was looking for:

"I have come to ask you to do me a favour. I've been in the service since April, 1861. I was rather wild before that. After I enlisted I saw how men went straight to ruin, and I made up my mind I would try and save myself and my money. I have laid by $700. Before the war I lived in Chicago, and at the expiration of my second enlistment I have returned with that amount of money. I have bought a house and lot on the west side, have paid the $700 down and given a mortgage for the balance, payable after one year. I have re-enlisted, and am going back to Virginia. I have no relatives in this country, except a brother in New York, who is quite well off. I want to put my property in trust with some one—and I want you to take it. Here are the papers which I have drawn up myself. I have been protected so far, but I may fall in the next battle; so I have brought my will here too. Will you take charge of the matter for me?"

I told him I was a perfect stranger to him, and hesitated about assuming the trust:

"Who recommended me to you?"

"Nobody," was his answer; "but I have been in the Army, and have seen the Delegates of the Commission, how faithful they have been. I am sure they won't steal. That's the reason I have hunted

you up. Won't you take charge of all this till I come back, for if I ever do, I shall want it all?"

I opened the will and read it. In case of his death, unmarried, he had arranged that his property should go to the Commission, with a proviso remunerating me for my services. This latter was changed on the spot. I asked him why he willed his money to the Commission:

"I know of no men to whom I would so soon give my money as to the soldiers of the Army; and though I have never needed the services of Commission Chaplains in hospital, yet I have seen what they have been doing for others,—and have got little books from them at times; and I know if I leave my money to them, the soldiers will get every cent of it."

I accepted the trust, and as the soldier went away, spoke to him of the duty he owed to God.

The man lived to return from the war, pay off the mortgage on his house, take back the deed and will, and is now a member of the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago.

Mr William Reynolds, the President of the Peoria Committee, out of a large and successful experience as a volunteer collector, furnishes the two narratives which follow:

Chaplain McCabe, of Libby Prison renown, came to Peoria. We determined to canvass Central Illinois,

with the purpose of raising fifty thousand dollars. Our first meeting was held in Galesburg, where $1800 were collected. Next followed Peoria and Bloomington, raising $1500 each. We then went to Jacksonville, and held a meeting at "Strawn's Hall," where $2000 were contributed. I knew that Mr. Jacob Strawn, the largest farmer in the State of Illinois, was living two miles from Jacksonville. The next morning we went out to his house to solicit a contribution. He was absent, and we understood that he was going to Springfield the following day. Meeting him on the train, we presented the cause. He said he knew nothing about the Commission, but that he was going to call on Governor Yates, and if he said it was all right, he would make a contribution. He appointed an hour to meet us at the hotel.

We met him at the hour fixed; he said he had seen the Governor, who had told him the Commission was "all right; a good institution." He then wrote a cheque for $500 and handed it to me, saying—

"If you raise $10,000 from the farmers of Morgan County, I'll make it $10,000 instead of $500.

We thought the sum too large, especially as Mr. Strawn refused to let us count the $2000 just raised in Jacksonville. Our efforts to have the sum reduced to $5000 were unavailing; there was no alternative but to work for the $10,000, trusting in God to open up the hearts of the people. Mr. M. P. Ayres, a banker of Jacksonville, encouraged us to accept the

proposition, promising the aid of his extensive acquaintance in the county, in appointing meetings and securing a full attendance of the people. He arranged for eleven meetings in various parts of the county, in school-houses, small churches and groves. We entered on the canvass, and within nine days held the eleven meetings and raised $11,400. The meetings occurred in July, the farmers' busiest season; many of them coming from their fields to the speaking-places, and immediately after the addresses returning to their work.

When we came back to Mr. Strawn with the proof of our success in hand, he at once gave us his check, with the single remark—

"Pretty smart fellows; didn't think you would do it."

After dinner he took us to the top of his house, to show us his splendid farms lying along the country in every direction as far as the eye could reach. I asked him how many acres he owned:

"Forty thousand,—all under cultivation."

"How much is the land worth an acre?"

"Not less than $50, sir."

"Then you are worth $2,000,000.

"Yes. I made it all myself, too. When I started I hadn't fifty cents."

I turned to him; a look of pride flushed his face, while his eyes swept the country in every direction:

"Mr. Strawn, you have asked me to look north and

south, east and west, and view your possessions; and you say I cannot see the end. Now may I ask you to look up yonder. How much do you own up there?"

"Ah," said he, the tears filling his eyes, "I'm afraid I am poor up there."

I tried to point him to the treasures and the mansions above.

This was the largest single subscription received by the U. S. Christian Commission. Mr. Strawn died very suddenly about one year afterwards.

I went to Sparta, a little town in Monroe County, Wisconsin, where I was personally an entire stranger. It was shortly after the Wilderness battles. I set forth to the large crowd of people who had gathered, the objects and labour of the Commission, but felt somehow that they might be unwilling to credit a stranger's statements of so great a work. I longed for a familiar face, some one in the audience to whom I could appeal for endorsement of what I was saying. But the whole company was strange. While speaking, I noticed a one-armed soldier sitting immediately in front of me. I watched his face with great interest to see what impression my story was making upon him. When I had concluded and was about calling for subscriptions, this soldier rose and said—

"I would like to say a word, citizens, before the collection is taken up. You all know me, who I am, and where I came from. I have lived here long in your neighbourhood. I enlisted in the first regiment

that went from this district. I fought through the battles of the Wilderness; near the close of one day I fell wounded. I dragged myself into a bush concealed from the enemy, and lay there. Night came on. I think I must have died before morning, if no help had come. It grew very late, and there was no appearance of assistance. At last I heard a sound; there might be help in the distance. I tried to call out, but my voice was too weak; it went but a short way. A light came near me. I summoned all my energies and raised my voice to its highest pitch. Directly I saw a lantern approaching. Soon a man's voice asked what was the matter. I told him I was dreadfully wounded. He set his lantern down and started off to get assistance. Soon I heard the roll of wheels, and there was an ambulance for me. He put me in it. From that time till I was well enough to come home on furlough—nay, till I reached Chicago—I never was outside of the care of Delegates of the Christian Commission. Citizens, I owe my life to them."

The enthusiasm aroused by this testimony was unbounded, and found practical expression in an excellent collection. From that time we were reminded monthly of the soldier's testimony by the contributions which regularly found their way to us from that little town.

The story of Mrs. Ellet of Philadelphia, re-

calls the memory of some of the deeds of the mothers of the Revolution :

Mr. Stuart, the Chairman of the Commission, with the Rev. Dr. Robert Paterson, of Chicago, called upon her early in 1863. She brought out two valuable and beautiful shawls, the proceeds of which she wished to have distributed among the widows and orphans of soldiers fallen in battle.

The dead body of her grandson had just arrived, and Dr. Patterson expressed the hope that God would sustain her under the bereavement. She stated that she had given her two sons—Commodore Ellet, of the Ram Fleet, and Brigadier-General Ellet, of the Marine Brigade—and four grand-children; and then added—

"*I do not regret the gift to my country. If I had twenty sons, I would give them all, for the country must be preserved. And if I was twenty years younger, I would go myself and fight to the last.*"

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